July 5, 1971 / 50 cents

Newsweek

The Heroin Plague

"*Inboard* brakes? Never heard of them!"

Of course, you haven't. Because only a handful of cars have them.

You see, most cars' brakes (whether they're disc or drum) are located in the wheel rims.

The Audi's inboard front brakes (which are disc, by the way) are located towards the middle of the car. Which gives them three distinct advantages:

One, they can be made as large as necessary. (Right now, they're large enough to bring an Audi moving 60 mph to a complete stop in about 4 seconds.)

Two, because of their large size, they're better able to dissipate heat. So there's little chance of them fading.

And three, they don't add excess weight to the wheels. Which helps keep the Audi from bouncing up and down on the road.

There are a lot of other great cars, besides the $36,000† Porsche, that the Audi has a lot in common with.

The Audi has front-wheel drive like the Cadillac Eldorado. And rack-and-pinion steering like the Ferrari 512 racing car.

It's got the same amount of trunk space as the Lincoln Continental. And just about the same headroom and legroom as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow.

Our interior bears a remarkable resemblance to that of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE.

And as for service, you'll get the same kind of expert service a Volkswagen gets. Because a Porsche Audi dealer is part of the VW organization.

The Audi's price tag: $3,600.

Not bad, considering all the cars you'll be getting.

The $3,600* Audi®

Porsche Audi: a division of Volkswagen

For the nearest dealer that sells Porsches and Audis call 800-553-9550 free in the Continental U.S. (In Iowa call collect 319-242-1867.)

*Suggested retail price $3,595 East Coast P.O.E. West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher. †East Coast P.O.E. Porsche $36,000. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional.



The $36,000 Porsche has inboard brakes. So does the $3,600 Audi.

Memorex makes cassette recording tape that can shatter glass and you don't even know what cassette recording tape is.

Those who know about cassette recording tape like the idea of a tape that's enclosed in its own protective case. A case that simply slips into a recorder, is recorded on, then played back.

They like the *idea* of getting more minutes of music on much less tape.

But there's the rub.

Nobody thought a tape that poked along at 1 7/8 inches per second could record music and play it back with true high fidelity. (Music is usually recorded on open reel tape at 7 1/2 inches per second.) So cassette tape got shoved into a "good for words only" category, and a lot of people have never even heard of it.

But now Memorex has changed all that.

We've produced a new cassette tape that records and plays back with such precise fidelity that it can shatter glass. That's no easy job.

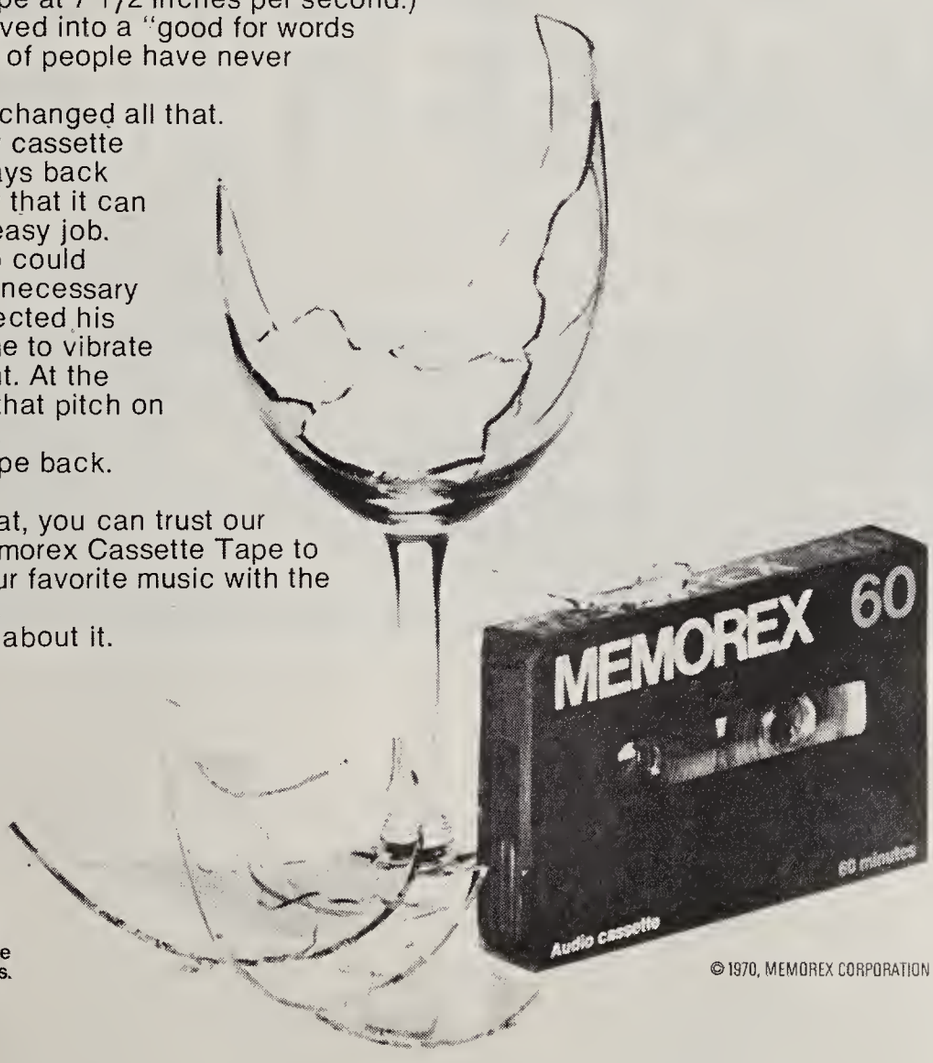
We found a singer who could maintain the exact pitch necessary to shatter glass and projected his voice with enough volume to vibrate a glass to its shatter point. At the same time, we recorded that pitch on Memorex Cassette Tape.

Then we played our tape back.

The glass shattered.

Because we can do that, you can trust our convenient, compact Memorex Cassette Tape to record and play back your favorite music with the same exacting precision.

And now you know all about it.



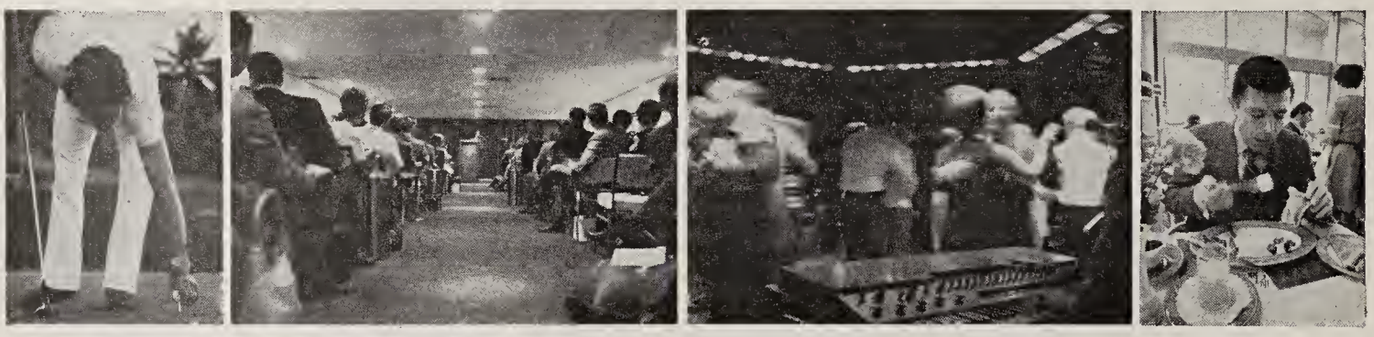
MEMOREX Recording Tape
Reproduction so true it can shatter glass.

© 1970, MEMOREX CORPORATION



800-325-3535 MAKES IT HAPPEN

800-325-3535 is the one number to call to reserve a room at any Sheraton Hotel or Motor Inn in the world. Call it free 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, from anywhere in the continental United States. For a comfortable room, delicious food, a good time.



Call 800-325-3535. Or have your travel agent call for you.

Sheraton Hotels & Motor Inns

A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

Top of the Week



The Supreme Court: Showdown over the press

The Government vs. the Press PAGE 17

The case of the Pentagon papers arrived at the Supreme Court last week—for a historic showdown between the government and the press. But even before the case got there, the Administration seemed clearly marked as the loser. Paper after paper splashed more or less secret documents, and a special Gallup poll for Newsweek returned a solid plurality against the government's action.

The Heroin Plague PAGE 27

Heroin is spreading in epidemic proportions out of the ghetto into white suburbia and through the armed forces. To tell the story of the heroin plague and its implications, Newsweek correspondents talked to addicts, dealers, law-enforcement officials, scientists and therapists. In Washington, reporter **Evert Clark** explored the theories of addiction and its cures, while **Nicholas Horrock** focused on the Administration's new anti-drug war. **Barbara Davidson** got the story of a pair of Middle American junkies, while **Nancy Stadtman** reported on developments in drug therapy. From their files and others, General Editor **Richard Boeth** wrote the story. (Newsweek cover photo by Dan McCoy —Black Star.)



GI addict in withdrawal room in Saigon

Four to Watch For



The staid old Wimbledon tennis tournament buzzed last week with talk of a new star, Evonne Goolagong —a teen-age aborigine from the Australian Outback—who has already won the French Open. Page 64.

In the strongest move yet made by any state to preserve its ecology at the expense of industrial expansion, Delaware is closing its entire coastline to new heavy industry. The impact of Delaware's unprecedented decision on business, and on government, is examined by **James Bishop Jr.**, from whose file **Michael A. Ruby** writes the story. Page 55.



Plagued by dropouts and dissent, the American Medical Association elected a reform-minded new president, Dr. Wesley Hall, at its annual convention last week. Medicine editor **Matt Clark** reports on the session from Atlantic City. Page 52.

From Blossom to Baalbek, from the baths of Caracalla to the hills of Carolina, from Von Karajan to Ann-Margret, the summer music festival sounds its clarion. Newsweek's Music editor **Hubert Saal** cocks a selective ear toward what appear to be the outstanding events of the festival season. Page 78.

Contents **July 5, 1971**

NATIONAL AFFAIRS 17
- The battle over the Pentagon papers
- Diem and the Kennedy Administration
- Spotlight on official secrecy
- Congress and the war
- A gain for the welfare-reform bill
- The many ways to celebrate the Fourth
- The heroin plague (the cover)
- A heroin addict from suburbia

THE WAR IN INDOCHINA 34
- A distinguished soldier's bitter view on Vietnam

INTERNATIONAL 37
- Britain and the EEC: the end of the beginning
- Russia's cultural black market
- The Soviet defector in Britain: expert or ringer?
- East Europe: the Red "reformation" lives
- The fight over Southwest Africa
- Mystery story in Madagascar
- Pakistan: a passage of arms
- The "war crimes" tribunal in Oslo
- China's position on U.S. ties

RELIGION 51
- A spiritual shopping center
- Jews and the mixed-marriage question

MEDICINE 52
- Health care: Mr. Nixon on the attack
- Advances in understanding gonorrhea

BUSINESS AND FINANCE 55
- Delaware's curb on industry
- A confession in the Yablonski murders
- The air-fare war in Texas
- Merrill Lynch goes public
- Day-care centers: a new look
- The Japanese in Brazil

SPORTS 64
- The girl from the Outback at Wimbledon
- Lee Trevino's triumph at Merion

EDUCATION 66
- The job scarcity hits college grads
- Teaching kids to read on TV

THE CITIES 67
- Bologna: Italy's Red showplace

SCIENCE AND SPACE 68
- The Army's superdog
- Pains of cadmium poisoning

THE ARTS

MOVIES 71
- "Carnal Knowledge": good, not great
- "McCabe and Mrs. Miller": fascinating flop
- "Fortune and Men's Eyes": powerful
- "Two-Lane Blacktop": modest effort

BOOKS 73
- Hildegard Knef's "The Gift Horse"
- "The Heirs of the Kingdom" by Zoé Oldenbourg
- "Ali & Nino" by Kurban Said
- A novel by Pierre Salinger

ART 77
- The Rivera "mural" in New York
- The auto in art: a Hofstra exhibition

MUSIC 78
- The world as summer festival

OTHER DEPARTMENTS
- Letters 4
- Periscope 13
- Newsmakers 50
- Transition 65

THE COLUMNISTS
- Joseph Morgenstern 9
- George W. Ball 48
- Clem Morgello 60
- Milton Friedman 62
- Stewart Alsop 80

© 1971 by Newsweek, Inc., 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved



LETTERS

Woody Guthrie

Concerning the cancellation of the Woody Guthrie memorial (NEWSMAKERS, June 14): not since Jim Thorpe's hometown refused him a burial lot has a national hero received such a gross posthumous insult.

I do not believe that this man should be labeled by any term other than magnanimous. I do not believe that this man can be defined by any single ideology. And I certainly do not believe that a man who valued his individuality and freedom as highly as Woody did would ever support a totalitarian government.

RUTH LIVINGSTON
Williamsport, Pa.

The Daily Texan

Many thanks for your short but sweet account of the recent chancellor's residence controversy at the University of Texas and the current struggle over The Daily Texan (EDUCATION, June 7).

For too long now there has been an authoritarian attitude emanating from the upper echelons of the university administration and, in particular, the Board of Regents, which has run roughshod over faculty and student sentiment.

During the closing weeks of the spring semester over 18,000 students and 600 faculty signed petitions supporting the present structure of The Daily Texan and its corporate publisher, Texas Student Publications, Inc. Yet past events almost insure total disregard for this sentiment. In light of their repeated actions aimed at the faculty and students, there are those who do not feel the Board of Regents will listen this time either.

We sincerely appreciate your efforts to shed light on our situation.

DAVID POWELL
The Daily Texan
Austin, Texas

Soccer's Lev Yashin

Congratulations and thanks for your fine article on Lev Yashin (SPORTS, June 14). It contained one small error, however. Yashin never made an "appearance" on the field "in the blue and white Dynamo uniform." As every soccer fan knows, the goalkeeper must wear colors contrasting with those of his teammates and Yashin is famous for always sporting a solid black "strip."

ROBERT HOFMANN
Durham, Conn.

Agnew and Hoover

In reporting a statement that "a man close to Spiro Agnew" (NATIONAL AFFAIRS, May 10) allegedly made regard-

NEWSWEEK, July 5, 1971 Volume LXXVIII, No. 1. NEWSWEEK is published weekly, $14 a year, by NEWSWEEK, INC., 350 Dennison Ave., Dayton, Ohio 45401. Printed in U.S.A. Second Class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices.
Registrado como artículo de segunda clase en la Administracion Central de Correos de esta Capital, con fecha 17 de marzo de 1944, Mexico, D.F.
POSTMASTERS: Send form 3579 to NEWSWEEK, The NEWSWEEK Building, Livingston, N.J. 07039.

You may give this order to your newsdealer or mail to Newsweek.

Name _____ 1-20-1
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City, State, Zip Code _____

If college student, please indicate:
COLLEGE OR UNIVERSITY _____ YEAR STUDIES END

☐ Payment Enclosed ☐ Bill Me Later *Initial here*.....

NEWSWEEK *Special Offer*

27 WEEKS ONLY **$3.99** LESS THAN 15¢ A COPY

■ ALTERNATE RATE
45 WEEKS $6.65
Good in all 50 States and Canada

You may give this order to your newsdealer or mail to Newsweek.

Name _____ 1-20-1
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City, State, Zip Code _____

If college student, please indicate:
COLLEGE OR UNIVERSITY _____ YEAR STUDIES END

☐ Payment Enclosed ☐ Bill Me Later *Initial here*.....

NEWSWEEK *Special Offer*

27 WEEKS ONLY **$3.99** LESS THAN 15¢ A COPY

■ ALTERNATE RATE
45 WEEKS $6.65
Good in all 50 States and Canada

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 250
LIVINGSTON, N.J.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

Newsweek
The Newsweek Building
Livingston, N.J. 07039

52

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 250
LIVINGSTON, N.J.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

Newsweek
The Newsweek Building
Livingston, N.J. 07039

52

This advertisement is neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of offers to buy any of these securities. The offering is made only by the Prospectus.

NEW ISSUE

June 9, 1971

$100,000,000

Western Electric Company, Incorporated

7½% Sinking Fund Debentures, due June 15, 1996

Price 100%

plus accrued interest, if any, from June 15, 1971

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained from any of the several underwriters, including the undersigned, only in States in which such underwriters are qualified to act as dealers in securities and in which the Prospectus may legally be distributed.

The First Boston Corporation — **Goldman, Sachs & Co.**

Dillon, Read & Co. Inc. — **Kuhn, Loeb & Co.** — **Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Incorporated** — **Salomon Brothers**

Blyth & Co., Inc. — **Drexel Firestone Incorporated** — **duPont Glore Forgan Incorporated** — **Eastman Dillon, Union Securities & Co. Incorporated**

Halsey, Stuart & Co. Inc. — **Hornblower & Weeks-Hemphill, Noyes** — **Kidder, Peabody & Co. Incorporated**

Lazard Frères & Co. — **Lehman Brothers Incorporated** — **Loeb, Rhoades & Co.** — **Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis Incorporated**

Smith, Barney & Co. Incorporated — **Stone & Webster Securities Corporation** — **Wertheim & Co.**

White, Weld & Co. — **Dean Witter & Co. Incorporated** — **Bache & Co. Incorporated** — **Paribas Corporation**

Leaseway

WHY LEASEWAY?

Our years of experience and depth of management enable us to create a uniquely tailored and intelligently staffed operating subsidiary that becomes the service arm of our client to handle some or all of his distribution problems.

This relieves management of one more problem and frees them to perform the job they know best—running their own business at a profit.

FOR MORE INFORMATION WRITE OR CALL:

ROBERT MARKEE

LEASEWAY TRANSPORTATION CORP.

21111 Chagrin Blvd.
Cleveland, Ohio 44122
(216) 991-8800



Featuring Chevrolet Trucks



Hey kid! If you see yourself in this picture, you need help.

There's a little marshmallow in all of us.

If you're 10 to 17, try out for the President's All America Physical Fitness Team at school. You have to run, jump, pull-up, sit-up, and throw a softball.

If you make the team, you win an award from the President.

If you don't, you'd better get on the stick.

For information, write President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports, Washington, D.C. 20201.

ing FBI director J. Edgar Hoover, NEWSWEEK has broken new ground in the field of contrived attribution. Indeed, this may be the most important breakthrough in this area of Washington journalism since the discovery of the phrase "authoritative sources."

To the point, the statement ascribed to the putative "man close" was not made by (1) any member of the Vice President's family; (2) any member of the Vice President's staff; (3) anyone officially associated with the Vice President; nor (4) any personal friend of the Vice President authorized to speak on his behalf.

This is not to say that your reporter could not find someone on the Washington scene "close to Spiro Agnew" who conceivably, on his own, might have uttered such words. But if the source of such a remark is not to be otherwise identified, we would hope that in the future your editors will resist the temptation to link the Vice President's name by gratuitous attribution to opinions with which he wholly disagrees.

VICTOR GOLD
Press Secretary to the Vice President
Washington, D.C.

The Adventists

In grateful response to your article on Seventh-day Adventists (RELIGION, June 7), we especially appreciate your pointing out Adventist concern with the individual, regardless of creed or culture. Improvement of the quality of this life for all peoples and preparation for the life to come have been our hallmark.

As a current teacher in the seminary, may I correct a few points, however. I do not know of a man on our staff who does not believe in the literal 24-hour Creation story by divine fiat. Also, we did not choose the seventh day as our Sabbath; the Scripture declares it so, regardless of the many other days on which men have chosen to worship.

Finally, our eschatological paranoia (whatever that means) does not include an exclusiveness that grants salvation to Adventists alone.

Thank you for your generally splendid article.

K. ROBERT LANG, M.D.
Associate Professor of Health Education
Andrews University
Berrien Springs, Mich.

■ Your article was a valid analysis of some major conflicts taking place within our denomination.

Our black members are not alone in their struggle for a significant voice within the church. Those of us who have been working with black members shared their frustration at the Southern California Conference elections. We were outmaneuvered by a status quo church leadership and were prevented from getting even our qualified black presidential candidate's name nominated to oppose the incumbent president whose leadership is widely acknowledged to be mediocre at best.

This status quo thinking affects other "minority thought" in the church in addition to the black minority. Those who feel the membership has a right to know and be heard regarding church administrative and financial ethics are also concerned. Human and religious rights, whether or not related to the racial debate, are underlying issues. Many of us hope for human rights in our church even if it means dragging it kicking and screaming into the twentieth century.

W. L. NASH
Burbank, Calif.

■ Observance of the seventh day as a memorial to God's creative power and hence His authority to rule the universe is so central a part of Seventh-day Adventist doctrine that it would be difficult to understand why anyone who did not subscribe to this concept would identify with the denomination.

ARNOLD E. BULLOCK
Susanville, Calif.

Constitutional Protection

Your article "Mayday! Mayday!" (NATIONAL AFFAIRS, June 14) illustrates just how far the "law and order" psychology has gone.

The tactics employed by the police are excused because those arrested were bent on disrupting the government. Because of this, President Nixon, Attorney General Mitchell, et al. argue that dispensing with proper arrest procedures and other constitutional protections is correct, given the motives of the arrested. This implies that only the innocent are entitled to constitutional protection and those with wrongful motives are not.

GARY W. ABER
College Park, Md.

■ On one hand a motley mob of Mayday tribesmen tried and failed utterly to shut down a few arteries in Washington, D.C. They were arrested by the thousands and dumped, in many cases illegally, into stockades.

On the other hand, a few municipal workers in New York tried and succeeded masterfully in not only shutting off the city for a day but also in disrupting fire, police and ambulance traffic and dumping over a billion gallons of untreated sewage into the Jersey shellfish beds. They will probably be rewarded with sizable pensions.

It's just a question that's been bothering me.

J. M. DYER
York, Pa.

■ Mayday cost the city of Washington $3.9 million and the reason the damage wasn't worse was the superior action of the police who controlled the mobs without violence and stopped their wanton destruction of property throughout the District.

DOROTHY BURSEY
Potomac, Md.

Italo-American Kinship

Your article concerning Prof. Francis Ianni's recent studies of criminal syndicates in the United States and Italy (NATIONAL AFFAIRS, June 7) was interesting

—but principally for the way in which it misstated principal conclusions that emerge from the study; one being the use of "Mafia" as an accurate, meaningful name for certain contemporary kinship groups.

In a recent article in The Public Interest, Ianni has noted that by the mid-1920s all the ingredients were present for the formation of an Italo-American Mafia, but that the so-called Castellammarese War of 1930-31 "brought the short melancholy life of the Italo-American Mafia to an end." A review of crime stories of all genres will demonstrate that for the most part, the name Mafia also disappeared until its resurrection by Senator Kefauver in 1950. The succeeding twenty years have seen a tenacious, unrelenting effort by the law-enforcement community to convince the American public that Mafia lives—an effort that reached its peak in the Crime Commission's 1967 report.

The point of Ianni's research is that Mafia did in fact die and that apparent continuing criminal activities of certain persons of Italian descent can be explained more accurately and convincingly as a product of kinship ties. That is the significance of "family," and your continued use of Mafia is a fundamental contradiction of what Ianni has said.

DWIGHT C. SMITH JR.

Loudonville, N.Y.

Letters to the Editor, with writer's name and address, should be sent to: **Newsweek, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.**

SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

Please include a Newsweek address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

mail to: Newsweek Subscriber Service, The Newsweek Building, Livingston, N.J. 07039.

change of address

If you're moving, please let us know four weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

ATTACH LABEL HERE

to subscribe, mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

subscription rates:

☐ 1 year $14 ☐ 3 years $28

Rates in all 50 States & Canada

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

name (please print) G-1

address

city state zip code



It begins with an awareness of the beauty and comfort of your shade trees, awareness of how bleak it would be without them. And it begins with an awareness of Bartlett and the scientific services they provide to assist shade trees in their fight for survival. No longer are air and soil pollution just an annoyance to your trees. Today, along with disease and insects, they are a serious health hazard. We at Bartlett, through years of basic research, have provided the solution to many tree problems. But we are more than just a laboratory. We have the people, the techniques and the experience to help you preserve the beauty of your trees. Consult your local Bartlett representative today. You have a lot to gain.

BARTLETT TREE EXPERTS

Home Office, 2770 Summer Street, Stamford, Conn.

Research Laboratories and Experimental Grounds, Pineville, N.C.

Local Offices from Maine to Florida and west to Illinois and Alabama.



Catastrophe 27.

Code name for a tornado.

The one that came slamming through the heart of Oklahoma City at three o'clock one morning. Came barreling through the court of a new 220-room motel and restaurant, one of our clients. Tearing out windows, doors, ripping up furniture, smashing china, mirrors and glassware.



The Hartford claims man was there three hours after the tornado was gone.

The motel had to be ready for a convention booked for the end of the month. So The Hartford helped line up upholsterers, painters and suppliers.

By the end of the first week the restaurant was operating again. By the end of the month, the motel was handling the convention—thanks in part to a $50,000 advance payment made by The Hartford.

With 3500 claims people who know the needs of just about any business, with more than 300 claims offices on the spot across the country, with a home office noted for its unusual speed and for its understanding, The Hartford can take a lot of the trouble out of a catastrophe. Quickly. It's a point worth noting when you sit down with your agent or broker.

We want to keep your business in business.

Insurance by
THE HARTFORD
The Hartford Insurance Group, Hartford, Connecticut.

When The New Seekers lay it on, they lay it on "Scotch" Brand Tape.

"Scotch" Brand is the professional's choice for critical master recording. The tape top performers and engineers depend on to capture the living pulse of each sensitive, subtle sound.

Now "Scotch" Brand brings *you* professional performance, too. In new, advanced tape, cartridges and cassettes.

"Scotch" Extended Range cassettes give you superb wide-range sound fidelity. With exclusive "Posi-Trak" tape backing for smoother travel and longer life. All at popular cassette prices.

"Scotch" High Energy cassettes provide exciting new sound capability, with exclusive cobalt-energized tape for unequalled sound range and presence. And of course, our "Posi-Trak" backing.

For albums like their "Beautiful People", The New Seekers wouldn't take less than "Scotch" Brand. Why should you?



Magnetic Products Division 3M COMPANY

SPECIAL OFFER: Save five cassette label coupons for free 90-minute cassette! Expires 6/30/72.



BY JOSEPH MORGENSTERN

TWILIGHT OF THE BOOSTER

NEWBURGH, N.Y.—Three years ago, just after this poor old river town had suffered a spasm of bottle-throwing, rock-tossing and Mace-squirting, a Chamber of Commerce president told the newspapers that Newburgh's future was "exceptionally bright." A couple of weeks ago, just after an evening of car-burning, window-busting and tear-gassing, the incumbent Chamber of Commerce director told the papers that Newburgh's future was "amazingly rosy."

This brightness, or rosiness, eludes the city's blacks and Puerto Ricans. Their future seems to hold more unemployment, more violence, more police dogs snapping and barking, more tear gas, more barricades, more white hostility to their demands for community control, more white indifference to their feelings of alienation and powerlessness. But what, precisely, is coming up roses for the whites? I asked the Chamber of Commerce director, a bright and personable man named William Lockwood, and he spoke with high hopes of a new interstate highway that will link Newburgh with New England and Pennsylvania, of a new arterial road that will link the shrinking core city with its swelling suburbs. He also spoke of the jetport. Governor Rockefeller and the Metropolitan Transit Authority are working hard and fast these days to make Newburgh the site of New York City's fourth jetport, even though it's 65 miles north of the city in dangerously hilly terrain. "We need something to turn us on," Lockwood said, "and the jetport would turn us on like nothing else."

Maybe so. No one can deny that the town is presently turned off, or at a simmer so low as to be imperceptible. The last time I spent any time here was seventeen years ago, and Newburgh was already moribund. I was stationed at Stewart Field, the place they're trying to turn into a jetport, but at that time it was Stewart Air Force Base, headquarters of the Eastern Air Defense Force, and we were supposed to be protecting New York City from enemy air attack. The system was a ghastly hoax, of course; New York City was as vulnerable as a puppy's tummy. But Stewart did at least give Newburgh a reason for being, and a little bit of business. Now the Air Force has left town, just like the textile mills before it and the whaling fleets before them.

What's left looks pleasant at first glance. The main street, Broadway, may be the broadest way in the land. At least 100 feet from curb to curb, it was laid out by people who were expecting big things to happen here. From its crest you can see Henry Hudson's broad and still beautiful river below, and a Hudson River Dayliner gliding south toward New York. But Broadway never gets to the river. It ends prematurely in crumbled concrete. The waterfront area, deserted since the ferry gave way to a bridge in 1963, waits for somebody to renew it. The river is unfit for fastidious bacteria to bathe in. And, as Bill Lockwood says, "the Dayliner doesn't even stop here any more."

So Lockwood talks his booster talk for public consumption, and he does it very well. He goes on about those new highways, and the coming need for downtown office space, and a plan for a free jitney on Broadway that would make it a "boulevard of specialty shops," and a plan for developing the shabby neighborhood around George Washington's headquarters with gas lamps, brick pavements and novelty shops. "We've got terrific assets in historical sites," he says, "but a lack of packaging them and selling them."

When he returns to the subject of the airport, however, to a discussion of the biggest thing in Newburgh's future, something odd and frightening happens. One minute he's commending the planners for thinking big and learning from mistakes that were made at Kennedy airport. "Right now they're talking about a land area five times the size of JFK!" The next minute he's saying that anything larger than a feeder airport could be Newburgh's Trojan Horse. And you can't help sympathizing with the man as he tries to reconcile the irreconcilable. His thinking is no more or less schizoid than that of Newburgh itself. The mayor has endorsed the new jetport 100 per cent but the Chamber of Commerce, it develops, has come out in opposition to it, at least until the local businessmen can get a look at the actual plans. And no one in Albany or New York wants to show them the plans. "There should be some involvement of our local people in their destiny," Lockwood says angrily, "and right now there is none."

It's not just anger, it's anguish. He's a spokesman for the predominantly white business community, which is a pillar of the predominantly white power structure, yet he's suffering from the same sort of anguish that prompts blacks to say the same sort of things about their lives and their destiny. A Trojan Horse has begun to disgorge its contents into his thinking, to undermine his optimism. He wants something to turn his town on, but the end of the jetport's main runway would be less than 2 miles from Newburgh's high school, and "the kids wouldn't even be able to study." He welcomes projections of a doubled population in the county by 1985, but only "so long as the growth is planned with some intelligence." And when you ask if there's any good reason to think it will be, his reply is more anguish than conviction. "Can't we learn by mistakes? Do we in Orange County have to make the same mistakes they just finished making in Rockland County?" And the answer to that would seem to be Yes, since Rockland County just finished making Bergen County's mistakes, and Albuquerque is just starting to make Phoenix's mistakes, and so on down the line.

There is big trouble in the nation's biggest growth industry, growth itself. New York State's Public Service Commission recently recommended withholding power from new buildings if they're going to be built in overpopulated areas. That would be a kind of sexless population control: Tom Swift and His Electric ZPG. One of Lockwood's Chamber of Commerce counterparts in California said in the papers a few months ago that growth in his area had become a cancer. Almost nobody likes where they're from any more. Nobody writes any more hometown songs like "Kokomo, Indiana." No "Take me back to Newburgh . . ." Lots of progress is being inflicted on lots of unwilling people, often by unelected officials on planning boards, highway commissions or transit authorities, and Bill Lockwood, trying hard to be a booster, ends up insisting that "there ought to be some involvement of our local people in their destiny." It is the twilight of boosterism, and the dawning of a strange new day in which black militants and white Chamber of Commerce directors think alike, talk alike and find themselves united in powerlessness.

How to miss out on just the home you've always wanted.

Do your looking by yourself, and don't go near your Realtor. By the time you find your dream house, it could be sold.

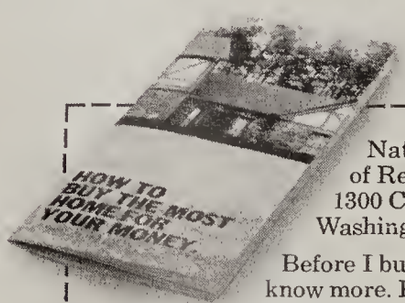
To find what you want faster, see your Realtor first. He's not just anyone in real estate, but the professional who knows what houses are for sale where, and how well they meet your requirements.

Tell him what you want and what you want to pay, and he'll find it for you. And you can relax, knowing he's working in your best interests, because as a Realtor he's pledged to a strict code of ethics.

So take advantage of his help. Meantime, send for our helpful booklet that tells you "How To Buy The Most Home For Your Money." It's free.

Your Realtor®
Somebody good to have working for you.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF REAL ESTATE BOARDS — REALTORS



DD

National Association
of Real Estate Boards
1300 Connecticut Ave., N. W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

Before I buy a home, I would like to know more. Please send me a copy of your free booklet: "How To Buy The Most Home For Your Money." I am enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope no smaller than 4" x 9½".

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

You can recognize your Realtor by the seal. A Realtor is a professional in real estate who subscribes to a strict Code of Ethics as a member of the local and state boards and of the National Association of Real Estate Boards.

Newsweek

Philip L. Graham, 1915-1963

Frederick S. Beebe, *Chairman of the Board*
Katharine Graham, *President, The Washington Post Company*

Editor-in-Chief and President
Osborn Elliott

Editor
Kermit Lansner

Managing Editor: Lester Bernstein

Executive Editor: Robert Christopher

Senior Editors: Joel Blocker, Arnaud de Borchgrave, Mel Elfin, Rod Gander, Peter Goldman, Edward Klein, Edward Kosner, Jack Kroll, Dwight Martin, Lawrence S. Martz, Clem Morgello.

Art Director: Alfred Lowry.

Operations Director: James M. Blackwell.

Contributing Editors: Stewart Alsop, Karl Fleming, Milton Friedman, Joseph Morgenstern, Charles Roberts, Paul A. Samuelson, Leon Volkov, Henry C. Wallich.

General Editors: Kenneth Auchincloss, Pete Axthelm, Olga Barbi, Richard Boeth, Raymond Carroll, Matt Clark, Jack Conway, Robert V. Engle, Jack Iams, John T. McAllister, Albert W. McCollough, Tom Nicholson, Bill Roeder, Walter Rundle, Hubert Saal, Rafael Steinberg, Harry F. Waters, Russell Watson, Kenneth L. Woodward, Paul D. Zimmerman.

Associate Editors: George Alexander, David M. Alpern, Lucille Beachy, Peter Bonventre, Barbara Bright, Charles Caruso, Daniel Chu, Arthur Cooper, Douglas Davis, James E. Doherty, Josh Eppinger III, Jerrold K. Footlick, George Gaal, Peter Gwynne, Ivan Kaye, Peter G. Kramer, Charles T. Michener, Stephen K. Oberbeck, David Pauly, G. Bruce Porter, Peter S. Prescott, Ann C. Scott, Ted Slate, Richard Smith, Archer Speers, Richard Steele, Robert Vermillion, Ruth Werthman, Fay Willey, Lynn Young, Arthur Zich.

Department Heads: John Lynch, Ralph D. Paladino, Milton Unger.

Assistant Editors: Virginia B. Adams, Constance W. Carroll, John J. Concannon, Ebbe Ebbesen, August P. Giannini, Judith Gingold, George Gorman, Mariana Gosnell, Lucy Howard, Phyllis Malamud, Ann Ray Martin, Virginia Martino, James McVea, Margaret Montagno, Bob Monterola, August von Muggenthaler, Johnathan Rodgers, Kenneth Sarvis, Ann M. Schumacher, Gerson Zelman.

Senior Editorial Assistants: Deborah W. Beers, Edward R. Darlington, Allison W. Dimond, Suzanne Donner, Susan Fleming, Valerie Gerry, Janet Huck, Abigail L. Kufik, Jean MacGregor, Trish Reilly, Jean Seligmann, Merrill Sheils, Raymonde Swalf.

Editorial Assistants: Susan Agrest, Katrine Ames, Bonnie Bell, Mehrak Birjandi, Judith Birnbaum, Dobrila Boncich, John Burke, J. Calamari, Holly Camp, Diane Camper, Albert J. Cass, Patricia Conway, Joseph A. Cosenza, Barbara L. Davidson, Mary K. Doris, Jerry Eitelberg, Constance Guthrie, Joan Headly, Mary B. Hood, Joseph Ingarra, Mary Alice Kellogg, Lorraine Kisly, Laurie Lisle, Ava Marks, Joan McHale, Ruth McKown, Barbara H. Nicolosi, Eileen Pond, Noel Ragsdale, Sylvia Robinson, Don Scott, Lilli Seidman, Dorothy Shedlock, Ralph K. Smith, Nancy Stadtman, Joseph P. Stiner, Cornelis van den Heuvel, Lisa Whitman.

Art and Pictures: Thomas P. Orr (Photo Editor), Barbara A. Allen, Walter Bensi, James J. Bresnan, Americo Calvo, Helen Clancy, Robert Cohen, Dale Denmark, Grace Dostal, Roxanne Edwards, Charles D. Feeney, George Fitzgerald, Henry Genn, Bernard Gotfryd, James J. Kenney, Robert R. McElroy, Paul Melone, Anthony Rollo, Joseph Romano, Donald Van Dyke, John Whelan.

News Editor: Hal Bruno.

Domestic Bureaus: WASHINGTON: Mel Elfin, James Bishop Jr., Samuel Shaffer, Nancy Ball, Guy Bocell, Evert Clark, Philip S. Cook, Thomas M. DeFrank, William S. Gray, Shirlee Hoffman, Henry W. Hubbard, Tom Joyce, John J. Lindsay, Thelma McMahon, Norma Milligan, Lloyd H. Norman, Elizabeth Peer, Robert Shogan, Henry T. Simmons, Richard T. Stout, Rich Thomas, Henry L. Trewhitt, Samuel Yette, Wally McNamee (photographer). **ATLANTA:** Joseph B. Cumming Jr., Henry P. Leifermann, Stephan Lesher, Sunde Smith, Eleanor Clift. **BOSTON:** Frank W. Morgan Jr., Malcolm MacPherson. **CHICAGO:** Don Holt, Bernice Buresh, Donald A. Johnson, Frank Maier. **DETROIT:** James C. Jones, Jon Lowell, Vern E. Smith. **HOUSTON:** Hugh Aynesworth, Kent Biffle. **LOS ANGELES:** John L. Dotson Jr., Paul Brinkley-Rogers, Martin Kasindorf, Lester Sloan (photographer). **NEW YORK:** Patricia Lynden, Tom Mathews, Ruth N. Ross. **SAN FRANCISCO:** Gerald C. Lubenow, Elisabeth Coleman, William J. Cook, James D. Wilson. **UNITED NATIONS:** Raymond Carroll.

Foreign Bureaus: LONDON: Robert J. Korengold, Angus Deming, Marvin Kupfer. **PARIS:** Edward Behr, Alan Tillier, Steve Saler. **BONN-BERLIN:** Bruce van Voorst, Joachim Moskau. **VIENNA:** Kenneth D. Huszar. **ROME:** Jane Whitmore. **MOSCOW:** Jay Axelbank. **BEIRUT:** Milan J. Kubic, Loren Jenkins. **NAIROBI:** Peter R. Webb, Andrew Jaffe. **TOKYO:** Bernard Krisher. **HONG KONG:** Maynard Parker, Tony Clifton, Sydney Liu. **SAIGON:** Kevin P. Buckley, Nicholas Horrock, Nicholas C. Profitt. **BUENOS AIRES:** John Barnes. On leave: John Dornberg.

Editorial Controller: Joseph F. Marr.

Gibson McCabe, *Vice Chairman*
Harry C. Thompson, *Publisher*
Robert D. Campbell, *Executive Vice President*
Thomas O. Darrigan, *Secretary-Treasurer*
S. Arthur Dembner, *Senior Vice President*
Vice Presidents: B. D. Chapman, Allen Chellas, L. Kerr Collingwood, F. E. Davis, Peter A. Derow, Alan R. Finberg, Russell J. Melvin, William H. Scherman.
Robert Riordan, *Circulation Director*
Andrew J. Cullen, *Marketing Services Director*



This car is loaded with reasons why it shouldn't be under $1800.

1. Thick, wall-to-wall nylon carpeting.
2. Whitewall tires.
3. Tinted windshield.
4. Anti-rust undersealant.
5. Fully reclining and adjustable bucket seats.
6. Sealed lubrication system (no chassis lubes ever).
7. Up to 28 miles a gallon.
8. Up to 94 miles per hour.
9. Lined trunk.
10. Armrests front and rear.
11. Full wheel covers.
12. Unit body construction.
13. Flo-thru ventilation.
14. Front disc brakes.
15. Five-bearing crankshaft.
16. Bumper guards.
17. Vinyl interior.
18. Trip mileage meter.
19. 73 horsepower engine.
20. 161.4 inches in length. 59.3 inches in width.
21. Can of touch-up paint.
22. Glove box.
23. Tool kit.
24. Windshield washer.
25. Cigarette lighter.
26. Dome light.
27. 4-speed synchromesh transmission.
28. Curved side windows.
29. Parcel shelf.
30. 30-foot turning circle.
31. Swing-out side rear windows.
32. Double edge keys (go in either way).
33. Anti-freeze.
34. 2-barrel carburetor.
35. Heavy-duty battery.
36. 3-point front safety belts.
37. Spare tire recessed in trunk.
38. Passenger assist grip.
39. Coat hooks.

Everything you've just read is included in the price of the $1798* Toyota Corolla.

TOYOTA

We're quality oriented

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price 2-Door Sedan. Inland freight, dealer preparation, options and taxes extra.
For your nearest Toyota dealer, call (800) 243-6000. In Conn., (800) 942-0655. We pay for the call.

Are you a prospect for the Peace Corps?

Answer these six questions and see.

1. Are you between the ages of 18 and 80?
2. Are you experienced in some occupation or trade, such as electrical engineering, farming, nursing or teaching math?
3. If you are a liberal arts major with no specialized job training, would you be willing to be trained by the Peace Corps for a specialized job based on your aptitudes?
4. Are you willing to acquire a working knowledge of a foreign language if given the proper training?
5. Are you single or, if married, would you be willing to have your family accompany you overseas for two years?
6. Do you have a genuine desire to work in partnership with people in other parts of the world, helping them improve their lives?

How to rate your answers.

If your answers to at least four of the six questions are "Yes," you are a prospect for the Peace Corps.

The Peace Corps today is open to every American of ability who wants to share that ability with people who need it. Among the thousands of Peace Corps Volunteers now serving in 60 countries are girls of 22 and grandmothers of 55; recent college graduates and self-taught master mechanics; single people and people with families; blacks and whites.

Like to know more? Write to: Peace Corps, Washington, D. C. 20525.

The Peace Corps

You can be proud of it. You can be part of it.



After tennis or anything, most people like to putter around.

Biking in Bermuda is a moving feast for the eye.

After a round of golf or a set of tennis, you'll be refreshed to putter along our hibiscus and oleander-lined lanes.

Through a tapestry of foliage, you'll glimpse brilliant bursts of Bermuda blue water. View rough-hewn monuments of coral rock sculpted by time, in settings of soft pink sand. Pass glorious gardens. Cross the world's smallest drawbridge. And on your way, visit the touchstones of history.

All at a leisurely pace, since we have a speed limit of only 20 mph.

Most refreshing of all, you'll find that courtesy isn't just a rule of the road. It's a way of life.

Today, you'll not only enjoy a visit to Bermuda. You may even need it. And it's 90 minutes near.

Bermuda

For a change, come to where things haven't changed.

CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT, OR WRITE BERMUDA, 610 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y. 10020—6 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60602.


They've looked at others. But this one's for them.
Already they're slicing through the surf. And running with the wind.
Their cigarette? Viceroy. They won't settle for less. It's a matter of taste.
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
VICEROY
FILTER CIGARETTES
VICEROY
Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health
Viceroy gives you all the taste, all the time.
© 1971, BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.
17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. 70.

THE PERISCOPE

MR. NIXON'S STRATEGY ON POW'S

Washington expects President Nixon to make a new, major move on recovering U.S. POW's after the Vietnamese elections in October. He will propose a June 1972 "hold" on withdrawals to keep 70,000 men in Vietnam until the prisoners are freed. He also will offer to cut back to 4,000 troops (to "audit" supplies to Saigon), pull out all U.S. air power and halt air support if Hanoi sends back the men. The President's planners think such a move would put Hanoi, the doves and the Democratic Party on the spot on the POW issue.

NEW ODDS FOR THE OKINAWA TREATY

The treaty returning Okinawa to Japan could get Senate approval without the expected battle with the Southern textile bloc, which wants bans on Japanese imports. Democratic Sen. Ernest Hollings of South Carolina, a leader in the bloc, opposes using the pact to bargain for import quotas.

THE DOLLAR AND THE 'FLOAT'

International moneymen now expect Europe's Finance Ministers to forget the quarrel that splintered them last month when Germany decided to let the mark "float" and thus increased its value in dollars. The reasons: the float did not cause the disasters opponents feared and the French, who fought it most fiercely, are now hinting at a float for the franc. The likely outcome appears to be an arrangement to link the Common Market currencies more closely and let them fluctuate against the dollar in unison.

WHAT WILL THE CLEAN WORLD COST?

The President's science advisers are quietly starting a cost analysis of the effects of environmental and auto-safety laws. The thrust of the study, initiated by the White House, is to learn whether the costs of compliance outweigh the benefits. (One starting assumption is that antipollution and safety gear will add $500 to the cost of a car by 1975.) The most-favored theory to explain the move is that it is a response to the businessmen who have bombarded Washington with charges that the new laws will ruin them.

MEDICAL BULLETIN FROM CAMBODIA

Cambodian Premier Gen. Lon Nol's physicians say he is responding so well to therapy for the paralysis caused by his stroke of last February that they expect him to resume most of his duties within three months. The therapy has ranged from treatment at a U.S. Army hospital in Honolulu to ministrations of a Chinese acupuncture specialist flown in privately from Taiwan.

COLLISION ON CAPITOL HILL

Senate leaders—on both sides of the aisle—are deeply concerned over a decision by the House of Representatives to interpret the 1970 Congressional Reorganization Act in a way that will hamstring the Senate's power to amend legislation. House parliamentarians are taking an extremely narrow view of what the law means by "germane" amendments. Sooner or later, insiders expect a major bill to hit a complete impasse, with the House rejecting all Senate changes.

ISRAEL'S TROUBLES AT SEA

Israeli shipping men, still shaken by the recent guerrilla attack on one of their tankers in the Red Sea, now fear the Soviet Navy may add to the harassment. A Russian warship hailed an Israeli freighter at the entrance to the Red Sea and demanded its identity. Since international practice does not require compliance with such a request, the captain blacked out his ship and steamed toward cover in the Israeli port of Elath.

CHINA AND THE U.N.

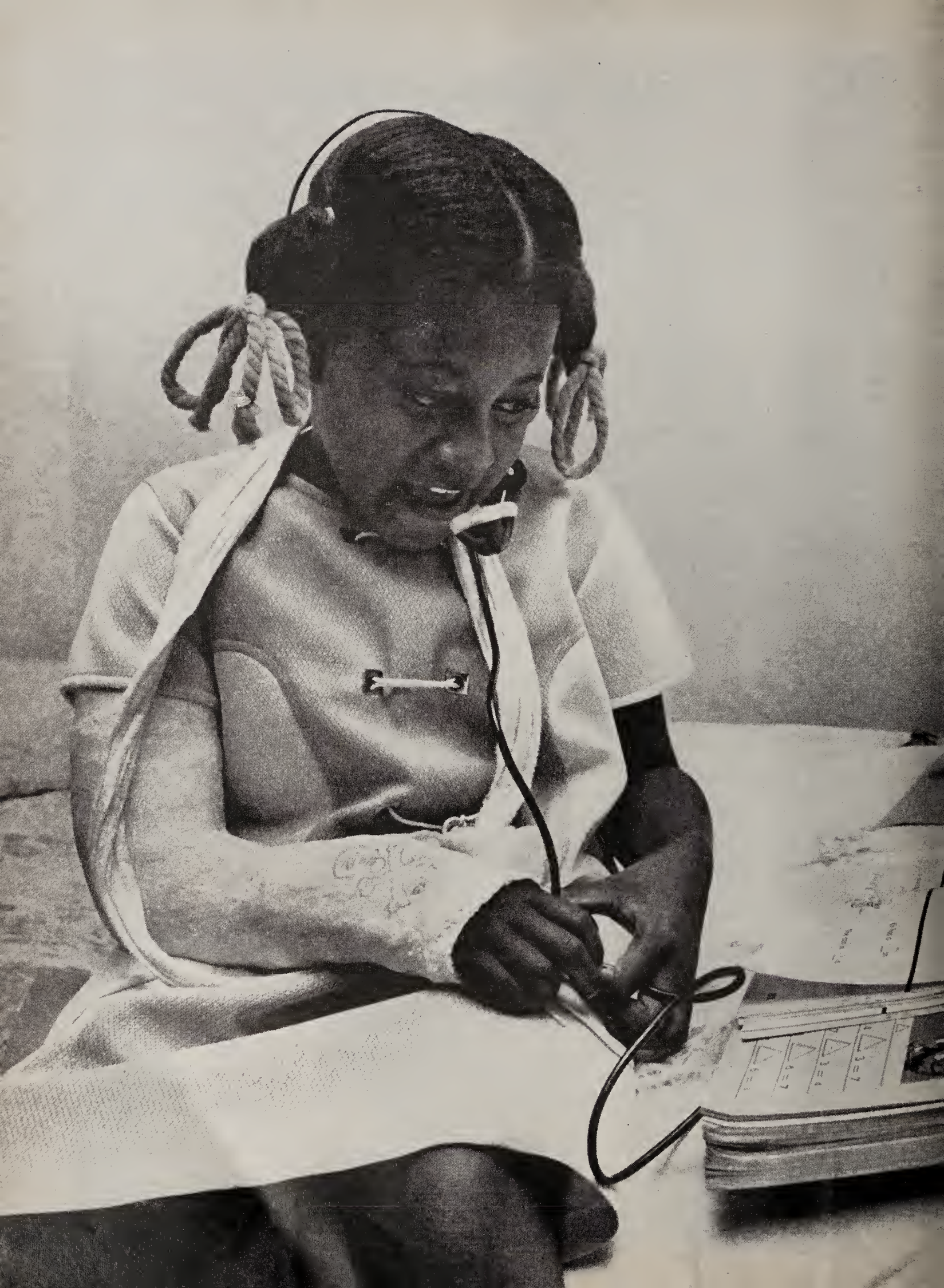
Whatever action the U.S. elects to take about admitting Peking to the U.N. (a decision expected by mid-July), one tactic appears settled. Washington, it is expected, will ask Japan to co-sponsor whatever move the U.S. makes. Private discussions on the subject have already taken place between top Japanese and American officials.

THE MISSING 747S

The airline industry's failure to buy cargo versions of the 747 jet (mainly because they are having trouble paying for passenger models) disappointed Pentagon planners. They hoped to use cargo 747s to supplement the Air Force's big C-5 transports in emergency deployments.

WHAT THE AMBASSADOR SAID

Why did Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin take more than an hour to deliver to President Nixon the Kremlin's proposal for a five-power nuclear conference? He used the private meeting with Mr. Nixon to give more assurances that Moscow is determined to get agreements soon with the U.S. on limiting nuclear arms, on Berlin and on mutual troop cuts in Europe.



If your child can't go to school,
maybe the school can come to her.

A child who gets ill, or has an accident, can miss weeks or months of school. Which may mean having to repeat the whole year.

Now there are special telephone systems to help children keep up with their studies, while they recover from their setbacks.

One system is called Tele-Class. And it's working in lots of places.

In Oakland, California, for example, all the child needs is a telephone, a headset, the right textbooks, and a specially trained teacher like Mrs. Molly Steele.

Mrs. Steele used to teach regular elementary school. But now she has a class of ten children. Some ill at home, some in the hospital.

Every day she inserts cards into a special telephone to dial her students. Once they are all on the line, class begins.

Not only can Mrs. Steele talk to the children, but they can talk among themselves. So they get a classroom atmosphere complete with discussions and question-and-answer sessions.

They also get 20 hours a week of education they probably would have missed before.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company are continually looking for new ways to make the telephone serve you.

One way is to help a child who can't go to school, go to school.

RIGHT NOW EVERY GM, FORD AND CHRYSLER DEALER IS OFFERING YOU GOOD DEALS ON A CAR.

BRING US THE BEST DEAL THEY CAN GIVE YOU. WE'LL GIVE YOU A BETTER ONE.

The 1972 cars are on their way now; and to make room for them every car dealer is offering you good deals on a car.

But before you take advantage of anybody's good deal, we'd like to ask you to shop around.

Compare the Maverick, Duster and Comet with our Hornet. Consider our Gremlin against the Pinto and Vega. Or do the same with any of our other cars. The Ambassador, Matador, Javelin or Sportabout.

You'll find that model for model our cars offer you more than most of the competition. Either in terms of styling, roominess, horsepower, or whatever.

You'll find that even without the promise of a better price, our cars are really a better deal.

Maybe all this is more than you expect from a car dealer.

But if you had to compete with GM, Ford and Chrysler dealers, what would you do?



The Sportabout. It's not so much a compact wagon as it is a sporty car with cargo space.

The Gremlin has a bigger standard engine than the Pinto or Vega, but still gets up to 23 mpg.

The Hornet comes with a bigger standard engine and bigger trunk than the Maverick, Duster or Comet. But lists for less.

We made the Javelin the sportiest looking car in America even at the risk of scaring some people off.

AMERICAN MOTORS DEALERS

See your Yellow Pages for your nearest American Motors dealer.

Newsweek

The Government vs. the Press

It was, sighed one Federal appeals judge last week, like asking the courts to "ride herd on a swarm of bees with a pencil." The matter at hand was the government's unprecedented attempt to suppress publication of data from the top-secret Pentagon study of the war in Vietnam. But even as the case labored upward to a momentous showdown in the Supreme Court, the bees got loose—at least ten more newspapers and one congressman joined The New York Times and The Washington Post at spilling secrets—and the Nixon Administration got stung. It had, for its pains, succeeded mainly in making itself look at once oppressive (for breaching the ancient American taboo against censorship in advance) and inept (for picking a fight it could not win whatever the verdict). The nine Justices assembled in extraordinary session at the weekend. But the great Constitutional collision had by then dissolved into fiasco, and the Administration was already looking for graceful ways out.

The dawning discovery was that the whole exercise had been not only legally shaky but politically bootless as well. A NEWSWEEK poll, conducted by The Gallup Organization, showed a widespread feeling that both the press and the government sometimes go too far in the continuing contest over secret information—and that, in a crunch, Americans worry more about national security than freedom of the press (page 18). But, by 48 to 33 per cent, they disapproved of the Administration's attempt to bottle up the Pentagon papers by court order. Worse still, the court fight shifted the focus of controversy away from the mistakes and deceptions of the Kennedy-Johnson war years—and onto Mr. Nixon's misadventures at censorship. Some Administration insiders thereupon began offering the line that it was Attorney General John Mitchell's fault—that he had given the President bad advice and that the White House was taking political charge of the matter. The new management quickly began de-escalating. The main object now, said one Nixon aide, was "to get out of the line of fire."

It was too late to get all the way out. The government had little choice but to press its two original cases through the U.S. Courts of Appeals (where it lost a round to the Post and won a partial victory against the Times) and on to the dramatic denouement in the Supreme Court in the last days of its term. And Mitchell's men dutifully got a third court order against The Boston Globe when it too began printing stories out of the Pentagon archive. But their taste for combat flagged when still more papers from Miami to Los Angeles splashed their own VIET SECRETS; the government did get an order against The St. Louis Post-Dispatch but ignored most of the others.



©—Herblock, in The Washington Post

'Follow That Car—And That One—And That One—'

At the same time, Mr. Nixon moved to quiet the rising furor over the study and its top-secret classification. Capitol Hill was angry at having seen it first in the papers; a House subcommittee began hearings last week on secrecy in government (one early witness ventured that 99½ per cent of all the Pentagon's classified files could safely be made public), and the Senate geared up for a potentially explosive select-committee inquiry into the history of the war this fall. The President himself sought to mollify tempers by sending Congress two copies of the 47-volume study, though with the understanding that it would still be kept secret. The White House, meanwhile, disclosed that Mr. Nixon had issued a Jan. 15 order (itself secret till now) directing all agencies to review their classification procedures with an eye toward making more information public. The Pentagon said it was rereading the Vietnam history in light of that directive and would declassify some of it within 90 days; in court, government lawyers halved the time, to 45 days.

Secrets: The din of combat stole the headlines from what the papers disclosed—and, truth to tell, none of the new secrets quite matched the first eyebrow-raising inferences in the Times that the Johnson Administration had planned all its escalations months in advance and had lied to Congress and the public about them. Several of the new leaks (page 19) documented how Kennedy Administration officials at points encouraged and in the end acquiesced in the coup in which South Vietnam's President Ngo Dinh Diem was overthrown and murdered in 1963. The Los Angeles Times disclosed that a State Department expert on Vietnam had advised earlier that year that the U.S. "get out honorably" while it still could; Robert Kennedy took up this line later, according to Rep. Paul McCloskey, who had his own cache of secrets, but both doubters were overridden. The Boston Globe discovered that, when Lyndon Johnson announced his abdication in March 1968, he was already working on plans for a Vietnamization policy much like the one Mr. Nixon began instituting a year later.

None of this was very surprising. But just as the store of secrets seemed to be running thin, Daniel Ellsberg, the 40-year-old former Pentagon analyst suspected of leaking them to the Times in the first place, suddenly resurfaced for a taped interview with CBS-TV's Walter Cronkite—and ventured that the most painful revelations were even yet to

come. "Americans," said Ellsberg, "now bear major responsibility, as I read this history, for every death in combat in Indochina in the last 25 years. And that's one to two million people . . ." Cronkite didn't ask on camera whether Ellsberg really was the man who leaked the papers. Nor did he reveal where the interview was staged. Afterward, Ellsberg vanished again; his lawyers said he would turn himself in in Boston this week.

Xerox: The Justice Department by then had preempted a Federal grand jury in Los Angeles and begun presenting its theory of the case—that Ellsberg had access to the study while working for the Rand Corp. in Santa Monica, Calif., in 1969-70 and had duplicated parts of it on a friend's Xerox copier. For witnesses, the government called Anthony J. Russo, 34, who had been a colleague and friend of Ellsberg's at Rand, and Mrs. Lynda Sinay, 28, who had the Xerox at a now-bankrupt ad agency she ran. Both refused to testify at first, pleading that they might incriminate themselves. Each was granted immunity. Russo still refused to talk and a contempt hearing was set for this week. But Mrs. Sinay was said to have acknowledged that Ellsberg had indeed run off 3,000 pages of material on her rented Xerox 914 and had paid her $150. She said she hadn't noticed any "secret" stamps and didn't know what the papers were. "It wasn't a memorable moment in my life," one insider quoted her as saying. "People were using my Xerox machine all the time."

Outside the grand-jury room, the U.S. was busy collecting affidavits—among them one from his ex-wife, Carol, saying she discovered in October 1969 that he was copying large numbers of papers, some marked top secret. "After the Xeroxing," she was quoted as saying, "he cut the classification off." She told Ellsberg, she said, that what he was doing was criminal and he could go to jail for it, but he replied that he had done nothing illegal and that going to prison wouldn't carry much stigma any more. Affidavits from two Rand security people affirmed that Ellsberg had access to all 47 volumes—and custody of 27 at various times.

Finally, at the weekend, the government made its move. Ellsberg was charged in a Federal warrant with unauthorized possession of top-secret documents—one complete and one partial set of volumes—and with failure to return them. The maximum penalties: ten years and $10,000.

'No Proof': Simultaneously, the government pressed its separate suits against the Times and the Post upward through the courts. It lost both opening rounds, when U.S. District Judges Murray Gurfein in New York and Gerhard Gesell in Washington held that the U.S. hadn't made a case strong enough to warrant bending the First Amendment and imposing "prior restraint" on publication. "There is," ruled Gesell, "no proof that there will be a definite break in diplomatic relations, that there will be an armed attack on the U.S. [or] a war." Nevertheless, temporary orders against publishing data from the Pentagon papers held against both newspapers while the government appealed the decisions.

In both Circuit Courts of Appeals, the government tried a new argument—that the courts were no more equipped than the press to decide what would or would not damage national security and so should accept the government's word without question. It cited authorities dating back to Thomas Jefferson to the effect that the government had to keep some foreign-policy and military matters secret—and contended that further disclosures would damage the U.S. diplomatically in Vietnam, the Middle East and the SALT talks with Russia. "There is involved here the integrity of the institution of the Presidency," said U.S. Solicitor General Erwin Griswold, making a rare appearance below the Supreme Court level in the Washington case. The court there nevertheless found for the Post by a solid 7-2 majority, ruling that the government hadn't overcome the "heavy presumption against" any prior restraint. But the appeals court in New York returned a mixed 5-3 judgment allowing the Times to print any uncontested material starting at the weekend—but holding up publication of anything the government objected to pending further hearings before Judge Gurfein this week.

In the midst of all this, The Boston Globe weighed in with the first of the new round of disclosures that bedeviled the Administration all week. Its story barely hit the streets when Mitchell called editor Thomas Winship and said dryly, "I see you're in the act now." Yes, said Winship. "Well," said Mitchell, "we're going to have to move against you . . . or The New York Times will scream discrimination." That afternoon, Justice got its temporary order against the Globe. But in short order thereafter, The Chicago Sun-Times, The Los Angeles Times, seven of the eleven Knight Newspapers and The St. Louis Post-Dispatch all printed disclosure stories. The Justice Department moved only against the Post-Dispatch. It sloughed off the Sun-Times story with the observation that it came largely from declassified material. The others did use the Pentagon papers. But the government allowed that they didn't affect national security—and privately nursed its suspicion that the Times was doing the leaking to whipsaw the government and the courts.

Awkward: All of this put the Supreme Court in the awkward position of having to rush the case against two papers to judgment while others were still divulging classified material—and wire services were distributing it to virtually every newspaper, newsmagazine, radio and TV station in the country. Yet, there was no way for the Court to duck the case, given the split decision in the appeals courts and the enormous stakes involved in the affair.

So the anomaly of its position only deepened the drama as eight of the nine Justices gathered to take up the appeals; the ninth, William O. Douglas, tuned in by telephone from his summer place in Gooseprairie, Wash., and later flew in for the climactic moments. The Court heard out the now thoroughly rehearsed arguments, then debated in private overnight how to proceed in the case. The surviving libertarian minority of four (Douglas, Hugo Black, William Brennan, Thurgood Marshall) all favored allowing the papers to go ahead immediately. But a majority of five, led by Chief Justice Warren Burger, restricted the Times and Post for the moment to publishing only

PUBLIC OPINION ON THE PENTAGON PAPERS

Newsweek commissioned The Gallup Organization last week to poll the U.S. public reaction to the controversy over the Pentagon papers. Telephone interviewers surveyed a representative cross section of 339 Americans. The poll questions and answers:

In recent days, the Federal government has gotten court orders against a number of newspapers to keep them from publishing material from a secret government history of how the U.S. got involved in the war in Vietnam. Do you approve or disapprove of what the government did in this case?

Approve	33%
Disapprove	48%
No opinion	19%

Taking everything about the current situation into account, is the greater danger that the freedom of the press might be violated, or that the nation's security might be harmed by letting the information out?

Freedom of press violated	34%
National security harmed	47%
No opinion	19%

As a general rule, do you think the government tries to keep too much information secret from the public or not?

Yes	56%
No	32%
No opinion	12%

Do you think the press is too quick to print classified information whether or not it might hurt the nation's security?

Yes	56%
No	28%
No opinion	16%

Fenga & Berkovitz

material that wasn't on a growing government list of "dangerous" data (neither printed anything immediately) and scheduled the extraordinary Saturday hearing on the issues.

Damage: At the stroke of 11 next morning, the historic arguments began. For the government, Griswold, togged in traditional morning coat, argued that publishing the papers could do "extraordinarily serious" damage—that it might prolong the war and delay the release of the American prisoners of war in North Vietnam. "The First Amendment," he said, "was not intended to make it impossible for the government to function or to protect the security of the U.S." Griswold expanded the index of "dangerous" documents, explaining to the Court that he had consulted the appropriate government people ("Tell me what are the worst—tell me what will make trouble") and had listed material they objected to in a separate, sealed brief.

There were moments of sharp questioning from the bench. Justice Marshall asked Griswold testily if he meant to make the courts into "a censorship board."



CBS News

Ellsberg on TV: Body count

Said Griswold: "I don't know what the alternative is." At that, Justice Black interjected tartly: "What about the First Amendment?"

The lawyers for the Times and the Post countered that the government simply hadn't made a case strong enough to sustain suppressing a story before it appears. They too were questioned sharply; Justice Potter Stewart asked the Times's attorney, Yale law professor Alexander Bickel, what he would say if publishing the papers might lead to the death of 100 American soldiers—would he accede to prior restraint then? Bickel hesitated for a moment, then allowed that he probably would. But both he and the Post's lawyer, William Glendon, said there was no such risk involved in the Pentagon papers. "All we ever heard," Bickel told the Court, "is a statement of a feared event"—with no proof that publishing the Pentagon history might bring it about.

Neither of the newspaper lawyers was questioned about the Viet-secret stories in other papers. But Griswold dismissed them at one point as consisting mostly of "window dressing . . . nothing that had not been printed before." They had, he said, been rushed into print on the spreading notion that "you're not a good newspaper unless you've got some of this stuff."

The Administration had long since been identified as the loser—and Mitchell, who had hitherto promoted Clement Haynsworth, G. Harrold Carswell, the Chicago Seven prosecution and the May-day mass arrests, as the official goat. Mitchell had pushed a hard line starting early on—partly, as it developed, because the National Security Agency let on that the Pentagon papers would reveal its electronic eavesdropping activities—and his advice was accepted by Mr. Nixon. But, once the dimensions of the political debacle became known, White House staffers moved to retrieve the image damage—and to dissociate the A.G. from the President. An ad hoc White House team implemented the new, conciliatory scenario, and the President himself, in the process of offering the papers to Congress, made a point of telling Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield that he had been in favor of springing them earlier but that Mitchell had advised against it.

Whodunit: Whoever instigated it, the case of the U.S. vs. the Times et al. was clearly a bad idea. It had made the courts look feeble and the government foolish. It had irritated Congress and so fed the impulse to investigate the war; the villains in any such inquiry are likely to be mostly Democrats, but the strained atmosphere it generates can hardly help the last flickering support for the war. The adventure, in the end, hadn't even been good short-run politics. A Republican Party pro, who only days before had been exulting at the damage done the Democrats by the Vietnam disclosures, was asked in the wised-up aftermath who had given Mr. Nixon his legal advice. "Probably," came the sour reply, "Judge Carswell."

The Spotlight Turns to the Kennedy Years

While the case of the Pentagon papers worked its way through the courts, more disclosures based on the secret documents and other sources hit page one last week. Much of the material concerned the role of the Kennedy Administration in the early phases of the war—especially the U.S. Government's complicity in the overthrow of South Vietnamese President Ngo Dinh Diem in November 1963, just three weeks before JFK's assassination.

As early as May 11, 1961, according to one report based on the Pentagon study, President Kennedy had approved secret guerrilla operations against the Communists in North Vietnam and Laos. Included were covert aerial missions over North Vietnam (ostensibly by civilian mercenaries) to provide supplies for agents and to drop propaganda leaflets. That same month, according to other government documents obtained by The Chicago Sun-Times, JFK dispatched Vice President Lyndon Johnson to Saigon to "encourage" Diem to request American ground troops (only about 1,000 U.S. servicemen were stationed there at the time). Diem opposed the idea largely on the ground that it would only make him more vulnerable to Communist charges that his regime was a front for neo-colonialist powers.

In October of that year, Gen. Maxwell Taylor, the President's special military adviser, recommended in an "eyes only for the President" cable that the U.S. send in 6,000 to 8,000 logistical troops



Arnold Sachs—Pictorial Parade

September 1963: JFK confers with General Taylor and McNamara

and describe them as "flood relief" forces. But in another cable, Taylor also warned that such a move would inevitably put America's prestige on the line. Taylor's messages, reprinted from the Pentagon study by The Boston Globe, conceded that such a strategy also might "increase tensions and risk escalation into a major war in Asia." Kennedy's immediate response was merely to order a modest increase in economic aid and military assistance—although he eventually boosted U.S. force levels in Vietnam to 16,000 men.

'Get Out': The Kennedy Administration had to bite the Vietnam bullet in mid-1963, when Washington was faced with the crisis of the Diem regime. Diem's increasingly repressive actions (conceived and executed by his brother Ngo Dinh Nhu) were thought by many high State Department experts to be disastrous to the war effort, although top Pentagon officials considered Diem essential to maintaining stability in Saigon. Drawing on the Pentagon war study and other sources, The Los Angeles Times provided the most detailed account of that period—beginning with the recommendation of veteran State Department analyst Paul H. Kattenburg that "it would be better for us to make the decision to get out honorably."

According to the report of a National Security Council meeting in August, Kattenburg also warned that it was the belief of Henry Cabot Lodge, newly named ambassador to Saigon, that "if we undertake to live with this repressive regime, with its bayonets at every street corner . . . we are going to be thrown out of the country in six months." Another set of documents, referred to by Republican Rep. Paul McCloskey of California, repeated earlier reports that Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy had echoed Kattenburg's dovish stance. "Kennedy said if we can't win with Diem and we can't win without him, then why don't we disengage?" McCloskey reported.

Secretary of State Dean Rusk, presiding over the NSC meeting in President Kennedy's absence, dismissed Kattenburg's thesis as "speculative" and declared: "It would be far better for us to start on the firm basis of two things—that we will not pull out of Vietnam until the war is won, and that we will not run a coup." Almost simultaneously, however, the Administration became involved in the extended mancuvering that resulted in the overthrow of Diem.

Ambassador Lodge arrived in Saigon on Aug. 22, just one day after the raids on Buddhist pagodas by special forces loyal to Nhu. Lodge, who came to favor Diem's ouster, was contacted immediately by a cabal of Vietnamese generals contemplating a possible military take-over, and he cabled Washington for instructions. In the absence of the highest officials, a controversial reply tantamount to a green light was dispatched by W. Averell Harriman, Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs, Roger Hilsman, Assistant Secretary for Far Eastern Affairs, and White House staffer Michael Forrestal.

Support: "U.S. Government cannot tolerate situation in which power lies in Nhu's hands," they cabled. "Diem must be given chance to rid himself of Nhu and his coterie . . . If, in spite of all your efforts, Diem remains obdurate and refuses, then we must face possibility that Diem himself cannot be preserved . . . You may also tell appropriate military commanders we will give them direct support in any interim period . . ."

Lodge's reply was even more pointed, stating that the chances of persuading Diem were "virtually nil" and proposing to bypass him to avoid giving any hint of the coup. ". . . We propose to go straight to the generals . . ." Lodge said. "Would tell them we prepared to have Diem without Nhu but it is, in effect, up to them whether to keep him."

The documents also made clear the extraordinary degrec of bitterness that developed between Lodge and Gen. Paul Harkins, the American military commander in Saigon, who felt that a last-ditch effort should be made to bring Diem around. As it happened, the generals postponed their coup for two months. During that period, thc Kennedy Administration made repeated efforts to get a better fix on the progress of thc war. Although reports out of State were characteristically pessimistic, those out of the Pentagon were typically optimistic.

Plotting: Washington settled on a moderate policy of applying pressure on Diem to make reforms. But in October, the generals were plotting once again, and Lodge made a point of keeping reports of their progress from Harkins, whom they distrusted. When he finally learned of the plan, Harkins cabled another warning to his superiors: "I would suggest we not try to change horses too quickly . . . After all, rightly or wrongly, we have backed Diem for eight long, hard years."

Worried officials in Washington cabled Lodge not to encourage the generals and to urge restraint, but the ambassador portrayed himself as powerless to intercede. At the end of October, the President's national-security adviser, McGeorge Bundy, sent another crucial advisory to the ambassador: "Once a coup under responsible leadership has begun, and within these restrictions, it is in the interest of the U.S. Government that it should succeed." One day later, preliminary moves by the plotters were completed; the next day the coup began.

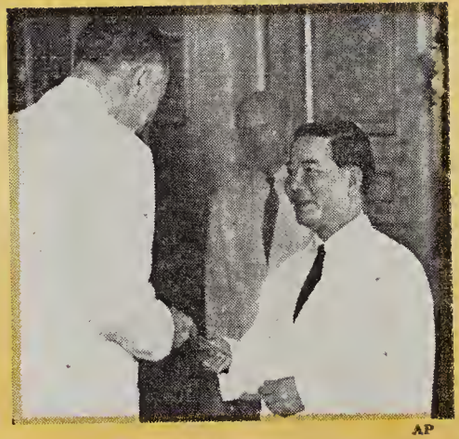
Lodge had a final, poignant telephone conversation with the beleaguered Diem

President and Ambassador

The coup against South Vietnamese President Ngo Dinh Diem finally occurred on Nov. 1, 1963, and at 4:30 that afternoon, Diem had his last conversation with an American official—a frantic telephone call to U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, who had known of the plot for some time. Under instructions from Washington, Lodge was vague and remote. An excerpt from the transcript:

DIEM: Some units have made a rebellion and I want to know what is the attitude of the U.S.

LODGE: I do not feel well enough informed to be able to tell you. I have heard the shooting, but I am not acquainted with all the facts. Also it is 4:30 a.m. in Washington and the U.S. Government cannot possibly have a view.



AP

Diem greets Lodge before the coup

DIEM: But you must have some general ideas. After all, I am a Chief of State. I have tried to do my duty. I want to do now what duty and good sense require. I believe in duty above all.

LODGE: You have certainly done your duty. As I told you only this morning, I admire your courage and your great contributions to your country. No one can take away from you the credit for all you have done. Now I am worried about your physical safety. I have a report that those in charge of the current activity offer you and your brother safe conduct out of the country if you resign. Have you heard this?

DIEM: No. [Then a pause.] You have my telephone number.

LODGE: Yes. If I can do anything for your physical safety, please call me.

DIEM: I am trying to re-establish order.

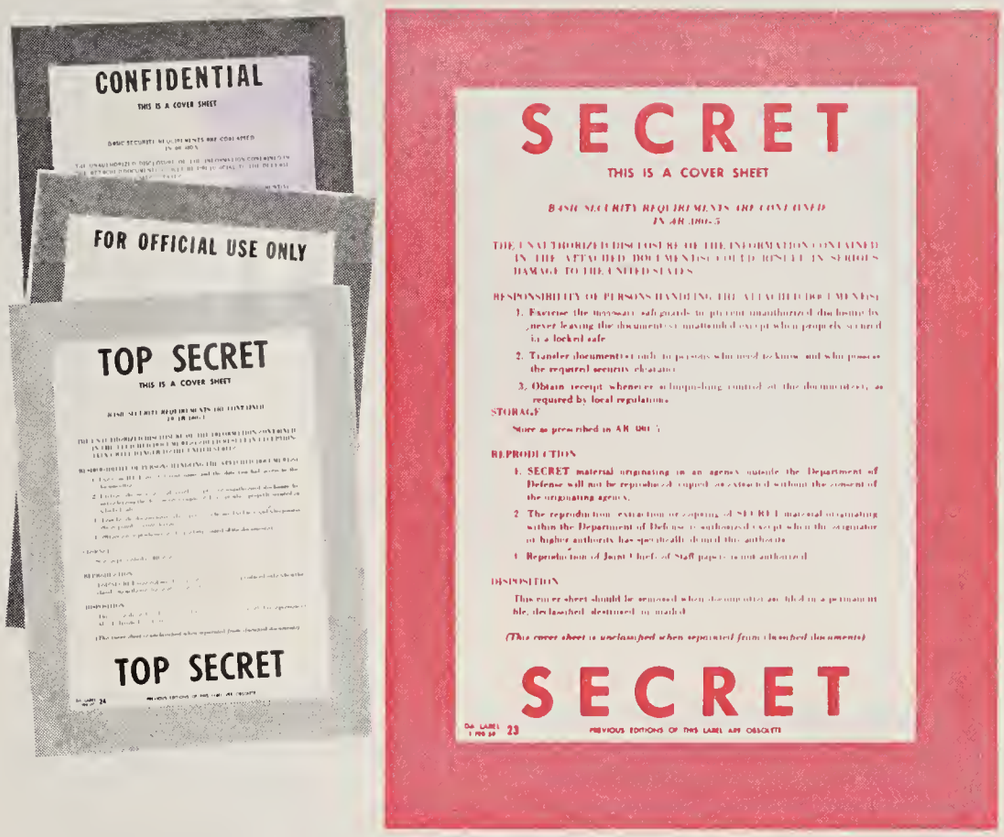
on Nov. 1 in which he offered no help and little information except that Diem and Nhu would reportedly be allowed to leave Vietnam. "Apparently," says the Pentagon study, "we had put full confidence in the coup committee's offers of safe conduct to the brothers." But both men were slain the next day. The shake-up in Saigon revealed for the first time how misleading earlier government reporting on the war had been.

Backfire: But Washington had a tendency to ignore even its own best information. CIA estimates of inherent Viet Cong strength in the south were largely dismissed. According to documents obtained by the Sun-Times, computer war gaming early in 1964 indicated that massive bombing of the north would backfire, strengthening the Communists. But President Johnson went ahead with such bombing in March 1965 under the code name "Rolling Thunder." In April, the paper reported, the U.S. command concluded that the bombing could not be decisive, but it was continued nonetheless.

By the summer of 1966, however, the Pentagon study shows that a ferocious struggle over bombing strategy had developed within the Administration. Even Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, who had endorsed all the prior escalations, began siding with many of his civilian aides and some CIA officials against the generals and admirals who were still calling for more of the same. In a memorandum dated Oct. 14, after a gloomy inspection tour of Vietnam, the Defense Secretary recommended that the U.S. level off its bombing effort and seek "other means of achieving our objectives," according to the Pentagon analyst. Among these, the Knight Newspapers reported, was a diplomatic approach and McNamara's short-lived, sci-fi proposal for an electronic wall between the two Vietnams. Gen. Earle G. Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, later compared McNamara's ideas to an "aerial Dien Bien Phu."

No Formula: McNamara's memo to President Johnson also bemoaned a lack of progress toward "pacification" in South Vietnam some eighteen months after that program had begun. "Pacification has, if anything, gone backward," he said, according to another report on the Pentagon study in The St. Louis Post-Dispatch. "This important war must be fought and won by the Vietnamese themselves. We have known this from the beginning. But the discouraging truth is that, as was the case in 1961 and 1963 and 1965, we have not found the formula, the catalyst for training and inspiring them into effective action."

In March 1968, of course, President Johnson decided to halt the massive bombing along with his own campaign for re-election. More than that, LBJ also quietly initiated a policy of increased responsibility for the South Vietnamese armed forces—a concept that Richard Nixon was to call "Vietnamization" and claim as his own the following year.



Cover sheets for classified documents: Also triple-locked safes

GENDIS: Burn Before Reading

In the Defense Department alone, 803 officials have the right to stamp a document TOP SECRET. There are 7,687 officials who can use the SECRET label and 31,048 who are authorized to mark a paper CONFIDENTIAL. The papers classified by these and other "originators" fill 6 million cubic feet of file cabinets.

Several years ago, a military analyst wrote an article and routinely submitted it for a security check. The reviewing officer stamped the paper SECRET and locked it in his safe. When the author asked for his manuscript, the reviewer refused to give it back to him, on the ground that the writer did not have a secret clearance.

"Walt Rostow," a Washington journalist recalled last week, "used to call in a reporter and say, 'President Johnson wants you to see this.' Then he would give the visitor a quick look at a top-secret document. It might be a high-level intelligence estimate or a late report from Vietnam on enemy infiltration."

The furor over the publication of the Pentagon's Vietnam study has called into question the entire concept of official secrecy. For although the U.S. Government has literally millions of classified documents squirreled away in triple-locked safes and cabinets, it is becoming apparent that only a tiny percentage of them are really vital to national security. And despite the fantastically elaborate system that has been set up to keep secrets secret, it is common knowledge in Washington that Administration officials, congressmen and military officers often leak classified material to the press whenever it suits their purposes.

In theory, the regulations governing classified documents are simple and reasonable. Attempting to prevent indiscriminate classification, President Eisenhower ruled in 1953 that official secrecy should extend only to defense matters, and he provided for three levels of classification —top secret, secret and confidential— ranked according to the degree of harm that would be done to national security by improper disclosure of the information. The classification is made by the official who originates the document, and the material is then distributed to other officials on a "need to know" basis.

Logical as it may sound, in practice the system has attained a level of complexity that boggles even the bureaucratic mind. The White House, the State Department and Defense have given classification rights to tens of thousands of officials, and even the heads of such agencies as the Interior Department and the Small Business Administration have the right to put their papers under wraps. Once a document is classified, it receives a distribution code, indicating the number of people who can read it. The label EYES ONLY limits the document to one person, typically top executives. Other codes include GENDIS (general distribution), NO FORN (no distribution to foreign coun-

tries) and LIMDIS (limited distribution). There is even a NODIS. Also, the government uses "derivative" and "association" classifications, which cover information that is not secret in itself but is somehow related to secret material. This means, for example, that a newspaper story that has already been read by millions of people can end up bearing the stamp TOP SECRET.

The stamps and codes are accompanied by a host of security precautions. At the Pentagon, the typewriter ribbons that are used in preparing secret documents are locked in a safe after working hours until they have been used four times and the impressions on them are illegible. On matters of surpassing importance, the ribbons are burned after one use. At the White House, there is only one kind of trash: classified. Every scrap of wastepaper from every office in the building is burned daily, and just to make sure that nothing slips past, some offices are equipped with mechanical paper shredders.



Wally McNamee—Newsweek

Pentagon disposal system: After shredding, secrets mashed into pulp

Other precautions rely on electronic wizardry. In transmitting its secret documents by radio or cable, the government uses computerized coding equipment that "sanitizes" the message so thoroughly that even if an enemy acquires a verbatim, decoded transcript, he still cannot break the code. (Between February 1946 and May 1960, however, the government used less sophisticated cryptographic devices. If they are printed verbatim, documents from that period might give away secret codes, reports NEWSWEEK's Lloyd Norman, and that is presumably one rationale for the Nixon Administration's attempts to block publication of the Pentagon study.)

In principle, none of these safeguards seems to be unwarranted. The problem is that they are applied to so many documents. In hearings last week before the House Subcommittee on Foreign Operations and Government Information, 60-year-old William G. Florence, a retired Air Force expert on classified information, estimated that the Department of Defense alone has at least 20 million classified documents on file. He added that "the disclosure of information in at least 99 per cent of those classified documents could not be prejudicial to the defense interests of the nation." And he contended that the practice of needless classification costs the taxpayers $50 million a year.

Note: Florence recalled that one Pentagon bureau employed a warning: "Although material in this publication is unclassified, it is assigned an over-all classification of confidential." And he revealed that some time ago, the chief of one of the armed services had written a note to his colleagues suggesting that too many papers were being marked TOP SECRET; he recommended that use of the label be reduced. The note itself was marked TOP SECRET. "Putting 'top secret' on a document, to some, is like putting a period at the end of a sentence," Florence declared.

If overclassification has become a way of life in the government, one reason may be the inbred caution of most officials. "An ambassador, for example, has to make his own decision on how to label a document," says a State Department security officer. "We try to keep them from making ridiculous mistakes, and the result is more overclassification than underclassification. And frankly, we prefer it that way." Frequently pride of authorship also enters into the decision. "The best way to have something ignored," remarks one White House aide, "is to stamp it 'routine'."

Plainly, there are many reasons for government officials to leak secrets to the press: to argue for or against a policy, to embarrass an intramural opponent or to test public reaction to a proposed policy by sending up a "trial balloon." Whatever the motive, the security leak is as much a fixture of the Washington scene as champagne at a diplomatic reception. One fairly typical episode was disclosed last week in an affidavit submitted to the Federal District Court in Washington by Washington Post reporter Murrey Marder. In 1965, Marder related, the Johnson Administration offered him secret cables to support its claim that U.S. troops had intervened in the Dominican Republic in order to "save American lives." Subsequently, however, other sources showed Marder earlier cable traffic which, he said, "centered on landing U.S. troops for a different priority purpose: to respond to the embassy's fear of 'a Communist takeover'."

Perhaps the most enthusiastic purveyor of secrets in recent years was Lyndon B. Johnson. The former President loved to tantalize reporters by waving top-secret documents under their noses, then snatching them away before newsmen could read more than a few words. But Mr. Johnson was also the victim of leaks by dovish officials within his own Administration. In early 1968, one of these officials passed word to the press that the Joint Chiefs of Staff had recommended the deployment of another 206,000 American troops to South Vietnam. The resulting uproar may have helped to thwart any further escalation, and LBJ has said privately that this leak caused him more trouble than any single news story printed during his Presidency.

Declassify: The only alternative to the security leak is declassification of secret documents, a process that is, at best, uncertain and time-consuming. Under existing procedures, some documents are automatically declassified after twelve years, but many other papers can be released to the public only after a painstaking review. Often sheer inertia wins out. "If we tried to maintain an orderly process of declassification," argues a State Department official, "we would have to double our personnel."

Earlier this year, the White House disclosed last week, President Nixon ordered government agencies to study the current classification system with a view to making more information public.

For the time being, at least, the security leak seems to be here to stay. And until the whole system of official secrecy is overhauled, many reporters and bureaucrats alike feel that the leak is a necessary evil. "Without the use of 'secrets'," New York Times Washington bureau chief Max Frankel said in another court affidavit a fortnight ago, "there could be no adequate diplomatic, military and political reporting . . . and there could be no mature system of communication between the government and the people." That is probably true. But it is an ironic comment on the U.S. security system if the only way to keep the American people fully informed is to violate some of the regulations set up to insure their security.



Regular: 20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine; Menthol: 21 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov.,'70.

"My perfect summer drink?
Lots of crushed ice; squeeze a wedge of lime.
And the perfect martini gin,
Seagram's Extra Dry."



Seagram Distillers Company, New York City. 90 Proof. Distilled Dry Gin. Distilled from American Grain.



UPI

Stennis (left), Mansfield after the votes: Mixed results

CONGRESS:

Setting a Date

The Senate's great debate over the war and the draft reached a climax last week with decidedly mixed results. First, the doves finally succeeded in attaching an end-the-war amendment to the draft-extension bill that calls on the President to set a "date certain" for withdrawing all U.S. forces from Indochina. The next day, draft-extension forces succeeded in choking off the doves' filibuster against the draft bill—a move that opened the way for the Senate to approve the White House request for a two-year extension of the draft.

The end-the-war amendment was something of a compromise. Authored by Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, it stopped short of invoking the ultimate Congressional power over the executive branch—the power to cut off funds for the war—and merely urged the President to withdraw U.S. troops within nine months after enactment of the draft bill, provided arrangements are made for the release of all U.S. prisoners of war by Hanoi. Nonetheless, passage of the amendment by a decisive margin of 57 to 42 represented the sharpest challenge to the Administration's Vietnam policy in many months and signaled the Senate's firm intention of reasserting its authority over military affairs.

Dash: The Administration only just escaped a more direct showdown with Congress when the Senate in effect rejected by one vote an earlier proposal that would have cut off all funds for U.S. military operations in Indochina after nine months. Offered by two usual Nixon loyalists, Republicans Marlow Cook of Kentucky and Ted Stevens of Alaska, the measure prompted a sudden scramble to rally Administration forces. Summoned by the White House, Minority Leader Hugh Scott broke away from a conference in England, hopped on the first plane to Washington and was sped to Capitol Hill by helicopter and police escort. Administration opponents moved with equal alacrity: Presidential hopeful Birch Bayh of Indiana interrupted some barnstorming in Florida and chartered a plane to get back in time for the vote; four other far-flung Democrats were also successfully rounded up.

Skillful maneuvering by the floor leader of the draft bill, Armed Services Committee chairman John Stennis, staved off the Cook-Stevens challenge. But late in the afternoon, after more debate had been ruled out, Mansfield offered his amendment, and the doves won the biggest triumph of their seven-week offensive against the Administration.

Next day, the Senate again made history of sorts. With more than a dozen senators (including Stennis and South Carolina's Strom Thurmond) abandoning their traditional opposition to cloture, the Senate voted to cut off debate on the draft bill. It was only the ninth time since 1917 that cloture had been invoked. The move assured passage of the two-year extension bill, which the Senate went on to approve later in the week, 72 to 16.

Despite the Senate's action, the fate of the draft bill was not yet certain. This week, it faces a crucial test when it goes to conference with the more hawkish House, which has already passed a measure that is similar to the Senate's version except for the Mansfield amendment. And that is the sticking point. For if the draft bill emerges from conference shorn of the Mansfield amendment, the Senate doves have indicated they will start filibustering all over again—and this time, it will be even more difficult to shut them off.

Progress on Welfare

In the two years since President Nixon first proposed his controversial welfare-reform plan the number of welfare mothers and children has grown by more than 50 per cent to a total of more than 10 million. With those grim statistics in mind—and after a personal exhortation from the President—the House of Representatives last week voted solid support for the Administration's program and the entire omnibus social-security bill to which it is attached.

In its latest incarnation, the $12 billion Family Assistance Plan for federalization of welfare calls for a guaranteed annual income of $2,400 for a family of four, mandatory work or work-training requirements for employable adults, the creation of 200,000 public-service jobs and day-care facilities for 800,000 youngsters. In addition, some 10 million "working poor" families would receive income supplements for the first time. An amendment to the House bill would make it difficult, though not impossible, for states to cut back on welfare payments that already exceed the $2,400 Federal minimum. Liberals in the Senate, where the bill is still to be debated, are expected to try to toughen that provision and raise the floor to $3,000 or $3,500 a year.

Who Is Big Brother?

"Have you brought the materials with you?" Rep. Harley O. Staggers asked CBS president Frank Stanton one morning last week in the green-walled hearing room of the House Commerce Investigations subcommittee. "No, Mr. Chairman, I have not," answered the cool, 63-year-old broadcasting executive. With those words, Stanton precipitated an inevitable showdown with Staggers, who eleven weeks ago signed a subpoena ordering CBS to surrender all the films, notes and tapes its news staff made during production of the controversial documentary "The Selling of the Pentagon" (Newsweek, April 19). "I hereby order you to



UPI

Stanton: 'I respectfully decline'

comply with this subcommittee," Staggers shot back angrily. "I respectfully decline," said Stanton. "In my opinion," the white-haired, ruddy-faced Staggers then declared, "you are now in contempt."

Whether Stanton is actually in contempt of Congress, however, will not be decided by Staggers alone but the whole House membership. First, both the subcommittee and the full Commerce committee must vote on the question, and a battle is expected in each arena. And even if the full House eventually upholds Staggers, there is little doubt that Stanton and CBS are prepared to go all the way to the Supreme Court in defense of television's right to share the protection of the First Amendment with newspapers and magazines. "The chilling effect of both the subpoena and the inquiry is plain," Stanton told the subcommittee. "If newsmen are told that their notes, films and tapes will be subject to compulsory process so that government can determine whether the news is satisfactorily edited . . . reporting activities will inevitably be curtailed."

Staggers, for his part, was no less determined. "Television is an awesome power that can control America," he said. "If we can't do something about it, I think the era of Big Brother has arrived."



Los Angeles Times

California flag bearers

AMERICANA:

The Old Glory

In Boston, the Declaration of Independence will be read from the balcony of the old, brick Statehouse, as it has been each year for more than a century. In Milwaukee, the Schlitz Brewing Co. will host its famed circus parade, complete with elephants, caged lions, painted clowns and circus wagons. Oklahoma City will stage its third annual Stars and Stripes Show in Stars and Stripes Park—a celebrity-studded gala that will include Miss America and the U.S. Army Band, with free admission for anyone wearing red, white and blue. Americans will be unfurling their colors all across the U.S. next week, as the nation celebrates the 195th anniversary of Independence Day —the first day of what President Nixon has proclaimed the Bicentennial Era, the five years leading up to 1976.

The festivities marking the Fourth will be as diverse as the nation itself. "Everybody wants to keep the old-fashioned Fourth," says Mrs. Mary Lou Kieswetter, an Indiana lady who heads the National Council for the Encouragement of Patriotism, Inc. And that's doubtless true. But America's idea of an old-fashioned Fourth ranges all the way from solemn historical ceremonies and traditional picnics with fireworks to rough-and-ready frontier festivals and rousing armed forces parades and fly-bys. And not a few Americans this year are planning a distinctly new-fashioned Fourth dedicated to anti-Vietnam activities.

A sense of history will perhaps be most strongly felt in the thirteen original states. In Boston, along with the reading of the Declaration, wreaths will be laid on the graves of John Hancock and Samuel Adams. In a ceremony at Monticello, the Virginia home of Thomas Jefferson, a group of aliens will be formally accepted into citizenship—a yearly ritual evocative of America's melting-pot heritage. In nearby Williamsburg, a bell cast from the same mold in which the Liberty Bell was forged will toll Independence Day as it tolled the news of the first Fourth of July, and other momentous events ever since 1762. And in Philadelphia itself, the nation's birthplace, a wreath will be laid upon the tomb of the Revolutionary War's Unknown Soldier, while a uniformed fife-and-drum corps solemnly sounds Taps.

Many of the states that were not around for the first Fourth will be drawing on their own past—and fireworks. All 810 residents of tiny Tekoa, Wash., are expected to turn out for the annual Slippery Gulch Celebration—a day-long bash that will include a beard-judging contest and a buffalo-meat barbecue. Boise, Idaho, will be throwing a chuck-wagon breakfast along with a parade featuring bewhiskered, buckskinned mountain men and real live Indians. And what will probably be the nation's gaudiest fireworks display is set to go off at the Rose Bowl, in Pasadena, Calif. Some 40,000 people are expected to be on hand to watch a $30,000 pyrotechnic pageant that will include Mount Vesuvius erupting in the sky, and, for a finale, a blazing Spirit of '76, including fifer, drummer and flag-bearer.

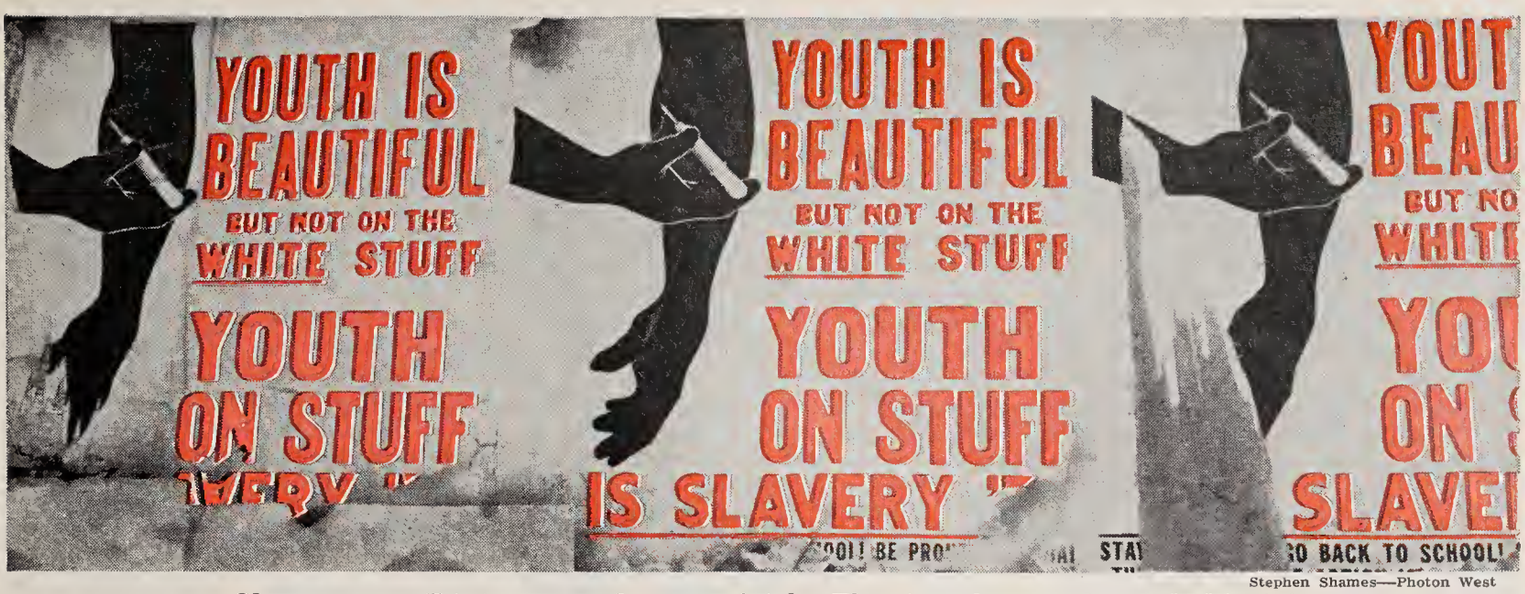
Peace: For others, the Fourth will have a decidedly antimilitary purpose. Anti-war rallies are planned for Austin, Texas, New York and Detroit. And in Chicago, twin peace picnics, complete with guerrilla theater and peace balloons for the youngsters, are scheduled to take place in Lincoln and Columbus parks. Explains Sylvia Cushner, one of the organizers: "We're trying to show that peace is patriotic."

But peace activists are not alone in shunning the military this year. "The tenor of the country is different," explains Tommy Walker, director of the Rose Bowl fete. "We're not going into battle or war things as much as we used to." Nor are others. What will probably be the nation's largest parade is planned for Huntington Beach, Calif., in the heart of conservative Orange County, with 3,000 marchers and more than 200,000 spectators. But only one color guard will be in the line of march. And the American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars, which together used to turn out as many as seventeen marching units for the gigantic parade, will be restricted this year to a handful of stalwart officers riding in a single decorated car.



Bruce Roberts—Rapho Guillumette

Unfurling the colors: Confederate honor guard at Faith, N.C.



Stephen Shames—Photon West

Ghetto poster: 'It's just so good, so out of sight. There's nothing in the world like it.'

The Heroin Plague: What Can Be Done?

Rosemary is 20, the willowy, intelligent daughter of a Detroit delivery-truck driver, and she was brought up the old-fashioned way: no drinking, much church, no dates at all until she was 18. Even after she left high school at 17 and began working variously as cashier, receptionist and waitress, her father insisted on an 8:30 evening curfew, including weekends. Last August Rosemary met Herb, then 25, an auburn-haired construction worker who made $300 to $400 a week and introduced Rosemary to her first taste of money and freedom. He also introduced her to heroin, which he had been using for about six months. In the beginning their dual habit cost about $150 a week. By November, it rose to nearly $500 a week—at the same time that Herb was laid off work because of the economic slump. "First he sold the TV and radio and other appliances like that," Rosemary says. "He got rid of the furniture and a lot of clothes. He even sold the refrigerator and the stove. Then he had to get rid of his house. And they repossessed the car."

Dead broke in January, Herb and Rosemary got married in a quick civil ceremony and moved in with his parents in their neat brown house on the outskirts of Detroit. "It's awful not to have a place of your own," she says. "They watch us a lot and keep asking us why we don't eat. And they wonder why we're so in debt and why we're sick so much. But we tell 'em we have the flu when we get boge" —have withdrawal symptoms—"which we are a lot of the time lately."

Herb and Rosemary make their heroin money by an improved form of shoplifting. One night last week Rosemary boosted a $17 universal socket from a store; five minutes later Herb returned it to the same store as an unwanted birthday gift, netting $17 plus tax. Their connection in the white neighborhood in which they live has been turned off, so they have to go to a downtown "dope-house" for heroin now. "It terrifies me," she says. "All those guys sitting there with a gun trained at your head while you stand in line to get the Jones. And we can't afford enough to get high any more—only enough not to get sick."

Rosemary talks of kicking heroin by putting the two of them into a city methadone program. "I never thought in my wildest dreams that I would ever be hooked on something like heroin," she says. "I drank a lot when I could get out, but I never touched even pot before. But when I met Herb and went over to his place, everybody there was shooting up all the time. I felt kinda left out, so I used to tease Herb about giving me some. I decided I was really hooked when I shut off for six days in September and couldn't sleep. I went to my family doctor—he's the only one who knows—but he wouldn't give us any methadone." At the end of the rainbow, on the other side of the city methadone program, she would like to go to Arizona and start all over again without drugs. "Herb keeps saying that once we get off the Jones and the methadone, then we'll shoot up once in a while just for fun," she says. "I know we can't do that." Then she fondles the old green eyeglasses case that holds the measuring spoon, their three precious needles and their cotton. "It's just so good," she says, "so out of sight. There's nothing in the world like it."

Ten years ago, even three years ago, heroin was a loser's drug—a powerful and often lethal opium derivative that was said to have made helpless addicts out of thousands of ghetto Negroes, a few jazz musicians and a handful of show-business types. For years the official figure was pegged at 68,000 addicts, but neither the Federal government nor any private agency knew if this estimate was even close—nor did they much care as long as the heroin users stayed out of sight. Even when heroin-inspired burglaries and muggings began to contort the crime charts and bedevil the lives of the urban middle-class, addiction was still looked on as a felony and an aberration afflicting the blacks and longhair minorities.

Hip Legions

Now all that has changed. In the past two years the official guess on the scope of heroin addiction alone—and not counting any other drug—has risen to 200,000, then 250,000, finally recently to 300,000 Americans. New heroin users are turning up every week in the glossiest suburban high schools, on factory assembly lines, and in the hip legions of the drug subculture, which once spurned smack as they spurned napalm. And it's killing them in record numbers: there were 237 teen-agers out of 1,205 total narcotic related deaths in New York City last year, and 16 out of 47 even in a sunny, middle-sized place like Albuquerque.

The spectrum of drug addicts is widening. UCLA psychiatrist Dr. J. Thomas Ungerlieder says that since the heroin plague began, "Nice Jewish boys are coming out of the woodwork"—as well as Mormon kids, Japanese-Americans and all the other exemplars of healthy, hard-working, middle-class ideals. Perhaps most disturbing of all is the fact that the ranks of GI's returning from Vietnam contain thousands of wretched heroin addicts who learned to snort the stuff in the back alleys of Saigon and Long Binh—using heroin twelve to twenty times more powerful than the heavily cut powder sold in the streets of the U.S.

For the first time in U.S. history, doctors and public officials are speaking in

near unison of a heroin emergency, an epidemic or—in the words of President Nixon's new drug-control chief, Dr. Jerome H. Jaffe—a full-fledged crisis. "Heroin has exploded on us like an atomic bomb," says John Gianardi, president of the New Mexico Pharmaceutical Association. Los Angeles claims 30,000 addicts. Cleveland as many as 25,000, New York City 100,000; Pittsburgh has had more heroin deaths so far this year than in all of 1970, and Atlanta's Assistant D.A. John Nuckolls, who never tried a heroin case until 1970, tried three armed robberies by junkies in one week last month. No one knows how many soldiers now at home picked up the habit in Vietnam, but the working guess is 40,000. Addicts are held responsible for 75 per cent of the muggings and burglaries in some cities, and semi-official estimates (often hypoed by evangelical ex-users themselves) of the amount of property stolen by fix-hungry addicts approach the semi-hysterical: $2 billion to $5 billion in New York City alone, and $8 billion for the nation as a whole, figures that some knowledgeable, cooler heads believe may be about 10,000 times too high.

Rehabilitation

In one sense, the heroin crisis is real because so many persons have come to believe that it's real. A recent Gallup poll showed that just since March, "drug addiction" has risen from seventh to third place on the public list of "most important" national problems. The prime symbol and expression of that concern is certainly Mr. Nixon's massive $370 million crash program against the heroin menace, with its new and significant emphasis on addict "amnesty" and rehabilitation, as well as destruction of the illicit opium trade (NEWSWEEK, June 28). But the Federal effort is in fact a step or two behind many of the cities and states of the U.S., which have been moving with galvanic speed to establish or reinforce a whole range of sometimes complementary, sometimes contradictory programs involving public hospitals, private agencies like Synanon, psychotherapy, anti-heroin drugs such as methadone—plus more men on the narcotics squad.

One of the troubles in dealing with heroin is that it is a drug that almost demands exaggeration. Isolated by a German researcher in 1898 as a "non-addictive" opiate cousin to the effective but dangerous painkiller morphine, heroin soon proved to be even more addictive. It also proved to be even more pleasurable, giving the user an initial sweet surge of super-orgasmic intensity and then four or five hours of daydreamy release from what Berton Roueché once called "the intolerable clutch of reality."

But heroin exacts a terrible price. Only a few users—certainly less than 10 per cent—have ever been able to use heroin in a controlled way, taking a sniff or needleful now and then, never increasing the dose, never becoming daily users, never becoming dependent. For

WHITE, SUBURBAN MIDDLE-CLASS

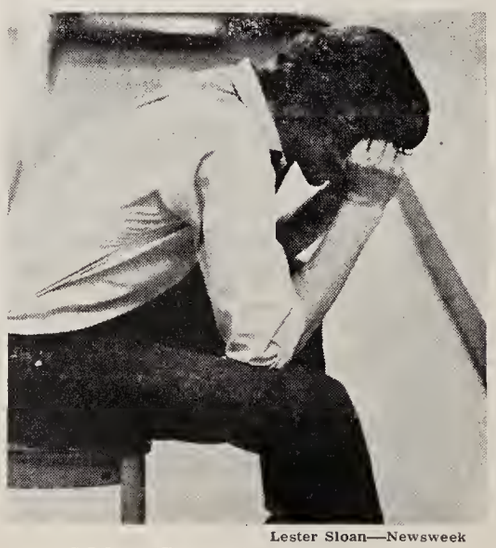
For years, the despair of the ghetto dominated the literature of heroin addiction. The slum addict is still all too common, but today he is being joined in misery by the privileged young of the white suburban middle class. NEWSWEEK's Martin Kasindorf took the case history of one such new-style heroin user. His report:

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kobler* live with their four children and a Labrador retriever in an affluent residential tract in Long Beach, Calif. On the face of it, there is nothing that sets the Koblers apart from their neighbors in the privately guarded development. Their house is a two-year-old, $70,000, brown shingle and stucco affair with a miniature Oriental rock garden on the front lawn and four cars, including two Cadillacs, in the driveway—all testimony to the fact that Kobler is one of the most prosperous dealers in auto accessories in the area.

But in one chilling respect, the Koblers are different from their neighbors. For the past three and a half years, their eldest child, Michael, has been a heroin addict. A clean-cut, gangling 24-year-old, Mike was a promising kid with an IQ of 140, and as a young man he served with distinction in Vietnam. Today, the Koblers still brag about their son's war service; his dozen or so military decorations—the ones he didn't dump in the Pacific out of shame—are still hanging in the family den. What they don't talk about is their son's addiction. "It is something I never thought would happen in my family," says Harry Kobler. Only lately have the Koblers begun to understand how it did happen—despite all their middle-class security.

"Addiction in a person like Mike," says Dr. Ted Lindauer, a county-paid psychiatrist, "is clearly a family neurosis." He is by no means the typical drug addict (a staffer in Mike's predominantly poor methadone group calls him " 'Portnoy's Complaint' with a hypodermic") but he is an increasingly common sort, and Lindauer—a drug-wise young doctor with positive ideas on the subject—thinks such cases are highly predictable as well. The family, in his view, is the key: "I tell Mike, 'You're not addicted to heroin —you're addicted to your parents'."

It is an addiction to a kind of contained inner chaos. Harry Kobler tends to bottle up rages at work six days a week and vent them on the family at home. One consequence is that the Koblers constantly shout at one another even out of love ("On sheer decibels," says a friend, "I wouldn't live there") but rarely communicate. Mike himself was the oldest and, as it happened, the healthiest child, and so, says Lindauer, suffered "the golden-boy syndrome . . . He had to be the greatest—or, if he couldn't be the greatest, he'd be the worst." As a child, his impulses were pampered. The ghetto addict, says Lindauer, is often a kid who never knew where his next meal was coming from; the middle-class kind more typically had "an overanxious mother whose response is always that the child is hungry, so she puts a bottle in his mouth."



Lester Sloan—Newsweek

Mike: 'I wasn't where I was'

Army Daze: Mike was an indifferent student in high school, interested mainly in cars, girls and a dashing image. He dropped out of the University of Arizona in his freshman year to join the Army. During his seven months in combat in Vietnam, he acquired—in addition to his medals—a nasty bullet wound in his back and a taste for drugs. He frequently smoked marijuana, experimented with morphine supplied by Army medics and even tried opium. Back in the States at Fort Ord, Calif., he gave up all drugs—for awhile. Soon, however, he got depressed ("You come back feeling like a hero, but nobody else thinks so"), and began taking LSD and Seconal.

Then one damp winter evening in 1967, his wound began to ache (the bullet remains inoperably in his back), and a friend offered him a shot of heroin to ease the pain. "It really took care of the pain," Mike recalls. "After that I made excuses that it was the pain, but I really took the heroin because I liked it. I kept nodding and dreaming. It meant I wasn't where I was. Where I was was in the Army."

Throughout this period, Mike dutifully flew down to Long Beach every weekend to see his parents. One weekend, he told them of his not-quite-yet daily habit. "I listened to him in utter disbelief," recalls Eleanor Kobler, sitting in her mirror-filled living room. Says her politically conservative husband: "I be-

*Not their real name.

the huge majority of experimenters, the first sweet hit sets off an overpowering urge for a second and quickly a third; within as brief a period as a week (and some say on the first needle), the new addict's central nervous system becomes as demanding as a baby's stomach, requiring a gradually more powerful fix every four to six hours on threat of wracking the addict with gradually more powerful cramps, nausea, sweating, palpitations and, rarely, fatal convulsions. For most addicts, the orgasmic high eventually comes to require an impossible superhuman jolt of heroin, and avoidance of the agony of withdrawal becomes the only real reason for shooting up.

No one knows how or why any of this works the way it does: "We do not have an understanding of the basic psychopathology or pathophysiology of this disease process," Dr. William R. Martin, one of the nation's leading addiction researchers, recently told a House select committee looking into the connection between addiction and crime, "and we do not have effective and non-toxic therapeutic measures to deal with more than a small proportion of the patients."

Congress outlawed heroin in 1924—but over the following years the drug solidified its reputation as the mysterious evil prince of the illegal pharmacopoeia, at once more enticing and more dangerous than cocaine (the very powerful, very addictive extract of the South American coca plant), hashish or marijuana (relatively mild, non-addictive intoxicants from the cannabis plant, grown around the world), mescaline (non-addictive agent of peyote, bringing powerful visions and hallucinations, eventually matched synthetically by LSD), amphetamines (chemical stimulants and energizers, habit-forming but non-addictive, ostensibly available only by prescription) and barbiturates (chemical sedatives and calming agents, heavily addictive, also supposedly requiring prescriptions).

But for the most part, heroin users stayed out of sight. Even when epidemic numbers of GI's brought home heroin habits from World War II and Korea—Chicago had 8,000 heroin arrests in 1948, the largest number of any year before or since—government and public health authorities managed to keep the news to themselves.

What has happened in the past year or two, in the wry words of Iowa Sen. Harold Hughes, the leading Congressional expert on addiction, is that smack "moved out of the black ghettos and into the suburbs and the small towns and it moved right next door. That's when it became a crisis." A modestly increasing ratio of whites are indeed getting hooked —51 per cent of all addicts today are white, according to the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, against 44 per cent in 1959—and they are doing it younger: the average age for discovered addicts has dropped from 35 in 1950 to 23 today. But even those who agree that there is an epidemic do not agree on its extent. Most of the big cities figure their addiction rate by the so-called Baden formula (after Dr. Michael M. Baden, New York City's deputy chief medical examiner), multiplying the number of heroin deaths by 200 to get the total addict population. It was this formula that led the city of Washington to multiply its estimated number of addicts from 1,200 in 1968 to 16,800 now—a statistical crisis that has been duplicated in other cities from Boston to Los Angeles.

It is not certain, however, that these figures are even approximately correct. The only city that actually goes into the streets and counts its addicts, rather than relying on a formula of arrests or OD body-counts, is Dr. Jaffe's Chicago—and Chicago admits to only 7,500 addicts, thousands less than are claimed for Detroit or just the suburbs of Los Angeles.



AP

Heroin detection in Vietnam: The scag is waiting on arrival

King of Drugs

The confusion multiplies when drug experts from the different disciplines attempt to analyze the reasons for the sudden popularity of smack across a whole range of young people—from flower children to valedictorians—who had once viewed it with horror. Psychiatrists, theologians and sociologists theorize about family stress, spiritual weakness and social unrest, and street revolutionaries are fond of pointing to Operation Intercept, Mr. Nixon's drive in 1969 against Mexican marijuana, as the trauma that dried up the supply of grass and pushed the kids into smack. But many of the most knowledgeable people on the drug scene, doctors and users alike, lean toward the opinion that heroin is simply a drug whose time had come—for a variety of psychological and pharmacologi-

lieve there is a concentrated Communist-led effort to inveigle these soldiers into drugs." At one point, they ordered Mike out of the house for six months. "Don't come home," his mother told him, "until you think straight and live straight."

For seven months after Mike got his discharge in September 1968, he was "clean"—living at home with his parents, attending state college in Long Beach and working part-time for his father. One evening, he met a heroin dealer at a party and abruptly quit college. Soon he was back on his habit and stealing from his parents to come up with the $70 to $100 a day necessary to support it. "He would lie and I would be willing to believe it," remembers his father. "But I knew he was doing it. I would see him come out of the bathroom, rolling down his sleeve. He's a dumb dope addict, you know."

'Binge Addict': Like other heroin users of his background, Mike was a "binge addict." Periodically, he would kick the habit, build up his cash supply, then spend it all on heroin. "Every time a problem would arise," he says, "I'd know it was easier to stick a needle in my arm and not worry about it."

For a long time, Mike balked at his parents' efforts to obtain help, rejected psychiatrists ("nuttier than I was") and Synanon ("too much like the Army"). Finally, he enrolled in the Orange County methadone program, and except for a few lapses to "test" whether the synthetic really dulls the kick in heroin, he has been "clean" ever since. Lately, he began taking some courses at Long Beach City College in hopes of applying to a school of oceanography in two years. And with the help of Lindauer, he and his parents are trying to forge a new relationship. Recently, he told his father: "I'm sure there are times you want to cast yourself adrift on your boat and get away from the problems of 1971. But they've arrived. They're here at your door—through me."

cal reasons. "Junk is the farthest you can go," said an 18-year-old Boston girl who once shot eighteen bags a day. "It's the king of drugs. Everyone else is into acid and speed and you know you can head the mystique if you get into smack."

As Dr. Donald B. Louria, president of the New York State Council on Drug Addiction, points out, heroin is the logical outgrowth of the pot-and-acid cultures—though not in quite the way that middle-class mothers always said it would be. It seems to be true enough that experimenting with drugs leads to further experimenting with drugs. But it is also true that most middle-class parents out of ignorance or fear misinformed their children about the dangers of marijuana. "Pot is fun," as Louria says, "and it's no big deal"—and after the kids discovered these facts they were in no mood to pay attention to the strikingly similar warnings they heard about heroin, true or not.

The drug culture led to smack in a couple of other ways. As the doctors of San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic have noted in a recent monograph, young people in the drug culture progressed logically from pot to acid and on to methedrine (or speed), the amphetamine that relieves the anxiety of LSD. But speed has its own horrors—notably the terrible crash that comes at the end of several days of sleepless, foodless hyperactivity. There is only one drug that will get the speed freak down to earth gently, and that is heroin. Furthermore, methedrine itself is often taken by injection. "The minute you put a needle in your arm," said a recently arrested junk dealer in Boston, "you're going to get into heroin." And once a few kids in any school or community got up the nerve to try smack, many of the rest followed. "It may have been true two decades ago that skin color, social class and family disruption provided correlations with drug addiction," says Dr. Matthew P. Dumont, the head of drug rehabilitation for the Massachusetts Mental Health Department, "but it is not true today. Now it's openly and unashamedly a peer-group phenomenon."

Vietnam Scag

The epidemic in Vietnam is a slightly different story. About a year ago, limitless supplies of cheap, potent (95 per cent) heroin began flooding into Vietnam from the poppy fields of nearby Laos, Burma and Thailand (Vietnam grows no opium of its own)—apparently sped along by a widespread smuggling network headed by "high-level members of the Vietnamese Government," according to a recent U.S. provost-marshal's report. The impact on American troops—most of them bored, frightened, resentful, ignorant—was immediate and stark. "I got into scag four hours after I got to Nam," one hooked soldier said. "We were all smoking grass and this guy gave me some scag, put it in the end of my joint. Man, I just wanted to get out of Nam and scag took me out—for a while, at least."



Tony Rollo—Newsweek

Songfest at Odyssey House: Honesty, austerity and mutual support



Michelle Vignes—Pix

Synanon: Up from the beachfront

The experience for thousands of American troops has been roughly the same. Young soldiers began snorting and smoking the pure Vietnamese heroin in the tragically mistaken impression that they could only become addicted by shooting it into a vein. This mistake was compounded by the Army's indoctrination efforts—mostly a mindless training film that lumped the ubiquitous Vietnamese marijuana with heroin as a common danger. "They gave us all that bulls--- about grass being bad," said one soldier who turned to scag.

By last December the Army—and most Vietnam correspondents—knew that heroin was spreading wildly among the troops, but the brass did not acknowledge the epidemic until a report in April by two congressmen, Robert Steele of Connecticut and Morgan Murphy of Illinois, made the military and the White House jump for cover. President Nixon's new anti-heroin package calls for urinalyses, detoxification and freedom from punishment for all military users, but the whole thing was put together so rapidly that the Army does not yet know whether it will hold these amnestied addicts in the service or if the Army will accept lasting responsibility for service-incurred addictions. Army Deputy Assistant Secretary John Kester was booed last week when he told a National Heroin Symposium at the University of California Medical School: "I can assure you, a serviceman's addiction will not show up in any permanent records." "I think it ought to show up," retorted Bill Dunn, a drug program coordinator for the Veterans Administration Hospital in Menlo Park, "so people will know it's service-connected and the poor f----- can get disability pay."

The only answer to the question of troop addiction, says one Army doctor in Saigon, is to "get everybody out of Vietnam as fast as possible—there is no other way." But this prospect is just what most frightens civilian doctors and drug counselors whose treatment facilities—chemical, psychiatric or communal—are barely able to maintain a handhold against the avalanche of established addicts who turn up for help wherever help is offered. So far, however, the veterans have not appeared. "It's a real puzzlement," says Al Weese, the newly appointed Coordinator of Alcohol and Drugs for the city of Seattle. "We're sure not seeing that 25 to 40 per cent addiction problem among returning vets, yet it feels like we're sitting on the edge of a volcano."

Some doctors hypothesize that most GI users may pick up only "baby habits" in Vietnam and can kick them without help when they get home. But the puzzlement deepens as it becomes evident that the Army is sending over a significant number of troops who are addicts before they reach Vietnam. At Fort Bragg, N.C., the drug-riddled home base of the "jumping junkies" of the 82nd Airborne Division, half the addicts who turned themselves in for treatment had

never been to Vietnam—and thousands of additional users presumably went undetected. What happens to them all after they get to Vietnam and come back, no one yet knows.

Even if the vets never contribute to the problem, the nation will remain swamped in its home-grown supply of addicts for the foreseeable future. Treatment facilities have been springing up everywhere—there are now about 2,500 centers of one kind or another—but the addicts have been queuing up even faster. As recently as two years ago, all public and private treatment facilities in metropolitan Detroit could handle only 260 addicts. Now there are centers of different kinds for 3,450 users—and a waiting list of 2,500 more. The state-funded Morris J. Bernstein Institute of the Beth Israel Medical Center in New York runs 37 methadone clinics treating 3,000 addicts—with as many more waiting to get in. Two and a half years ago the city of Boston set up a methadone program of drug treatment—and ended up attracting an estimated 800 extra addicts into the city from outlying towns.

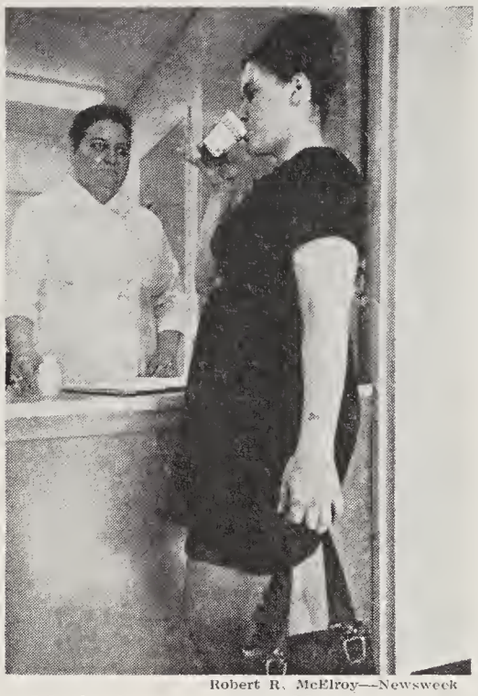
2 Per Cent Success

The long waiting lines for existing programs reflects not only the growing numbers of addicts but also the growing hope of effective treatment. Until the late 1950s, the only avenues open to a reform-minded junkie were incarceration (notably in one of the two huge Federal "hospitals" at Fort Worth, Texas, and Lexington, Ky.) or psychotherapy—but alone or in combination these disciplines produced a dismal success rate of 2 per cent.

Then, thirteen years ago, came Synanon, the tough, puritanical little beachfront commune in Santa Monica, Calif., whose addict-members relied on ruthless honesty, austerity, hard work and above all their own fierce mutual support to stay free of drugs. Synanon is now a $13 million foundation with branches in Oakland, Detroit and San Diego, a four-story headquarters building and several apartment projects housing a total of 1,500 resident members, ex-addicts all, still abiding by the same rules: no drugs, no drinking, no money, even no smoking.

Synanon has spawned a number of copies and adaptations—Phoenix House and Odyssey House in New York and Chicago's state-funded Gateway Houses—which are built on the same principle of member control and group support. All of them have a high early dropout rate—about 50 per cent—but about 30 per cent stay to finish the program. The long-range trouble is that only one Synanon graduate in ten stays clean for as long as two years if he chooses to leave the formal community, and apparently the other in-house therapeutic groups do no better. One of Phoenix House's statistical successes, a woman who was a director of the house for fourteen months, shot up on heroin within an hour after leaving the community and is now—like the majority of the hopeful new crowd of heroin-kickers—on methadone.

Methadone is the single greatest cause for guarded optimism on the whole heroin scene, and it is a measure of the depth—and irony—of the problem that methadone itself is a synthetic opiate, and slightly more addictive than heroin to boot. But methadone (which was developed in Germany during World War II) has several strong advantages. Taken orally, it blocks all the withdrawal symptoms of heroin, allowing the addict to function normally, but it does not provide any opium-like high of its own. What's more, methadone in sufficiently large daily doses completely blocks the irresistible heroin high, no matter how much heroin the addict shoots into his arm. Relieved of the need for a physiological fix, deprived of the reward of a high, the addict is theoretically freed of the burden of his heroin compulsion—



Robert R. McElroy—Newsweek

Methadone patient: No shooting

and of the allied burden of finding $50 to $100 a day to pay for it.

To a remarkable extent, methadone maintenance has worked out according to plan. The original, full-maintenance methadone project was begun seven years ago in New York City by doctors Vincent Dole and Marie Nyswander; the largest of the city's methadone programs now claims a success rate of 80 per cent under continuing methadone maintenance. University of California at Irvine psychiatrist John Kramer, who runs Orange County's small methadone program, reports a success rate of 85 per cent, and comparable figures are being reported for most of the estimated 25,000 persons receiving methadone maintenance in the U.S. It was the results of a Washington, D.C., high methadone maintenance project—86 per cent are still in the program six months after entering, with a small resultant drop in the crime rate—that was said to have persuaded Mr. Nixon to include rehabilitation funds in his anti-heroin package.

Cheap Habit

Nevertheless, methadone maintenance has come in for serious condemnation on several fronts. "Methadone is just substituting a cheap habit for an expensive one," says Baylor University medical professor Dr. Eric Comstock, echoing a view that is also held by such cold-turkey institutions as Daytop and Odyssey House. What particularly frightens methadone's critics is the real possibility that young people will indiscriminately be switched from an early, easily kicked heroin habit to an all but unbreakable dependence on methadone; some black leaders complain further that methadone is just a white "colonial" device to keep the Negro passive and enslaved.

Critics also point to the ease with which methadone can be abused: mainlined rather than swallowed, it can pro-

FROM WHOLESALER TO HUSTLER

The traditional heroin community organizes itself into a structure as clearly differentiated as an army battalion. Dr. Jerome Jaffe's Illinois Drug Abuse Program discovered that Chicago's addicts separate themselves naturally into about twenty "copping" communities, each one made up of 100-odd addicts and dealers who flock around a certain geographical location to do business. At the top of one typical copping community are eight wholesale dealers (only one a nonaddict), who sell to eight retailers, called street dealers, (again, all but one an addict) handling the transactions with customers. Below these come part-time dealers (men without the patience or capital to become full-time entrepreneurs), "bag followers" (hookers and girl friends of dealers), the "touts" (tired old-timers who make their money by steering loose addicts into the community—and often by informing to the police) and finally the bulk of the community, the workers and "hustlers." Workers work for their heroin money; the hustlers are the infamous addicts who support their habit by shoplifting, purse-snatching, burglary and armed robbery. Most laymen—and many police departments—assume that nearly all addicts must steal to pay for their habit, and many of the wilder statistics about the cost of addiction to society reflect this assumption; but Jaffe found that only 40 per cent of all the addicts in a copping community support themselves by theft.

duce a high almost as good as heroin's, and addicts have been quick to establish a modest black market. In some wholesale methadone operations run by private doctors in New York, New Orleans and other cities, addicts were able to sign up for more than one supply and sell the excess; others boiled off the orange juice that the liquid methadone had been combined with, then shot up with the residue. Many programs now require patients to take daily urinalyses to prove their freedom from drugs and to drink the methadone with a nurse watching. A methadone disc has also been developed that melts down into a sludge too viscous to draw into a syringe.

At the heart of the argument is the still-mysterious nature of addiction. Dole and his followers are convinced that heroin addiction produces permanent metabolic changes that will preserve a craving for drugs no matter how long a user has been clean—a view shared by Dr. William Martin, head of the National Institute of Mental Health's addiction research center. "We are now beginning to have increasing evidence that maybe a drug can induce an appetite for the same drug, even after its use is discontinued," he said last week. "Most of us who like Scotch have known this for some time."

Blocked Passion

If this evidence is correct, then no amount of time or psychotherapy will erase an addict's yearning for heroin, and the best that can be done for him is to block him off chemically from the object of his passion. Widespread tests are under way for two blocking drugs—naloxone and cyclazocine—that negate the kick of heroin without being addictive, but their disadvantage, according to a Boston doctor, is that "they offer no reward." Some experimenters are testing methadol, a longer-lasting cousin of methadone that needs to be taken only every third day and greatly simplifies administration.

Still, chemotherapy will never do the job alone. "If people are going to look at my patients as criminals," says James Sall, head of Detroit's drug abuse program, "and not let them back into society or let them get a job or education, instead of looking at them as sick persons, like diabetics or epileptics, who have to take their medicine—then we're all going to have a hard time getting anywhere."

But jobs and friendly support and purpose are in short supply in the ghetto. A special New York City drug commission has concluded that the only way even to reach 75 per cent of New York's street addicts is to offer them free heroin maintenance, an experimental idea that infuriates most drug professionals and many black leaders, who call it "wholesale genocide." The scheme is taken from Britain's long-standing policy of maintaining its few addicts with readily available heroin prescriptions; the English program came in for jeers from American experts when the number of British addicts suddenly multiplied tenfold in the '60s, but British authorities restricted dispensing powers to a few well-controlled clinics, made methadone available as well, and stabilized the addiction population at 2,600.

There is no stabilization in sight for the U.S., however. "You can't eradicate the problem," said one frustrated Army doctor, "until you eradicate the opium poppy"—and the Nixon Administration is addressing itself to that goal with vigor. Having failed two years ago to persuade the Turks to permit the U.S. to buy up its whole opium crop (which could be done for about $10 million), Mr. Nixon has stepped up diplomatic pressure on Turkey to curtail production and to tighten surveillance of illegal poppy farms. The Turkish Government cut back specified areas of poppy production from 21 provinces to seven, and this may be reduced shortly to only four. The French



UPI

Overdose: 'Just a dumb thing to do'

have begun to show real interest in shutting down the immensely profitable opium-conversion plants in Marseilles now that France's own addict population has jumped from 500 to an estimated 15,000 in just two years. The anti-narcotics squad of the Police Judiciaire has ten times the number of men it did a year ago; French narcs have seized almost twice as much heroin and morphine base so far this year as they did in all of 1970, and Max Fernet, head of the Police Judiciaire, now worries aloud "that our efficiency will so frighten off the gangs that they will locate their operations elsewhere, in Spain, Italy or West Germany."

Optimistic U.S. officials believe that cutting off the Turkish-French assembly line—which supplies 80 per cent of U.S. heroin—would deal a serious blow to the international heroin trade, regardless of Far Eastern production. "The Corsican-French heroin syndicates that handle this stuff have been in this trade for 50 years," says a U.S. agent. "These kinds of relationships are not going to be so easy to set up in the Far East or in another producing area."

This view has been disputed by the U.S.'s own anti-smuggling agencies within the Treasury Department and Customs Bureau, which argued to the President that it is impossible to change the economy, life-styles and political realities of a dozen foreign countries. The real solution, Treasury insisted, was "to give us a chance and we can halt a large portion by tightening the border." Mr. Nixon will probably approve $18 million in extra funds to help Customs make the border a little less slack. Customs has in fact been doing well of late: it snagged over 900 pounds of heroin as it came through in the past eleven months, four and a half times as much as the Justice Department's BNDD.

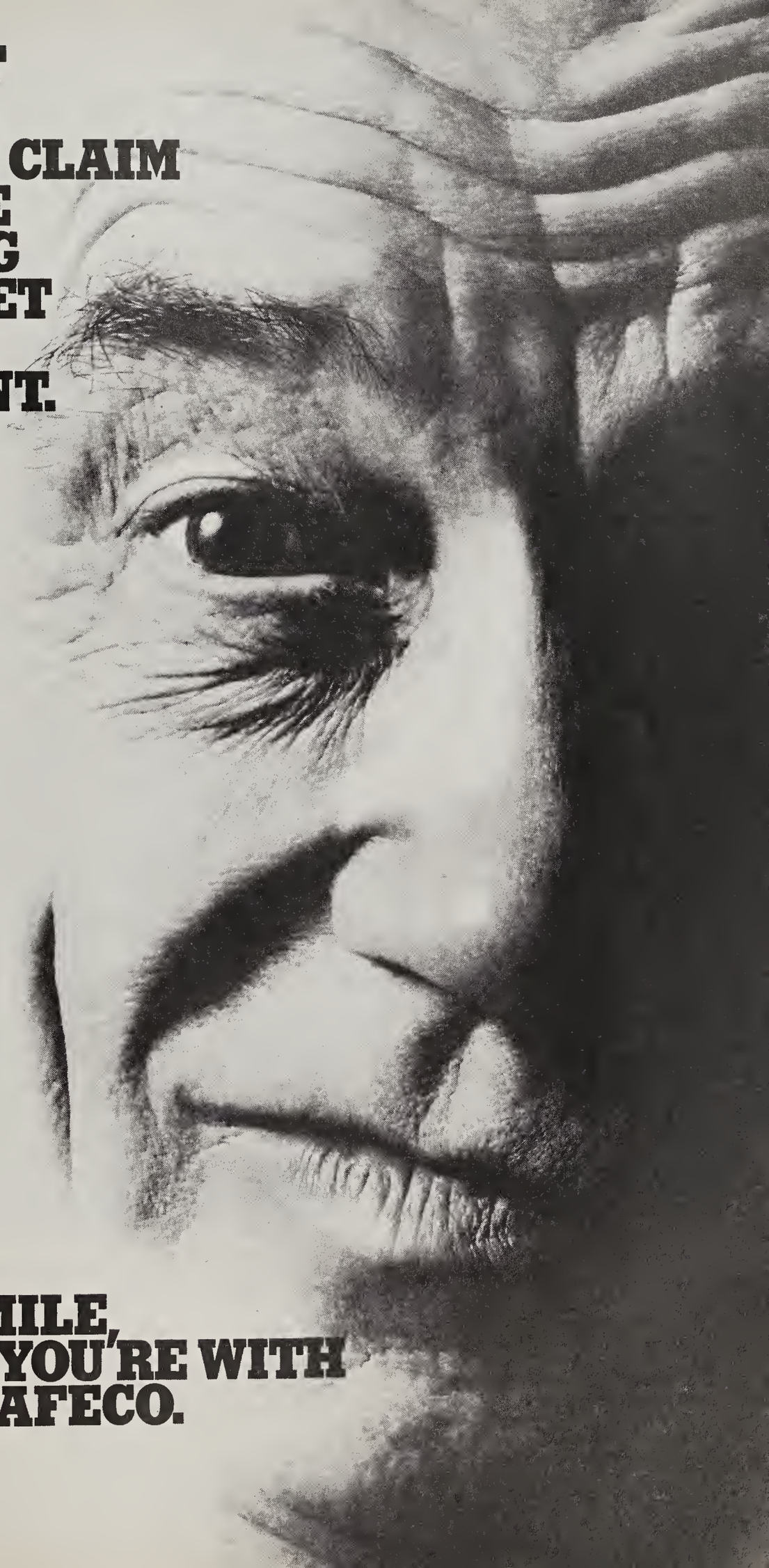
Still, the problem remains a little dizzying. The whole U.S. heroin supply for a year—8,000 to 10,000 lbs.—can be carried across the line in two truckloads. The U.S. has 6,000 miles of land frontier with Canada and Mexico, and 290 ports of entry, and the only effect of all the heroin seizures to date has been to drive up the price of smack for a couple of weeks.

Unlikely Coup

The immense profits of the trade make glistening bribes an everyday reality; in the past year, for instance, drug money has filtered into many levels of the New York City police. One convicted heroin gang is still operating full-blast out of a Tijuana prison. But morale is high among U.S. narcotics agents. "A few months ago I wouldn't have believed we could stop the heroin flow," says a high Federal official. "But it's easier by far than trying to halt marijuana. With heroin we can zero in on a group that has little public sympathy or free-lance cooperation. I think there's a good chance."

Even if that unlikely coup comes off, some drug experts wonder if the triumph will not prove to be a little quixotic. "We cannot hope to stamp out chronic drug abuse by eliminating heroin any more than we would affect the suicide rate by outlawing high buildings and manila rope," said Tufts University's Dr. George Vaillant. As Dr. E. Leong Way pointed out at the National Heroin Symposium itself, alcohol and barbiturate addiction are incomparably larger, costlier and uglier problems than smack, and "heroin is considered the most serious drug of abuse only because society has willed it so." But if society has willed it so, society may also will it not so—a change that may slowly be taking place. "Heroin was more fashionable at the high-school level a year ago than it is today," says James Breay, a Boston drug program administrator. "Now the risks have been taken and noted, and there is no longer the heroic feature. Many high-school kids are now saying that shooting smack is just a dumb thing to do."

SO YOU JUST PUT IN AN INSURANCE CLAIM AND YOU'RE WONDERING IF YOU'LL GET A FAIR SETTLEMENT.



96.3% of the people who have made claims with Safeco are satisfied with the fairness of their settlement. That's a flat-out fact. We make a continuing follow-up survey of settled claims. And that's what the people tell us.

What about the other 3.7%? When we get a dissatisfied customer, we reopen the case. We pull the file, we talk to our adjuster, we check for promptness and fairness of payment. If we agree with the complaint, we make a new settlement.

It's Safeco's aim neither to underpay nor overpay a claim. This is the best way we know to keep premium rates down.

Call your Safeco agent. He's in the Yellow Pages.

Safeco. Insurance on your car, home, business, health, life and everything else you value.

SAFECO INSURANCE

SMILE, YOU'RE WITH SAFECO.

'Let's Get Out'

Until last year, Fire Base Fuller, a key mountain outpost overlooking the Demilitarized Zone between North and South Vietnam, was manned by U.S. troops. But then, in line with President Nixon's policy of Vietnamization, the base was turned over to the Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN)—and the enemy began closing in. Last week, the Communists struck the fire base with stunning ferocity, pouring in some 800 rounds of artillery and mortar shells in little more than an hour. Despite massive air strikes by U.S. fighter-bombers and helicopter gunships, 1,500 enemy soldiers swarmed up the slopes and, in bloody hand-to-hand fighting, managed to hurl the ARVN—and their American advisers—off the strategic mountaintop.

Though the Communists were eventually driven off the hill, even the temporary loss of Fire Base Fuller was an embarrassing black eye for the ARVN. And coming in the wake of other recent South Vietnamese defeats in the Mekong Delta and Cambodia, it raised serious questions about the Vietnamization program itself. One of the most articulate critics of that program is Col. David H. Hackworth, a combat veteran of five years in Vietnam and the most decorated U.S. officer of the Indochinese war. Among Hackworth's medals are two Distinguished Service Crosses, ten Silver Stars, seven Bronze Stars, eight Purple Hearts and three Legions of Merit. In addition to his brilliant combat record, Hackworth, 40, is also the author of "Vietnam Primer," a classic infantry handbook on counterinsurgency warfare.

Despite the fact that Hackworth was in line for promotion to general, he has grown disillusioned by the war and U.S. strategy in Vietnam. And, recently, he decided to submit his resignation from the Army. Last week, as he prepared to leave Vietnam, Hackworth gave a wide-ranging interview to NEWSWEEK's Kevin Buckley and Nicholas Proffitt:

It never occurred to Colonel Hackworth to second-guess the U.S. Army when he was first sent to Vietnam with the Special Forces in 1961. "I was an extreme hawk—a real super-aggressive, airborne-all-the-way, let's-go-get-the-dirty-Communists type," he says. "But later, after seeing the enemy and watching ARVN perform, I concluded: no, we shouldn't have gotten in. It was just an absolute waste."

Hackworth is convinced, however, that the U.S. *could* have won in Vietnam. "It is the popular sentiment in the Army today," he says, "that this was a no win war, because we couldn't bomb Haiphong or Hanoi, because we couldn't invade the north. But we had a military force in Vietnam of 546,000 soldiers and an unlimited amount of funds, armament and equipment. Unfortunately, of those guys, you never had more than 43,000 out in the boonies at one time. We had this huge force that was heavy on logisticians and bloody thin on fighters. I maintain the war was winnable if we'd developed strategy in the initial part of the war, then developed tactics to support that strategy, then done away with sex in the PX, all the goddam creature comforts and gotten right down to making a sacrifice and sweating a little bit."

But the war has long since been lost, asserts Hackworth, because the U.S. Army never adapted to the conditions of guerrilla warfare. "We got into this goddam war with an absolute World War II



Marie Laure de Decker—Gamma

Hackworth: 'We could have won'

mentality. [General William C.] Westmoreland's over-all strategy was one of search and destroy. He didn't understand guerrilla warfare, in which the main tenet is protracted war. When the enemy sees an overwhelming force drop in on his battlefield, he's going to run away to fight another day. We were just a blind, clumsy, superstrong giant fighting a swift little midget that was nickel and diming us to death."

In Hackworth's view, the U.S. should have dispatched a much smaller force of guerrilla-trained troops to Vietnam. "If the U.S. had to get in at all," he contends, "the Army should have dropped crack units in to hold the cities. Then we should have superimposed highly qualified U.S. leaders on the Vietnamese Army. It would probably have run to not more than 30,000 or 40,000 people. When an American leader saw a capable Vietnamese soldier, he could have been promoted according to ability rather than his political contacts. Eventually you would have had a powerful army."

As it is, Hackworth—who has been an adviser to ARVN units at all levels—finds Vietnamese officers almost worthless. "They become leaders as a result of the influence of their families in Saigon. And once a guy becomes a field-grade officer and gets a taste of the sweet wine of the profits, he forgets about the soldier's business and becomes strictly an entrepreneur. He doesn't give a damn about the mission or the war."

PR Dream: The lack of motivation among ARVN officers is why Hackworth believes Vietnamization will not work. "Vietnamization," he snorts, "is a word which must be a product of Madison Avenue. It's a public-relations dream. I haven't seen an improvement in ARVN . . . Perhaps from a cosmetic viewpoint they look a little better in that they wear their helmets and keep their equipment on." In fact, Hackworth predicts that by 1973, after the American forces have pulled out, "we'll find ourselves with a situation comparable to 1964. It wouldn't surprise me in the least to find the North Vietnamese flag flying over Saigon in 1975."

Hackworth is almost as disillusioned with the officer corps of the U.S. Army, which he believes is responsible for the unpopularity of the Army as an institution. "Vietnam has had so many side effects that have really hurt the military—the highest level leaders involved in hanky-panky, the body counts where a young officer or young NCO was tacitly encouraged to lie. I've seen colonels and generals pouring into Vietnam to get their tickets punched, to get the proper credentials or an easy medal . . . spending only six months, then running off and never understanding about this war." He defends, however, the much-maligned American grunt. "The American soldier of 1971," he says, "is great—he's stronger, smarter and better than I was 25 years ago. He's a good kid and he'll produce if he has a proper leader. But the average kid sees the changes the Army is now instigating—sideburns, beer in the barracks, no KP—and he realizes these are not the right changes. What makes a guy stay in the Army is the pride that he gets in the institution, and that's not there any more."

Outside: Getting out of Vietnam, "as rapidly as we can," would restore some of the Army's pride, Hackworth believes. "I'm almost like a Catholic priest looking at his church," he adds. "I feel that maybe I can do more from the outside to get the Army back to its former state as a proud institution."

After he leaves the Army next fall, Hackworth plans to write another book on counterinsurgency—"an answer to Che Guevara." And he will continue to speak out against the war. "All this effort, all these dead, the young of our nation hooked on heroin," he mused last week in a tired voice. "We made a decision to get into this war and that was a tough decision to make. But an even tougher decision is to say: Hey baby, we have erred. Let's get out."



© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

"It was the only thing to do after the mule died."

Three years back, the Hinsleys of Dora, Missouri, had a tough decision to make.

To buy a new mule.

Or invest in a used bug.

They weighed the two possibilities.

First there was the problem of the bitter Ozark winters. Tough on a warm-blooded mule. Not so tough on an air-cooled VW.

Then, what about the eating habits of the two contenders? Hay vs. gasoline.

As Mr. Hinsley puts it: "I get over eighty miles out of a dollar's worth of gas and I get where I want to go a lot quicker."

Then there's the road leading to their cabin. Many a mule pulling a wagon and many a conventional automobile has spent many an hour stuck in the mud.

As for shelter, a mule needs a barn. A bug doesn't. "It just sets out there all day and the paint job looks near as good as the day we got it."

Finally, there was maintenance to think about. When a mule breaks down, there's only one thing to do: Shoot it.

But if and when their bug breaks down, the Hinsleys have a Volkswagen dealer only two gallons away.

Calling the new girl is working up your nerve, working out your line, then she says yes and everything's cool and you can relax and . . .

This...is the L&M moment.



The pressure's off.
Break out an L&M. Light up and enjoy the rich, full flavor that makes L&M right for you. Right for now.

RICH, RICH L&M

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method. (Jan. '71).

For Europe, the End of the Beginning

Through years of practice, the men who guide the affairs of the Common Market have turned cliff-hanging into a fine art. And when it came time last week for the six nations of the European Economic Community (EEC) to put the final touches on terms for British entry, the negotiators remained true to form. Strung out through two all-night sessions, the talks repeatedly appeared to be deadlocked. But finally, as everyone had expected, the Common Market invited Britain to join Europe. It was, as British chief negotiator Geoffrey Rippon put it, "the end of the beginning."

But it was only that—for even the end of the beginning had not been easy to achieve. Locked in the conference room of the EEC's 22-story skyscraper in Luxembourg, the six Foreign Ministers had argued back and forth while Rippon, who was not allowed to attend the greater part of the sessions, passed the time playing bridge. For a time it seemed that the talks would stumble over the question of protecting New Zealand dairy exports to Britain. But when French Foreign Minister Maurice Schumann phoned Paris for instructions, President Georges Pompidou told him not to push the point. In compromises favorable to Britain, the Common Market agreed that New Zealand could keep 71 per cent of its vital British market and, in the second major hurdle, that Britain would only have to make an initial $240 million payment to the EEC budget. Elated, Schumann glowed that he now saw Britain "as a member of the European community."

Orders: But in reality, Britain's road into Europe is still strewn with obstacles. Thus, when he returned from Luxembourg to report to Parliament, Rippon was under orders from Conservative Prime Minister Edward Heath not to gloat over his triumph. Normally a man of flippant replies and bored expressions, Rippon patiently outlined the details of the agreement to Parliament. The reason for the change in Rippon's attitude was clear. There are some 30 implacably anti-Market Tories in the House of Commons and Heath, with a majority of only 27 seats, will have to pick up the winning votes from among opposition Labor Party members. But Labor was shying away from supporting EEC entry. Last week the executive committee of the party went over the head of former Prime Minister Harold Wilson to call a special party conference on the issue next month, a meeting that is likely to strengthen the hand of the many Labor M.P.'s opposed to Common Market membership.

This pool of parliamentary hostility is only one problem confronting Heath. For, according to recent polls, some 60 per cent of ordinary Britons are opposed to the Common Market. Their reasons are partly economic: food prices will almost surely rise in Britain by as much as 20 per cent under EEC membership. As a London housewife, Mrs. Muriel Thompson, protested, "If joining makes bread and butter more expensive, then we have no business in Europe." But there is also an emotional objection. Britons traditionally have been disdainful of their Continental neighbors and many fear that joining the EEC will mean that their relaxed life-style will be submerged under alien and unwanted German and French business patterns.



Backes—Kölnische Rundschau
'The European Effort'

Still, Heath is resolutely confident that he can sway both Parliament and the public to his side. He has planned a vast sales campaign to whittle down the opposition to EEC membership. And he is being purposely coy about setting a time for the Commons' vote; while October is the expected target date, Heath's strategy is to build up a ground swell of support and only then bring the matter before Parliament. Finally, the Prime Minister holds the ultimate weapon of threatening to resign, a cold-shower tactic that would presumably drive many anti-Market Tories into voting with the Prime Minister since the alternative would be to see the party lose power.

No one expects matters to come to that stage of brinksmanship, however. Heath is likely to triumph and Britain to formally join the EEC on Jan. 1, 1973, along with her three co-applicants, Denmark, Norway and Ireland. And that event will have a major impact on the economic shape of the world. The ten-member Common Market with its population of some 300 million people will be the world's largest single trading unit with an immense buying power. Moreover, an expanded EEC will account for more than one-third of world trade and more than one-fifth of the world's gross product.

Harvest: Thus, for Britain as well as for the Continent, market membership holds the promise of a rich economic harvest. Throughout its history, Britain has depended on foreign trade for survival. And advocates of membership stress that only by joining the EEC can Britain hope to maintain the vital European market for its exports. "Whatever the experts tell us," commented Peter Thelwell, a British farmer, "the reason we're going in is that we'd be hopelessly left out if we didn't." Even more important, Common Market proselytizers note that from 1965 to 1970 the annual growth rates of the six Common Market countries averaged nearly 4.75 per cent while Britain's was only 2 per cent, the lowest in Western Europe. As British Foreign Secretary Sir Alec Douglas-Home remarked: "We are not—let us face it squarely—doing very well as we are . . . It is only if smaller countries with similar needs and common interests can combine their negotiating strength that they can protect themselves."

Such an expanded European coalition may create some economic complications for the United States, particularly in agriculture, where England will have to impose new and heavy duties on its imports. "Agriculture is a ferocious problem," acknowledged one U.S. State

Department official, "but we've always known that." Yet the over-all impact of a ten-nation EEC on U.S. trade is expected to be minimal. In fact, the U.S. might even profit from it since Britain's nonagricultural tariffs will be lower than they are now. And, in twelve years of trading with the Common Market, the U.S. has had an average annual surplus of $2 billion, a profit that some experts contend will increase with British membership.

Despite the obvious advantages of an expanded Common Market, however, there are many potential problems ahead. The addition of four new members will make the already slow-moving EEC machinery even more unwieldy. Much more dangerous is the likelihood that national interests will on occasion override European goals, as most recently happened when West Germany allowed the Deutsch mark to float without a fixed parity. Finally, the historic inclination of European governments to establish balance-of-power alliances could also do grave damage to the concept of a unified community. As France's prestigious newspaper Le Monde asked, "Will not the chancelleries be tempted in certain circumstances to return to the games of the nineteenth century—combinations of French and British, German and French, British and German?"

Concepts: The architects of the broadened EEC—Pompidou and Heath—naturally hold that they have not sought a broader Common Market only to cripple it with selfish nationalism. Nor are they likely to do so. Yet the two men differ sufficiently in their philosophies of Europe to spark future clashes. Pompidou likes to refer to the Common Market as an "interstate organization," not a potentially unifiable body. "There is not one European nation," he said on British television recently. "There is the British nation, the French, the German and so forth." Heath, by contrast, is a devout believer in the concept of a European community. He still retains his nationalism to the degree that he feels EEC membership is the way for Britain to reassert a meaningful influence on world affairs. But of equal importance is his view that only a cohesive Europe, and not any small grouping of independent states, can act as a "third force" in the world.

But these potential problems took second place to the potential opportunities in the general euphoria that gripped Europe last week. And indeed, perhaps the greatest asset of an enlarged Common Market was this confidence—coupled with the realization that greater unity is a necessity if Europe is to speak its mind and exercise an influence on the world. A new Common Market is certain to be a slow-moving and sometimes creaking machine. But as Pompidou himself has pointed out: "We have a choice. Either we give up trying to be anything at all, or we try to regroup these nations of Western Europe and to pool their potential and possibilities. That is the effort we have undertaken."

SOVIET UNION:
Forbidden Fruit

On Khudazhestvenni Street, a narrow thoroughfare in downtown Moscow only three blocks from the Kremlin, some 500 men gathered one recent Sunday at noon. Most carried old-fashioned briefcases with buckles, and hardly a word was spoken except *skolko*—how much? If a deal was struck, a book changed hands or an order was taken to deliver a volume later that night. Moscow's *chorni rinok* (black market) in books was in session. "You interested in some *klubnika* [strawberries]?" asked a youth with long curls, opening his jacket to reveal a Danish pornographic magazine. "It's only 20 rubles. Not interested, eh? Then how about something more highbrow—a set of Kafka. A bargain, only 15."



Jay Axelbank—Newsweek

Sale *nyet*: Peddling hot records

The phenomenon of cultural black marketeering in Moscow is not limited to books. Black-market dealers in stamps and coins convene regularly. And every Saturday afternoon, a crowd of blue-jeaned, longhaired young Russians gathers in a clearing overlooking the Moscow River to buy and sell Western jazz and rock records—music banned by the authorities as "degrading." At the music rinok, the air is full of a special argot which mingles Russian and English. "Sale *nyet*," says a hawker of a hot Rolling Stones disk to a customer who offered too little. Prices are called out in English—and provide a revealing index of current Soviet tastes in pop music. A Tom Jones record which could have fetched 75 rubles in 1967, now brings 25. The Beatles are down in price but Paul McCartney's latest record is way up. Leonard Cohen's "Songs of Love and Hate" goes for 100 rubles. Sometimes the cry of "militia! militia!" is heard, and the crowd scatters, leaving behind only the trampled grass and a few discarded record jackets.

Unlike the patrons of the record rinok, the Russians who attend the book black market are sober citizens, indistinguishable in dress from the other Russians. But the two groups have things in common. Explains one Muscovite: "Some are out to make a fast ruble. There are also those who want to read a book they want to read or hear a record they want to hear without being told what they should have. And some are there simply because they enjoy defying the authorities."

The authorities, for their part, could move against the black marketeers for speculation and their customers for anti-Soviet activity. But they have been reluctant to take strong measures against the illicit operations. One reason for this hesitation is that the black markets serve as a handy way of keeping track of the illegal traffic. Besides, they are probably judged useful as safety valves that help prevent popular discontent with ideological controls over books and music from reaching serious proportions. But perhaps the main reason that Moscow's authorities treat the black markets with caution is one advanced by a customer at a book black market last week. "As long as there is forbidden fruit in this country," he explained, "whether books, records or what have you, there will be black markets. How could they possibly stop it without putting tens of thousands of people in prison?"

The Dubious Defector

SPACE DEFECTOR BRINGS SECRETS TO BRITAIN screamed a front-page headline in one London newspaper last week. And indeed, with the defection of Anatol Fedoseyev, the 61-year-old deputy leader of the Russian delegation to last month's Paris air show, visions of an intelligence bonanza fairly danced in the heads of Western military space experts. Hailed in some quarters as the second-highest-ranking official in the entire Soviet space program, Fedoseyev was said to have intimate knowledge of the current Soyuz satellite series and perhaps of Soviet ballistic-missile systems as well. But late in the week, after several exhausting debriefing sessions at an intelligence center near London, Western elation seemed to be subsiding, and suddenly there were serious doubts about just how valuable a catch Fedoseyev really was.

From the beginning, in fact, Fedoseyev's defection was surrounded by more than the normal amount of mystery. After putting in appearances at the public and private ceremonies opening the air show, the stocky official abruptly vanished. Immediately, frantic Soviet officials packed 80 members of its 150-man delegation back off to Moscow, and called for KGB agents to track down the defector. By that time, however, Fedoseyev was in hiding somewhere in

(Continued on Page 42)

EASTERN EUROPE: THE RED REFORMATION CONTINUES

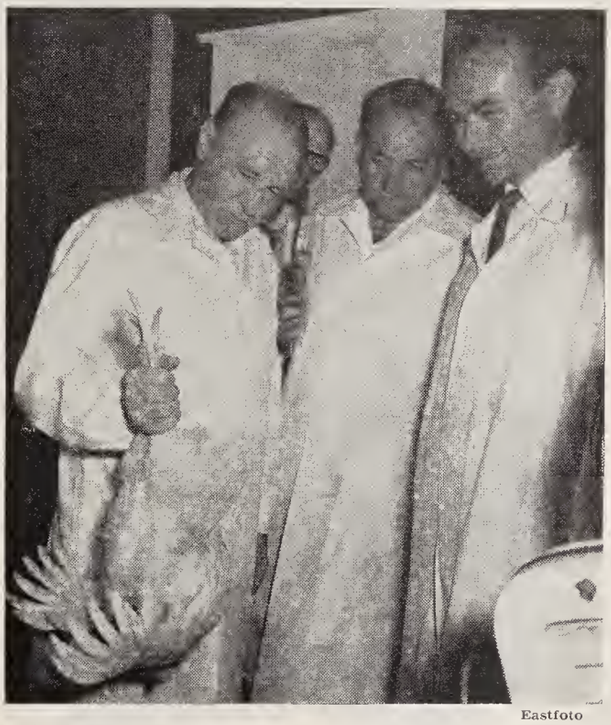
Last week, upon completing a month-long tour of Eastern Europe, NEWSWEEK Foreign Editor Edward Klein filed the following report:

It was too hot for a funeral, and many of the mourners outside the main chapel at Budapest's Kerepesi Cemetery sought the shade of the sycamore trees. Despite the oppressive heat, they had come by the hundreds to pay their final respects to an old man named Gyorgy Lukacs, the last great Marxist philosopher of the twentieth century. And the eulogies broadcast over the loudspeakers confirmed what they hoped to hear: things had changed. Not so long ago, Lukacs had been branded a heretic for arguing that the rigid Communist system should be reformed. Now, as his body was lowered into its grave, the man who devoted his life to a humane vision of Communism was saluted by a military band and given the honors of his state.

The symbolism was not lost on the people of Hungary and the rest of Eastern Europe. For the Lukacs funeral proved that three years after the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, the Communist "reformation" is still very much alive. A traveler in Eastern Europe won't find the kind of public exuberance that accompanied the Prague Spring, and he will search in vain for the renaissance of the human spirit that briefly illuminated Czechoslovakia in 1968. But if he stays around long enough, a foreigner will learn that the purge of Alexander Dubcek—a Lukacs disciple—failed in one very important respect: it did not put an end to the evolution of East European Communism. It only slowed down the process and demonstrated that it would have to be carried out by pragmatic men with a keen sense of just how far they can safely go.

Strings: Today this experiment is in the hands of Hungary's Janos Kadar, a shrewd politician who stays on the good side of the Kremlin while he gradually loosens the ideological strings at home. Kadar's immense personal popularity and his success in stimulating the Hungarian economy have won him a following in other East European countries. His methods are being studied in Warsaw where Poland's new party chief, Edward Gierek, now seems about to embark on something resembling the Kadar road to socialism. Even Rumania's Nicolae Ceausescu, a man who has never been accused of an excess of liberalism, has begun to talk about a Hungarian type of economic reform.

In the long run, of course, success may spoil Communism, and this worries a lot of the men around Kadar and Gierek. Still, outside of East Germany, Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia—where the hard-liners hang on—there is some bold thinking among the top leadership in Eastern Europe. Realists rather than ideologists, these men recognize that they can't operate a complicated modern economy through a creaky bureaucracy. And they've interpreted the bloody uprising of Polish shipyard workers last Christmas as a sign that it is dangerous for an entrenched party to lose touch with the people. "We used to think," says a Polish official, "that our economic problems could be solved by better decisions at the center. Now we know we have to give people a sense of participation."



Eastfoto

Kadar at a farm: Participatory Communism

If that sounds familiar, so are some of the new solutions. Ever since he took power, Gierek has been acting like a politician campaigning for office. He makes frequent trips to factories to explain his policies, and last week he approved a new five-year plan that shifts the emphasis away from heavy industry to "man and his needs." Recently, the Poles stole a page from Kadar's brand of participatory Communism and started a weekly TV program in which high officials answer questions phoned in by viewers.

Decentralize: Along with this window-dressing, there are signs of more meaningful change. Gierek has called in young technocrats and social scientists and put them to work on plans to decentralize decision making in the party, the government and the economy. And the Hungarians, always a step ahead, are now experimenting on a limited basis with the kind of self-managing workers' councils invented by the Yugoslavs.

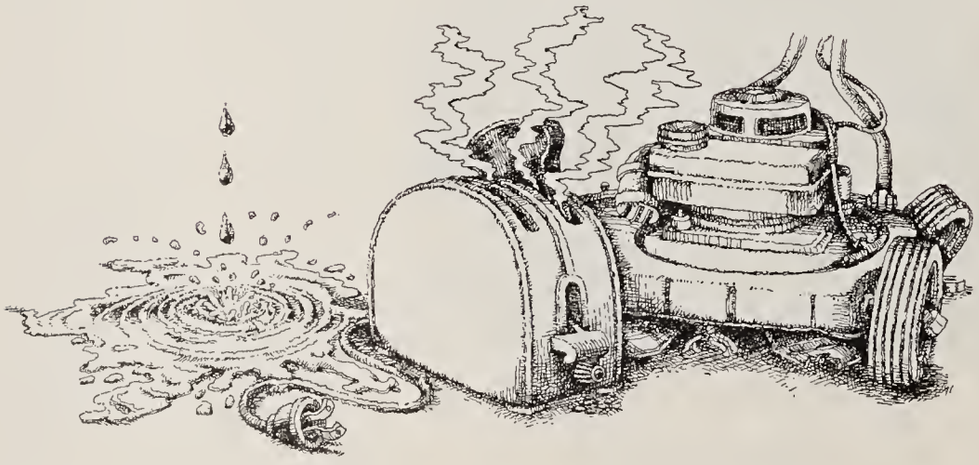
Unlike the Yugoslavs, the Hungarians aren't boasting about their reforms. Given their concern over possible Soviet reaction, that is hardly surprising. So far, however, the Russians don't seem overly upset about the changes in Budapest and Warsaw—no doubt because Kadar and Gierek have carefully avoided making Dubcek's critical mistakes. There is plenty of criticism in the Hungarian and Polish press about economic mismanagement, but not a word about the party's monopoly of political power. Writers are allowed to complain about the *practice* of Marxism-Leninism, not about its supposed eternal truths. And nowhere except in private does anyone dare question the relationship with the Soviet Union.

Petit-Bourgeois: Yet even with the Soviet Union's tacit consent, the changes in East European Communism are meeting tough resistance. "Remember when your President, Franklin Roosevelt, tried to humanize capitalism with welfare reforms," says an influential Pole. "A lot of Americans thought he had sold out to the devil. Well, we've got some diehard Communists who wonder the same thing about Gierek." And it is not only old-line Communists who wonder. Many students and intellectuals are convinced that the emphasis on consumer Communism in Hungary—and increasingly in Poland—will lead to a petit-bourgeois society with major class differences. They have indicated their displeasure by scrawling the name of Che Guevara on the walls of university buildings in Budapest.

In a sense, the young Guevarists are probably right. The embourgeoisement of Communism has already gone pretty far in Belgrade, where it is possible to meet a movie star decked out in an ermine stole. And, sooner or later, conversation in Budapest and Warsaw invariably turns to the subject of automobiles and weekends in privately owned country cottages. Just what such middle-class values will do to the nature of Communism is anybody's guess, but they are bound to have a profound impact. The Russians appear to think that consumerism and Communism can coexist, and that is probably why they go along with Kadar and Gierek. It is entirely possible that this is wishful thinking on the part of the men in the Kremlin. For as one Polish writer puts it: "In order to keep up with the rest of the world, we had to re-examine our whole system—even though we knew that, eventually, we'd have to change the nature of Communism itself."

Leaky faucets, broken toasters, cranky lawnmowers–getting anything fixed today is a big problem.

Cars are no exception.



We listen. No, not because listening is suddenly fashionable among automobile companies. But rather because it's been a profitable way of doing business at Ford Motor Company for some time now.

We're human; we know that getting service on anything has reached the point of national disgrace. We'd also be downright stupid if we weren't trying to improve the situation.

But knowing that is little consolation if you're number 8 and there are 7 people standing in front of you at the service counter.

Ford Motor Company isn't offering consolation.

No, indeed. What Ford Motor Company is offering is several facts about what we're doing to solve the problem. And it's a serious one.

I. WE WANT TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM.

We want to because we're in business to make money. And we make money by listening to what you want—and don't want—in the car you buy. As a result, we understand one thing very clearly. If you're not happy, with the service you get on your car, chances are you'll never buy that make of car again. And if that car is a Ford product, we're in trouble.

II. WE'VE DEVELOPED SIMPLER MACHINERY.

Cars like Pinto, Maverick and Mercury Comet are more than just new cars. They represent a whole new concept in machines that are designed to have fewer parts to fix, take less time to fix, and cost less to fix.

Actually, they're not a new concept, so much as a revival of an old one. The Model T was like that. In fact, simplicity was what made the Model T great. There wasn't much to



The Simple Machine Concept: The less there is of the car, the less there is to go wrong.

go wrong. And if something did, chances are it could be fixed with a bent hairpin and an affectionate kick.

III. WE ENCOURAGE "BACKYARD MECHANICS."

Deep inside most Americans there is a strong "do-it-yourself" urge. We support the inclination. In fact, Yankee ingenuity is one of America's proudest credentials. For that reason, products like Pinto and Maverick contain booklets that are filled with dozens of "how to" items. There's information on everything from a complete tune-up to tightening the fan belt and adjusting the handbrake. There's even a Pinto key that can perform any number of simple service tasks. It functions as a screwdriver, a spark plug gapper and an ignition point gauge. The idea is, if there isn't much to go wrong, it shouldn't take much of a toolbox to fix it.



The Pinto Key with special talents. You can use it as ❶ an ignition point gapping gauge; ❷ a regular screwdriver; ❸ a .025" gauge for spark plug and ignition; ❹ a spark plug setter tool; ❺ a Phillips screwdriver; and ❻ a 1½" ruler.

IV. WE'VE REDUCED THE NUMBER OF SERVICE STOPS A CAR MAKES FOR REGULAR MAINTENANCE.

Our people were first to develop 36,000-mile chassis lubrication. (Cars used to need grease every 1,000.)

We were first with the 6,000-mile oil change, too. And self-adjusting brakes—the kind most cars use today.

We developed an automatic transmission fluid that never needs changing.

And we introduced America's first ball-joint front suspension, because, among other things, it reduced the need for complicated front-end work.

	1959					1971		
	Every 1,000 Mi.	Every 4,000 Mi.	Every 6,000 Mi.	Every 12,000 Mi.	Every 24,000 Mi.	Every 6,000 Mi.	Every 12,000 Mi.	Every 24,000 Mi.
Lubricate Chassis	X					(every 36 000 mi.)		
Change Engine Oil and Filter		X				X		
Clean Crankcase Vent System		X				X		
Clean Air Cleaner		X					X	
Check Brake Master Cyl. Fluid Level		X					X	
Perform Minor Engine Tune-Up			X				X	
Rotate Tires			X				X	
Tighten All Body Bolts			X			(not necessary)		
Clean Door and Body Panel Drain Holes			X			(not necessary)		
Tighten All Engine Oil Pan Bolts			X			(not necessary)		
Adjust Brakes			X			(not necessary)		
Check, Adj. Clutch Pedal			X			X		
Clean, Repack, Adj. Frt. Wheel Bearings				X				X
Adjust Auto. Trans. Bands					X			X
Replace Air Cleaner Element					X			X

Today's car spends a lot less time in the shop than it used to.

V. FORD AND LINCOLN-MERCURY DEALERS ARE SPENDING MILLIONS TO IMPROVE THEIR SERVICE DEPARTMENTS.

Spending and have already spent. In the last six years alone, Ford Motor Company and Ford and Lincoln-Mercury Dealers have spent more than 600 million dollars to add service bays and expand facilities. But again, the most important thing is the fact that we honestly want to solve the problem.

In addition, we now train 30,000 mechanics a year in our service schools. And, even at that, there aren't enough good mechanics to go around. So we're working with the armed services, training men to become mechanics when they finish their active duty. And to aid them when they do, we're constantly developing new electronic service equipment that helps save time in finding and correcting malfunctions. And the less time a job takes, the less time you have to wait to get your car.

VI. WE'VE MADE SERVICING CARS SOMETHING IT'S NEVER BEEN BEFORE. AS IMPORTANT AS SELLING CARS.

Our latest move took a little doing. A restructuring of Ford Marketing Corporation, in fact. But out of it came something completely new: the Customer Service Division. Equal in strength to the Sales organization. Its sole responsibility will be to provide better service. Ultimately, we'll have Customer Service Managers in 34 cities across the country. So if you've got a complaint, you can deal with us direct; *in person*, if necessary.

So what does it all mean? That the service problem has been solved? Not hardly. There's still a long way to go before anybody in this business can take any bows.

As surely as there's a problem, we're going to keep working until we get it solved.

We have to. Our future depends on it. And that's a fact.

WRITE:
FORD MOTOR COMPANY LISTENS
DEPARTMENT N/SE
THE AMERICAN ROAD
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN 48121

Send us your likes, dislikes, wants, needs, gripes, etc. Your letter will be read, considered, and answered. And that isn't lip service, either.

Do write us. We listen. And we listen better.

Ford

...has a better idea (we listen better)

This announcement is neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of an offer to buy these securities. The offer is made only by the Prospectus.

$200,000,000

THE CHASE MANHATTAN CORPORATION

6½% Convertible Subordinated Debentures
due 1996

Convertible into Common Stock at $57.50 per share, subject to adjustment in certain events.

Price 100%
Plus accrued interest, if any, from July 1, 1971

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained in any State only from such of the several Underwriters, including the undersigned, as may lawfully offer the securities in such State.

Lehman Brothers Incorporated — Lazard Frères & Co.

Morgan Stanley & Co. Incorporated — Dillon, Read & Co. Inc. — The First Boston Corporation — Kuhn, Loeb & Co.

Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Incorporated — Salomon Brothers — Stone & Webster Securities Corporation

Blyth & Co., Inc. — Drexel Firestone Incorporated — duPont Glore Forgan Incorporated — Eastman Dillon, Union Securities & Co. Incorporated

Goldman, Sachs & Co. — Halsey, Stuart & Co. Inc. — Hornblower & Weeks-Hemphill, Noyes

Kidder, Peabody & Co. Incorporated — Loeb, Rhoades & Co. — Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis Incorporated

M. A. Schapiro & Co., Inc. — Smith, Barney & Co. Incorporated — Wertheim & Co. — White, Weld & Co.

Dean Witter & Co. Incorporated — Bache & Co. Incorporated — Bear, Stearns & Co.

June 25, 1971.

(Continued from Page 38)

Paris. At one point, according to a self-avowed eyewitness, a U.S. helicopter whisked the Russian to NATO headquarters in Brussels for talks with American intelligence agents. Returning to France, Fedoseyev supposedly then boarded a small boat for the trip to a secluded landing point on England's Kentish coast. And later French newspaper reports had the defector holed up in a London suburb "love nest" with a British girl friend.

But even as Fedoseyev's defection was being officially acknowledged by the British Foreign Office, the lurid accounts of his escape began to break down. For one thing, both Fedoseyev and U.S. officials denied any Brussels meeting. For another, intelligence sources reported that he had crossed the English Channel not in a private launch but on a commercial ferryboat. As for the love nest, British officials said that Fedoseyev was quartered under protective police guard in a central London house rented for him by British friends. And as these details began to emerge, so did speculation that Fedoseyev might be a "ringer"—a Russian espionage agent sent to Britain by the Soviet secret police to confuse Western intelligence analysts—or perhaps even a British operative ordered to come in from the cold.

'Small Potatoes': At the same time, the debriefings began to cast shadows on Fedoseyev's ability to provide much information to the West. For although British agents established that the defector had a "wide knowledge of specialized electronics," they had doubts about the extent of Fedoseyev's expertise on military and space projects. Equally important, a number of U.S. intelligence experts weighed in with their opinion that while Fedoseyev may have been a "fairly senior technician," he was most likely not an important member of the super-secret Soviet space program. "If he were the key official he was supposed to be," said one American analyst, "the Kremlin just wouldn't have given him permission to leave the country. The fact that he was allowed to go to Paris indicates he was relatively small potatoes."

Still, not all Westerners were ready to give up on Fedoseyev just yet. They pointed to reports from unofficial Moscow sources that he once held a professorship at the Soviet Institute for Radio and Electronics and could conceivably have had a hand in preparing instruments for space projects. What's more, they argued, the defector had not yet had a chance to talk with spaceflight experts. That, however, would surely be rectified in the near future. Some observers, in fact, speculated that Fedoseyev would be taken to the U.S. for meetings with NASA officials. "If our reports from the British look promising," said one U.S. intelligence specialist in Washington, "I wouldn't be at all surprised if he shows up here soon."

SOUTHWEST AFRICA:

Holding on Tight

The scene in Addis Ababa's Africa Hall was one of surprised elation. Just an hour before the Organization of African Unity's eighth heads-of-state conference was to convene last week, the news arrived from The Hague that the International Court of Justice had made an important ruling against Black Africa's *bête blanche*, South Africa. The decision, taken by a vote of 13 to 2, supported a U.N. resolution demanding the termination of South Africa's administration of the huge (twice the size of California) territory of Southwest Africa—"Namibia" as it is known in the U.N. and the black nations. Heartened by the World Court's lopsided vote, the more militant Africans in Addis proceeded to run roughshod over those black leaders who had come there to argue in favor of opening a diplomatic "dialogue" with South Africa. And after two days of bitter debate, the militants rammed through a resolution rejecting any dialogue with the land of apartheid. Such ties, sniffed Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie, would be "a waste of time."



Fenga & Berkovitz



Cloete Breytenbach

Land of dust and diamonds: Members of the foreign press (right) were invited in for a firsthand look

'Vendetta': In the South African capital of Pretoria, Prime Minister John Vorster had nothing to say publicly about the OAU's action. But on the World Court's action, Vorster minced no words. The decision, he said in a tartly worded radio commentary, represented not jurisprudence but an international "political vendetta" against South Africa. Brusquely, the South African leader added that his government had no intention of paying any attention to the court's ruling. South Africa, he said, would carry out what it conceives to be its duty toward "Southwest Africa and its peoples."

There was, in fact, scant likelihood that anything short of force could persuade Pretoria to relinquish control over Southwest Africa. For South Africa has developed a deep relationship with this strange, backward land peopled by fascinating tribal communities. Of Southwest Africa's 750,000 blacks, the most numerous are the Ovambos, a peaceful, agricultural people who live in the northern desert area and worship the ground hornbill as a holy bird. Among the country's seven lesser tribes are the Hereros, a warlike group whose tall, stately women still wear Victorian-style dresses, and a proud, stubborn enclave of half-castes who call themselves the Rehoboth Basters (Afrikaans for bastards). There are also Bushmen, who store their water in the desert in ostrich eggs, converse with clicking sounds and are among the world's best trackers of animals and men.

The dispute over this arid land of dust and diamonds (some of the richest De Beers diamond fields are in Southwest Africa) centers around the mandate granted to South Africa in 1919 to administer the onetime German colony as a trust territory. After the League of Nations ceased to exist, South Africa retained control of the territory, and on the formation of the United Nations after World War II Pretoria refused to concede that the mandate had transferred automatically to the new world body. Since then, the Afro-Asian bloc in the U.N.—charging that the people of Southwest Africa are sorely oppressed—has led repeated attacks against South Africa's retention of the territory.

In response, the South African Government has offered on several occasions to hold a plebiscite in Southwest Africa to determine the wishes of the people. It also allowed a fact-finding mission from the U.N. to visit the territory in 1962—a mission that ended in near farce. Victorio Carpio of the Philippines and Salvador Martínez de Alva of Mexico headed the group and on their departure they issued a joint statement that they had seen no evidence of oppression. So loud was the outcry of protest from the African states that Carpio withdrew his support for the statement and the Mexican Government relieved Martínez de Alva of his U.N. job.

Invitation: On two other occasions, Pretoria also invited members of the World Court to make investigations of its administration of Southwest Africa. Both times the invitation was declined. In 1966, after five years of hearings and deliberation, the court rejected by a vote of 8 to 7 an appeal by Liberia and Ethiopia for a ruling that the old mandate was still in existence and that the U.N. had succeeded to the supervisory functions formerly exercised by the League of Nations. But in April of this year, at the request of the U.N., the court—whose membership has changed considerably in the past five years—again took up the matter of Southwest Africa. Anticipating the unfavorable opinion handed down last week, the Vorster government took steps a fortnight ago to lessen its impact on world opinion by inviting members of the international press into Southwest Africa for a firsthand look. Among the newsmen who accepted was NEWSWEEK's Peter Younghusband. Below, his report:

I should point out from the start that on this tour we were guests of the South African Government and we largely followed the route they had planned for us. Within that limit they seemed to be making a genuine effort to let us see as much as we could.

Most of the tour was concentrated in Ovamboland, one of the several "homelands" within Southwest Africa, and there was no indication whatsoever that the 350,000-strong Ovambos are ill-treated—as U.N. critics have charged. In fact, some of the wilder accusations proved to be ridiculously wrong. A so-called desert "death factory" near Tsumeb—where nuclear weapons and lethal gases were

supposedly being manufactured to use against black-governed nations—turned out to be a meteorological station.

We also saw no evidence of the genocide or concentration camps alleged by some critics of the Pretoria government. "There is no injustice against black men in my land," insisted Chief Counselor Ushona Shiimi of the Ovambo Executive Council. "I do not think the United Nations knows what is going on here. They should come and see for themselves." In the event of a plebiscite, he added, "the Ovambos would choose to remain under South African protection."

Mix: It is, as a matter of fact, striking that apartheid—rigidly applied throughout the Republic of South Africa—hardly touches Southwest Africa. In Ovamboland, the black and white civil servants earn the same pay. In government and in industry, blacks are being trained for an eventual take-over, and even now most shops and businesses are Ovambo-owned. Blacks and whites seemed to mix easily, and on one occasion I witnessed a rare display of racial harmony: three white security policemen and four Ovambos sitting down together at a picnic.

It was, of course, difficult on a short trip to assess charges that the Pretoria government has neglected education, health services and economic development in the territory. The government claims that 80 per cent of the school-age children in Ovamboland are attending school and that the outlay on health services for Southwest Africa as a whole is about $13 a year per capita as compared to $2.55 in Ghana and 92 cents in Tanzania. In fact, the government also claims that it has instituted a crash program of economic development far superior to any ever instituted by a colonial government in Black Africa.

Finger: Much that I saw impressed me. But there was much that I did not see. We did not visit the Caprivi Strip, the heavily policed finger of territory jutting between Zambia and Botswana. Zambia and other African states have charged that South Africa has built military bases in this area—in contravention of the terms of the old League of Nations mandate. Secondly, we should have been allowed to interview leaders of the smaller tribes for a fuller picture—the Hereros for one. The most politically conscious of these tribes, the Hereros are known to be in the main anti-Pretoria and might even favor U.N. control.

But no matter what the Hereros or the OAU or the U.N. or the World Court may think, it is clear that South Africa has no intention of giving up Southwest Africa. That is not only because of the territory's diamonds and great untapped wealth. It is also because turning Southwest Africa over to the U.N. would likely result in an independent, black-run state—a perfect invasion platform for an attack on South Africa. An independent Southwest Africa would become, as Pretoria is all too well aware, South Africa's Achilles' heel.



Tsiranana and Marshall in happier days: A cloud of mystery in Tananarive

MADAGASCAR:

The Big Frame-up

Until recent months, the Malagasy Republic on the island of Madagascar had a well-earned reputation as a place where nothing much ever happened. And that seemed to suit its 7 million citizens just fine. For if life on the Texas-sized island, which lies some 300 miles out in the Indian Ocean off the east coast of Africa, lacked a certain vibrance, it was, at the least, tranquil. But of late the peace of Madagascar has been shattered by political tensions. Last week as the former French colony marked the eleventh anniversary of its independence, police and troops manned roadblocks in the capital of Tananarive to check identity papers and search for guns. And amidst charges of plots and counterplots, newspapers in the capital complained of the "cloud of mystery" surrounding two startling incidents: the imprisonment of a Malagasy Vice President and the expulsion of the U.S. ambassador.

The first hint of this strange turn of events in Madagascar came late in May when President Philibert Tsiranana charged in a speech that "Malagasy who pretend to serve us have prostituted themselves to sell us out to an imperialist power." To support that charge the Malagasy President claimed to have intercepted a letter linking a foreign embassy in Tananarive to a plot to overthrow his government. While Tsiranana mentioned no names in his speech, it was soon evident that the main target of his wrath was André Resampa, former Malagasy first Vice President who, as recently as six months ago, was regarded by many as Tsiranana's heir apparent. Since that time, however, Resampa had suffered a series of demotions. And shortly after Tsiranana's angry speech, the ex-Vice President was arrested and imprisoned.

Even more astonishing, it turned out that Tsiranana had the United States in mind when he accused an "imperialist power" of conspiring to do him in. The day after Tsiranana's speech, U.S. Ambassador Anthony D. Marshall was summarily called to the Malagasy Foreign Ministry and told to "go home for consultations" within five days. To underscore Tsiranana's displeasure, strict orders were issued forbidding anyone in the foreign diplomatic corps to extend the traditional courtesy of seeing Ambassador Marshall off at the airport.

Enthusiastic: In Washington, State Department officials categorically rejected the notion that Marshall had abused his diplomatic privileges. "He was enthusiastic, and he was doing a good job," a department superior told NEWSWEEK's Henry L. Trewhitt. Personable, energetic and privately wealthy, 47-year-old Tony Marshall entered government service in 1950, putting in stints in the lower echelons of both the State Department and the Central Intelligence Agency. He received his Tananarive appointment in 1969. In that post, he worked hard to drum up U.S. private investments in Madagascar, primarily in cattle ranching and oil explorations. And at one time his popularity was so great that he was the only ambassador invited to accompany Tsiranana on a visit to the President's home village. Nor could Marshall's previous CIA connections have had anything to do with his expulsion, according to the State Department, because the Malagasy Government had known about it at the time of Marshall's appointment and had not objected.

In the absence of any clear explanations, speculation abounded. One theory was that Marshall had simply been caught in the crunch of Malagasy politics



Sure you could get a perfectly good suntan in your own back yard.

Sure you can do without the best things in life. But why?

Why not treat yourself to a smoother, lighter whisky—Canadian Lord Calvert, blended from the whiskies of our own five distilleries.

You'll like drinking a whisky that's uncommonly good.

Canadian Lord Calvert.
Sure you can do without the best, but you don't have to.

Imported Canadian Whisky · A Blend · 80 Proof · Calvert Dist. Co., N.Y.C.



1971 LTD Brougham 2-door Hardtop.



1971 LTD Country Squire.

FORD Ford

Take a Quiet Break...'71 Ford.

We think the figures make a point. To get away from the noise, more and more people are choosing the uncommonly Quiet Ride of the Ford LTD.

It's Quiet born from strength. A rugged suspension system. Ford's unique "S" frame. Even computer-positioned rubber mounts, isolating the frame from the body while they soak up road vibrations that cause noise.

Then too, the Ford LTD gives you a full measure of driving luxury.

There's a 351-cu.-in. V-8, standard. Power front disc brakes, standard. Plus all the options that make driving even more enjoyable: Air conditioning with automatic temperature control. A tilt steering wheel. Highback bucket seats. A Stereo-Sonic tape system with dual rear speakers.

In wagons, the better ideas have always been Ford ideas. For instance Ford's 3-way Magic Doorgate. Steel side door Guard Rails (in *all* Fords). Features like our exclusive dual-facing rear seats. Lockable side storage compartment. Doorgate washer/wiper. When it comes to wagons, nobody swings like Ford.

Ford for '71. At your Ford Dealer.

and had been made a fall guy to buttress Tsiranana's case for alleged imperialist intrigue. Another had it that Marshall was too dynamic and had alarmed the politically influential, economically dominant French community on the island with a growing "*présence Américaine.*" According to this thesis, the French Government, worried over possible future competition with the U.S. for Malagasy oil (though not a single oil deposit has yet been found on the island) decided to sabotage Marshall's mission—and, to achieve that, Jacques Foccart, a shadowy figure who controls all French intelligence operations in Africa, devised the plot against the U.S. ambassador.

Whether Foccart was, in fact, responsible for Marshall's ouster was impossible to discover. But last week in Tananarive, Madagascans recalled something that had happened during a recent tour of French West Africa by President Georges Pompidou and Foccart. At a cocktail party, a journalist caught Pompidou in a light-hearted mood and asked him if he had any coups on the drawing board. "Me?" Pompidou answered in mock horror. "I never make coups d'état. Perhaps in France but never in Africa. Of course, there is always Monsieur Foccart on permanent duty."

PAKISTAN:

Passage of Arms

Last March, dismayed at the brutal repression of the Bengali separatists in East Pakistan, Washington announced an end to all arms sales to the government of Pakistan's President Mohammed Yahya Khan. Last week, however, it emerged that two Pakistani ships loaded with U.S. military equipment were steaming toward Karachi—and that news ignited a political furor. A U.S. State Department assistant touring Bengali refugee camps in India was greeted with posters pleading: "Stop Arms Supply to Killer Yahya. Your Arms Will Bleed Bengal More." And in New Delhi, India's Minister of External Affairs Swaran Singh told an angry Parliament that his government had demanded the ships be stopped before they reached Pakistan.

State Department officials blamed the arms shipments on a bureaucratic foul-up. Licenses for the equipment sales, they explained, had been issued before the March ban, although delivery of the goods took place after the cutoff date. "We tried to keep our foot in the door to Pakistan with cute language," admitted one official. "We should have made it clear that the stuff already authorized would move ahead." But Washington was obviously chagrined and promptly pledged another $70 million to be added to the $20.5 million already promised to India for refugee aid. Still, Sen. Edward Kennedy scoffed that it appeared the U.S. "is more efficient in moving military hardware than in arranging humanitarian relief."

WAR CRIMES:

Tainted Tribunal

In Oslo last week, America was once more placed symbolically in the dock as a procession of Russian, North Vietnamese and Viet Cong representatives paraded to the witness stand to paint a somber picture of a ruthless U.S. war machine turned loose on Vietnam. Not too long ago, such a gathering of war-crimes "fact finders" would have been a major propaganda embarrassment to the U.S. Yet, for all their careful staging, the week-long proceedings in Oslo ultimately added up to a black eye for the Soviet Union—and much embarrassment for the group that sponsored the conference.

That body termed itself the International Commission of Enquiry into U.S. Crimes in Indochina, and it was a descendant of the Bertrand Russell war-crimes tribunal held four years ago in Stockholm. Like its predecessor, the commission was conceived as an organization of intellectuals dedicated to marshaling world public opinion against U.S. policies in Vietnam. And, in fact, among the 89 delegates from twenty nations who attended the Oslo session there were such world-renowned figures as Swedish political economist Gunnar Myrdal and Norwegian law professor Anders Bratholm. But though the commission had no legal ties with any government, suspicion was widespread that it had fallen under the financial umbrella of such groups as the Moscow-dominated World Peace Council.

Whatever its financing, the tribunal's credibility suffered a further crippling blow when Soviet commission member Lev Smirnov arrived in Oslo. Now a judge of the U.S.S.R. Supreme Court, the burly, gray-haired Smirnov was ostensibly well-qualified for the Oslo tribunal, having served in the Nuremberg and Tokyo war crime trials. But, unhappily for him, the Norwegian press also recalled that Smirnov was the judge who, at the start of the Kremlin's 1966 crackdown against dissent, had meted out prison sentences to writers Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel for smuggling "anti-Soviet" manuscripts abroad. Despite an outpouring of editorial criticism describing him as "unqualified to judge anybody or anything," however, Smirnov grimly claimed his seat on the tribunal.

Irrelevant: Only the Smirnov flap prevented the conference from sinking into total aimlessness. (At one point, in something approaching black humor, the group decided to add air pollution from military vehicular exhausts to its list of alleged U.S. crimes in Vietnam.) Indeed, to most Norwegian observers, the whole concept of the Oslo tribunal seemed irrelevant. "At a time when the American people are earnestly and agonizingly investigating their actions in Indochina," summed up the Aftenposten, Norway's largest newspaper, "it is nothing less than comical that a haphazard group of individuals . . . pompously form an international war tribunal . . . The real Vietnam tribunal isn't to be found in Oslo, but in the United States itself—mainly in the . . . media which do not shrink from telling the people the truth of what is happening, no matter how painful it may be to hear."



Judge Smirnov (left) in Oslo: His qualifications were mixed

CHINA:

After-Dinner Speech

Perhaps never before had Red China's diplomatic posture toward the U.S. been revealed quite so explicitly. After a sumptuous dinner in the Fukien Room of Peking's Great Hall of the People, Premier Chou En-lai turned to his American guests—three journalists and their wives—and confided that the key obstacle



BY GEORGE W. BALL

IN DEFENSE OF THE MILITARY

It is time to speak up for the soldiers. For the past several years we have made them the scapegoats for our misfortunes. Yet, to continue to seek exculpation by loading the blame on the military is not only unjust, it risks harm to our security; so we had better take a lesson from the experience of France—something we lamentably failed to do when we committed our forces to Indochina.

In the bitter aftermath of the second world war the French Army and Air Force were given a dreary series of dirty and foredoomed assignments to sustain the remnants of colonial power, first in Syria, then Indochina, then Morocco, and finally Algeria. For almost a decade and a half, graduates of St. Cyr fought under the most frustrating conditions, taking frightful casualties, yet losing each conflict not from failure of valor on the battlefield but from a decay of political will in Paris, a decision by the politicians—reflecting public weariness—that the game was no longer worth the candle.

PERNICIOUS EROSION

By 1958 these agonizing experiences in far-off lands had loosed poisons throughout the whole military establishment. France had done what no modern democratic state should ever do; by pushing its armed forces into conflicts only fragilely supported on the home front, it had detached them from the national life of their country. For, as the politicians abandoned first one war and then another, the military suffered a pernicious erosion of their traditional role as the respected protectors of *la patrie*. Thus, inevitably they developed a festering resentment of the politicians who bartered away the gains hard won by their blood and toil, until the imminent abandonment of Algeria might have triggered a revolution had it not been for General de Gaulle on his white horse.

Today these pressures are beginning to be felt on the American scene. For ten years we have embroiled our armed forces in the wretched paddies of Indochina. Our valiant airmen have been killed in futile sorties against the north; our army has lost far more than the normal percentage of its professional officer corps. Yet, though there have been ample courage and devotion, Vietnam is now associated in the public mind not with heroes but heroin. We scorn our soldiers for being careless of civilian lives, overlooking the brutalizing character of colonial wars—while we condemn our Air Force because bombs strike whoever happens to be under them, refusing to recognize that the alternative to sophisticated weapons is more American boys dying in the jungle. Meanwhile we are assaulted by the scribblings of junior Clausewitzes designed to prove that the conflict could have been won long ago if only their patented recipes had been followed.

FATAL ERROR

No wonder our soldiers are demoralized as we speed our withdrawal from Vietnam. How could they be otherwise, since the fatal error was the choice of mission, not its execution; and what the McNamara documents plainly show is that the military did not push us into Vietnam half so much as the civilian theoreticians with theses to prove—doctrines of counter-insurgency and guerrilla tactics all reeking of the lamp?

Thus, we had better stop carping at the soldiers if we are to learn the true lessons of this ghastly experience. We had better be sure that, as a necessary and honorable element in our society, they are not pushed toward alienation or bitterness. Otherwise, though we are unlikely to repeat the shattering constitutional crisis of France, we may well drive our most gifted and competent officers out of our armed forces—men we shall desperately need when the going again gets rough.

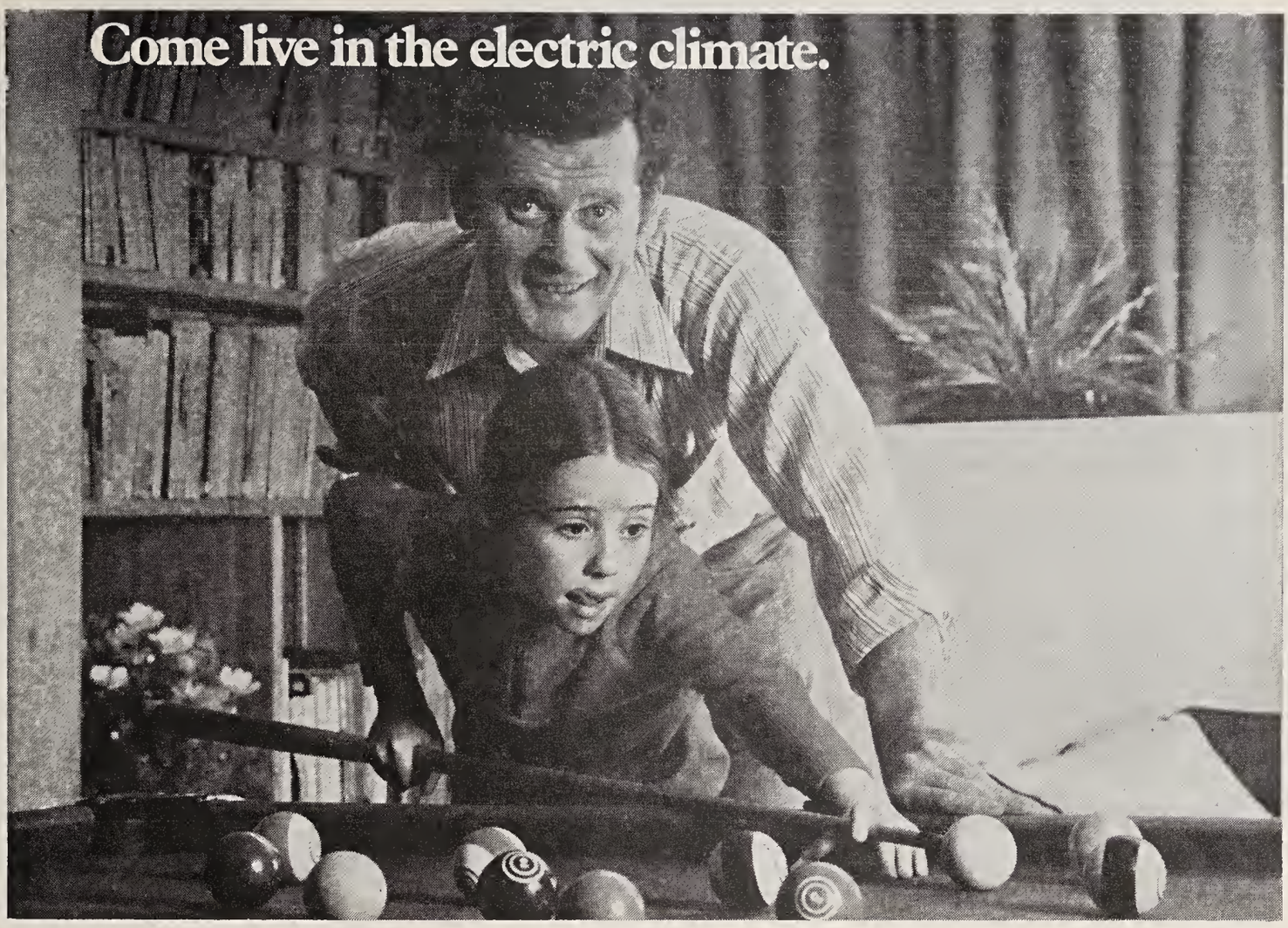
As an urgent first step, let the universities tone down their derision; since, at the end of the day, the real "treason of the intellectuals" may well be judged not to be what Julien Benda had in mind—their abandonment of meditation for activism—but rather their role in undermining society's protective institutions. Part of the blame will no doubt fall on the young faculty cheerleaders who encouraged the campus yahoos to identify all policemen as "pigs," but the most grievous offense will be the academicians' effort to off-load the sins of this melancholy time on the military, who, skilled more with the sword than the pen, cannot adequately defend themselves against eggheaded *francs-tireurs* blowing beanshooters from the sanctuary of their ivory towers.

standing in the way of a dramatic improvement in relations between Peking and Washington was U.S. strategic support for Chiang Kai-shek's Taiwan regime. And then, going further than any other Chinese Communist leader had in the past, Chou declared: "Once [the Taiwan] problem is solved, then all other problems can be solved. The Peoples' Republic would then be able to establish diplomatic relations with the United States."

What made Chou's pronouncements all the more significant was that they seemed to be backed up by a new Chinese flexibility on the Taiwan issue. By focusing on the American security shield around Taiwan, many experts believed that Chou was signaling Peking's willingness to forswear any direct action against the present Taiwan regime in return for a U.S. military withdrawal from the island. At the same time, however, the Chinese seemed to be in no great hurry. "After all," said one diplomat in Hong Kong, "The Nationalist Chinese Government has been on Taiwan for over two decades, and Peking can afford to wait a little longer for the U.S. to adjust its position."

Indecision: Just what, if any, adjustment might be made in U.S. policy was still a matter of speculation. Within the Nixon Administration, a feverish discussion was under way over the contents of the President's China policy statement scheduled for delivery late in July. Particularly vexing to U.S. policymakers was the whole question of what course to follow at next fall's United Nations debate over the seating of Communist China. In fact, precisely because of the official indecision on that crucial issue, the Administration declined to send witnesses last week to Sen. J. William Fulbright's Foreign Relations Committee hearings on China policy.

As a result, Fulbright and others were left with an open field to argue for greatly expanded contacts with Peking. No fewer than four dovish senators, including Edward Kennedy and George McGovern, testified in favor of jettisoning Chiang Kai-shek's government and seating Communist China in the U.N. But while that plan seemed to be gaining support both inside the government and out, Mr. Nixon's policy statement was expected to stop short of a direct repudiation of Chiang's regime. Perhaps more likely to be adopted was a proposal by Republican Sen. Jacob Javits of New York under which the U.S. would advocate Red Chinese membership on the Security Council and General Assembly membership for both Peking and Taiwan. Many experts were convinced that both Chinas would reject such an arrangement. But even if they did, argues Javits, "the door would always then be open to both to participate—and at a minimum, the absence of Peking from the U.N. no longer would be the result of an outmoded, unrealistic and counterproductive policy of the U.S."



The electric climate can do more than help give you more room for living...

It's a superior indoor environment that can make any kind of building cost less to own...and it can help the outdoor environment, too!

Consider what the benefits of *the electric climate* can mean to you as a homeowner. And as a cost-conscious, people-conscious executive. And as a civic-minded citizen.

The human benefits of the electric climate:
Flameless electric heat is the heart of *the electric climate.* It fills rooms with a soft, even warmth that can't be matched for comfort. No drafty corners. No sudden chills. Except for the comfort, you hardly know it's there–whether you're in your electrically heated home or office or church or school. Think how much better people live and play and learn and work in such a pleasant environment.

The dollar value benefits of the electric climate:
The initial cost of flameless electric equipment that results in *the electric climate* is comparable to or *lower* than other types. Requires little or no maintenance. And the *cost* of electricity remains a real bargain!

The environmental benefits of the electric climate:
Buildings with *the electric climate* put nothing into the air around them...because electricity is the cleanest source of energy there is at its point of use. Generation of electricity by combustion methods produces by-products that cause pollution, but these by-products can be controlled at modern power plants. In fact, the electric utility industry is a pioneer in the development and installation of pollution control devices and, of course, is actively engaged in even further improving the techniques of control efficiency.

The electric climate promises a better future. Find out more from your electric utility. You, your company and your community will benefit.

Live better electrically / Move toward a better world.

Edison Electric Institute, Inc., 90 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016



UPI

Medal of Honor winner Peter Lemon at home: High heroism

He dragged a wounded buddy to safety, spurned treatment for his own wounds and repelled a Viet Cong attack almost singlehandedly, killing several of the enemy with his machine gun and a knife. Those heroics along the Cambodian border in 1970 brought a shaggy ex-GI named **Peter Lemon**, 21, to Washington recently to receive a Medal of Honor from the President. "We could see he was way out before he came to the White House ceremony," recalls a Pentagon officer. "He was giving the peace sign and saying 'Right on!' all the time. We had to convince him to get his hair cut —at least enough to get him by the White House standard for respectability." Afterward, Lemon went home to Michigan and told a Detroit Free Press reporter that he was high on marijuana when he earned the nation's highest military honor. "It was the only time I ever went into combat stoned," he said.

Into the ring at a Mexican circus came a novice knife thrower named Alejandro Fuentes, only 15. He called for a volunteer in rapid-fire Spanish that was all Greek to **Elizabeth Taylor** and **Richard Burton**, guests of honor at the performance in their sometime hometown of Puerto Vallarta. As Liz recalls it, "He mentioned my name and I went into the ring all smiles, thinking he was just going to introduce me to the crowd." Instead, the boy stood her in front of a wooden panel, stepped back and started silhouetting that famous figure with a barrage of daggers. "Watch it!" cried Burton, leaping to the rescue, but he was too late to intervene. Fortunately, Alejandro never missed. He even got Burton to grip a balloon in his teeth and hold another in his hand as targets for the last two blades.

The tall, mustached figure on French TV screens looked and sounded eerily like Charles de Gaulle—and with good reason. It was the late President's only son, naval officer **Philippe de Gaulle**, 49, giving his first interview after a lifetime of being "obliged"—apparently by paternal decree—"to maintain an almost exaggerated reserve." He still could not bring himself to refer to his father any less formally than "le General de Gaulle," but the admiral came across as a man seeking recognition of his own. He noted that his World War II record had been played down, but he couldn't think of any other sons of Chiefs of State "who fought as hard as I or ran as many risks." In a monarchy, he added, "people hasten to find all kinds of upstanding qualities in the sons of important persons, whereas in a republic there is rather a tendency to find in them nothing but faults."

Jimmy Hoffa has been joined at the Federal prison in Lewisburg, Pa., by another famous inmate: **Carmine De Sapio**, 62, once a Democratic bigwig as leader of New York's Tammany Hall. He is starting a two-year bribery sentence.

"It's been the best-kept secret in town," said a Washington insider who certainly didn't mean the Pentagon Papers. "There are very few places they could have gone and enjoyed such privacy." For nearly two weeks after the wedding, **Tricia** and **Edward Cox** had kept everyone guessing about their honeymoon site. It was finally pinpointed when the bride's father landed by chopper at the Presidential retreat at Camp David, Md., where Tricia and Eddie greeted him in a golf cart.

One of the Piper Comanche's twin engines "started going sput, sput, sput," to quote Pittsburgh Steelers quarterback **Terry Bradshaw**, 22, a passenger on a flight to a Christian youth rally in Hereford, Texas. Then the plane's electrical system failed, and there was no response when pilot James Gentry tried to lower the landing gear in his first attempt to set down at the Lubbock airport. Up they went again, with the pilot's wife and Bradshaw's girl friend—ex-Miss Teen-age America Debbie Patton, 19—saying prayers while Gentry and the 220-pound football star struggled to lower the landing wheels manually by pushing a stubborn steel lever under the cabin floor. Finally the wheels popped into place, and the second pass at the runway was completed for a touchdown that drew cheers from all four aboard. The rally turned out well, too. "About 400 kids were saved," said Bradshaw. "I think God took over that plane."

Marge and Gower Champion, now 49 and 50, met as children at her father's ballet school in Los Angeles. They formed a dance team in 1947, got married the same year, broke up the act in 1960 to raise a family; their sons are now 14 and 9, and Marge is retired except for teaching dance classes to black children in Watts. Gower has done well in a second career as director and choreographer of "Hello, Dolly!" and other Broadway musicals. In a sad surprise last week, he called a press-agent friend and asked him to release a statement saying that "Marge and Gower Champion have announced a marital separation." They had nothing to add "other than to express regret and to make it clear that no other parties are involved in the matter."

Some days he runs 5 miles in 35 minutes, some days 10 miles in 80 minutes. What's surprising is that **Dick Gregory**, 38, has the energy to keep up his running routine even though he hasn't had a bite to eat since April 24. In the latest of his periodic protest fasts, the black comedian is vowing to stick to a liquid diet—about a gallon a day of water or fruit juice—until the U.S. pulls all its troops out of South Vietnam. Normally 158 pounds, his weight had dropped to 117 when Gregory turned up in New York for a nightclub stint last week, and he figures it will level off at 70 pounds by September. "Every time I see food now I think of the war," he said. "That plate actually turns into Vietnam. I think of them cats on both sides who are hungry."



Bernard Gotfryd—Newsweek

Dick Gregory: Fast pace

Divine Property?

Though thousands of church buildings are piously dedicated to God each year, legal title, of course, is never actually transferred to His estate. Now, however, the Good Shepherd Baptist Church in Denver, Colo., has refused to meet the payments on a small stucco building it contracted to buy from the Wisconsin Evangelical Lutheran Synod in 1965—precisely on the ground that the property already belongs to God. "Since God's church is dedicated to God's service," argues Martin Davis, a deacon of Good Shepherd's black congregation, "we feel that it ought not to be sold over and over again to other Christians."

The Lutherans, understandably, do not see it the Baptists' way. "They say the Holy Spirit revealed to them that once you buy a church property, it belongs to the Lord and nobody can sell it," complains an official at the synod's headquarters in Milwaukee. "But the Holy Spirit did not speak to us in this way. The Baptists got it from a special revelation and there is no way to deal with that."

Last week, however, the Baptists offered a deal. If the synod acknowledges that it has no right to sell the church, Good Shepherd will pledge to assign its monthly payments to the Lutherans' mission program. What's more, the Baptists will promise not to sell the church themselves if they ever decide to leave it. "All churches, once they are paid for, are part of God's property," says Robert Doll, pastor of Good Shepherd.

Eventually, the conflict over God's property will probably end up in court. Meanwhile, the Baptists continue to use the church and to exchange Biblical epithets with their Lutheran landlords. Quoting Psalm 37, the Lutherans remind the Baptists that "The wicked borroweth and payeth not again." The Baptists reply by quoting the rest of the verse: "But the righteous showeth mercy and giveth."

Spiritual Shopping Center

At the touch of a button, the twelve fountains—one for each Apostle—instantly spout 10 feet into the air and the white-robed, 34-voice choir suddenly stirs. Gathered in the vast church sanctuary, more than 800 worshipers finger their programs and another 400 seated in cars facing the long, desk-like altar quickly flick their radio dials to 540 AM. As television cameras whir, 25-foot-high glass panels silently recede along the jutting prow of the church—and a tall, gray-gowned figure bounds briskly to the pulpit. "Good morning, good morning!" the Rev. Robert H. Schuller booms enthusiastically to his parishioners. And with that, another Sunday-morning service has begun at the combination drive-in and walk-in Garden Grove Community Church near Anaheim, Calif.

"This is a glorious day," the 44-year-old Schuller fervently exclaims. "I feel our hands are filled with the love of Christ and I want each and every one of you to turn around and give some of that love to your neighbors." As he watches benignly from his dais 20 feet above the congregation, the people dutifully turn in their pews—and reach from car to car—smiling and shaking hands. Then, they quickly turn back to Schuller in eager anticipation of yet another sublimely happy message on their dynamic minister's favorite theme: "the infinite possibilities of living joyfully."

As it happens, the GGCC has a great deal to be joyful about and so, for that matter, does its ebullient founder-pastor. Just sixteen years ago, Schuller left a small church in suburban Chicago, frustrated with the problems of "irrelevance." Starting out in California with only $500 in his pocket, he promptly spent $300 on a portable organ and then finagled a rent-free arrangement with the owner of a ratty drive-in theater in Anaheim. "I stood on the tar-paper roof of the refreshment stand," he recalls nostalgically, "and, shielded by an umbrella, I preached to the people who drove in." His wife, Arvella, was his first parishioner (they now have five children) and, in short order, the bespectacled spiritual entrepreneur was not only conducting the world's first drive-in church but officiating at the first in-car baptisms as well.

Boom: Borne on the tides of technicians attracted by Orange County's booming electronics and aerospace industries in the 1960s, Schuller's ministry flourished spectacularly. Today, in an era of sharply sagging church attendance and tight money, Schuller is still packing them in, and his church's coffers are literally overflowing. Of the congregation's 6,000 members, 1,000 joined in the last year and this past Easter some 15,000 people attended GGCC's five services.

Sprawling over a 22-acre site, with Anaheim Stadium and Disneyland looming in the background, the gleaming GGCC complex, which has parking facilities for 1,400 cars, is dominated by a fifteen-story office building called "The Tower of Hope." Below the lighted, 90-foot cross which surmounts the tower lies a veritable spiritual shopping center. Tucked away in various corners of the complex are day-care centers, counseling services, social groups, the offices of the Robert Schuller Televangelism Association (producer of Schuller's weekly TV "Hour of Power"), the Robert H. Schuller Institute for Successful Church Leadership and a huge communications program that produces a never-ending flow of taped sermons ($3.50 per cassette), books and inspirational pamphlets.

In justification of this religious conglomerate—which he rules from a large twelfth-floor tower office where a picture of Norman Vincent Peale hangs slightly higher than one of Billy Graham—Schuller offers a simple dictum: "We are in the retail business." It is this hardheaded concept, distressing as it may be to more conventional clergymen, that lies at the heart of Schuller's extraordinarily successful ministry to the sprawling California suburbs. The cherished old concept of the neighborhood church is as archaic in his eyes as the concept of the corner grocery. "The neighborhood church no longer has room to grow," he explains. "If you fail to plan, you're planning to fail . . . The neighborhood church violates the basic principle of retailing because it can't fully serve its customers. The strength of the modern church is in its inventory!"



Lester Sloan—Newsweek

Schuller: Retailing religion

Detractors: Such rhetoric tempts critics to dismiss Schuller as an unabashed materialist. Yet there is no denying the awesome effectiveness of his methods; fully two-thirds of his congregation have never previously belonged to any church at all. Nor can his detractors ignore Schuller's enormous popularity as a preacher.

That popularity, however, is purchased by careful avoidance of the controversial. While sex, drugs and other "relevant" topics are conspicuously mentioned in his Sunday messages, Schuller concentrates above all on reinforcing the ingrained social instincts of his parishioners, most of whom are tied far more closely to their communities and the economy than to any religion.

"You owe it to yourself," Schuller recently admonished the young people in his flock, "to get as much education as

you can. Because you owe it to God to make as much money as you ethically and morally can, in order to be able to give as much as you can. This is the Christian way!" As his congregation drank in this sentiment, not a single brow wrinkled in thought—and no carburetors rumbled with questions.

Mixed Marriage Feelings

Assimilation through intermarriage has long been a major threat to the survival of the American Jewish community. And with fully 80 per cent of America's college-age Jews currently in school—most of them on secular campuses—the chances for young Jews to meet and marry gentiles are greater now than ever before.

Traditionally, however, only a minority of Reform rabbis have been willing to officiate at mixed marriages, and even most of them have refused to bless the union of any couple who will not promise to raise their children as Jews. And now it appears that the Reform rabbinate may join Orthodox and Conservative rabbis in boycotting mixed marriages completely. At a meeting of the Central Conference of American (Reform) Rabbis in St. Louis last week, Rabbi Roland B. Gittelsohn, CCAR's outgoing president, urged his colleagues to abandon their lenient attitude toward mixed marriages. Gittelsohn estimated that 70 per cent of the children of mixed marriages do not remain Jews even though their parents have promised to raise them in the faith. "For a people which constitutes less than 3 per cent of the American population to countenance this," he warned, "is to jeopardize Jewish survival in the extreme."

Gittelsohn's unexpected proposal was triggered by nagging professional considerations as well. By tightening their discipline on mixed marriages, the leaders of the conference hope to stem criticism from Orthodox and Conservative rabbis in the U.S. and from the Orthodox rabbinical establishment in Israel, where Reform Jews are struggling for official recognition. Moreover, Gittelsohn believes, a strong stand against mixed marriages "will preserve our self-respect as a rabbinical body" by giving support to Reform rabbis who disapprove of mixed marriages but whose congregations pressure them to conduct such weddings.

Link: As he himself is aware, however, Gittelsohn is treading on delicate ground. At least 10 per cent of the nation's 800 practicing Reform rabbis would probably be unwilling to accept a CCAR ban on mixed weddings. Some of the "renegade rabbis," as they call themselves, see mixed marriage ceremonies as their only link to America's marginal Jews. Others point out that a wedding with Jewish trappings makes mixed marriages more palatable to Jewish parents. "I can't say 'no' to a Jewish mother who wants the old ritual," admits Rabbi Sam Silver of Stamford, Conn. "So I stand up, pretend the spouses are both Jewish and give them the traditional ceremony."



UPI

Mr. Nixon greeting patients in Atlantic City: A health partnership

Thunder in the AMA

In the months to come, Congress will engage in a struggle over health-insurance legislation that is virtually certain to dwarf the battle over medicare that roiled through the 1960s. In this upcoming fight, the battlelines have been most clearly drawn between two rival plans for government-sponsored medical care. On one side, the Nixon Administration proposes a relatively conservative plan whereby employers and employees would share the cost of private health insurance, while the Federal government would purchase it for the poor. On the other side, Massachusetts Sen. Edward Kennedy has put forth a massive national-health-insurance program to be financed and administered entirely by the government. In Atlantic City last week, Mr. Nixon fired his opening volley at the Kennedy proposal from a carefully chosen vantage—the 120th annual meeting of the American Medical Association.

To the applause of 2,300 physicians still chafing over medicare, Mr. Nixon charged that a totally nationalized form of health insurance "would actually do the most to hurt American health care." Raising the specter of bureaucracy run rampant, the President envisioned the regulation of hospital budgets and physicians' fees by government officials if the Kennedy proposal became law. "Rather than freeing the doctor so that he can do more to help his patients," he warned, "nationalized health insurance would burden him with more bureaucracy, more forms, more red tape."

Equally frightening, according to Mr. Nixon, would be the cost of the Kennedy plan. According to Administration analysts, he said, national health insurance would cost the Federal government more than $77 billion—fully one-quarter of the national budget—if it went into effect by fiscal 1974. Such an expenditure, warned Mr. Nixon, would raise the average American's yearly tax bill for health care from an estimated $405 to $1,271 by 1974. By contrast, he went on, the Administration's proposed "health insurance partnership" would mean an average health tax of only $466. His proposal, said the President, "would build on the strengths of the present health-care system ... Nationalized health insurance would tear that system apart."

Senator Kennedy was quick to brand Mr. Nixon's attack as "scare tactics." In a statement issued shortly after the Presidential address, Kennedy claimed that the cost of health care in the U.S. three years from now will be $77 billion no matter what kind of health-insurance plan is adopted. His plan, said Kennedy, would save money through federally legislated cost controls; the Nixon plan would be a "billion-dollar windfall for private health insurance."

Dismay: Although most AMA doctors agreed with Mr. Nixon's evaluation of the Kennedy proposal, many also harbor strong reservations about the Administration plan. Indeed, the AMA has already put forth an even more conservative program called "medicredit." Under this plan, most Americans would receive tax credits for the purchase of private health insurance.

But there is an even more fundamental issue that divides the AMA and the Administration, an issue that Mr. Nixon chose not to mention in his speech. The Administration health-care scheme would provide Federal grants and loans to encourage doctors to abandon fee-for-

service individual practice for salaried work as part of medical groups, a concept traditionally viewed by the AMA with dismay, if not downright loathing.

The AMA's distrust of Mr. Nixon's "health maintenance organizations" was demonstrated when the 246-member House of Delegates met in the ornate Chalfont-Haddon Hall's Pennsylvania Room to formulate official policy. The delegates quickly adopted a resolution which asserted that the group practice concept is an unproven method of health care and decried "the wide government support given this mechanism prior to valid proof of its general effectiveness." At the same time, the delegates adopted a stand that could be construed as a threat to strike against any health-insurance proposal not to their liking. They passed a California resolution affirming "the right of the physician to choose whom he will serve and the conditions under which he will render this service."

Issue: On another social issue—a recommendation from the AMA Board of Trustees approving the prescription of contraceptives to teen-age girls without the consent of their parents—the delegates found agreement harder. In support of its position, the board's report noted that some 78,000 unwed girls under the age of 18 gave birth in 1967 and that this number has increased steadily since. And such figures do not take into account additional unwanted pregnancies resulting in early marriage or abortion. The physician, said the board, "should be free to prescribe or withhold contraceptive advice in accordance with his best medical judgment."

But that recommendation met vehement opposition from conservative delegates. Dr. Thomas Parker, a Greenville, S.C., general practitioner, charged that the board's position "debased the so-called Puritan ethic which has made this nation great." And obstetrician Joseph P. Donnelly of Newark, N.J., added: "I'm not ready to turn the care of my children over to some liberal in a health center or some student health organization." The delegates finally agreed on a compromise proposal: physicians should prescribe birth-control devices to teen-agers only after every effort has been made to obtain parental consent.

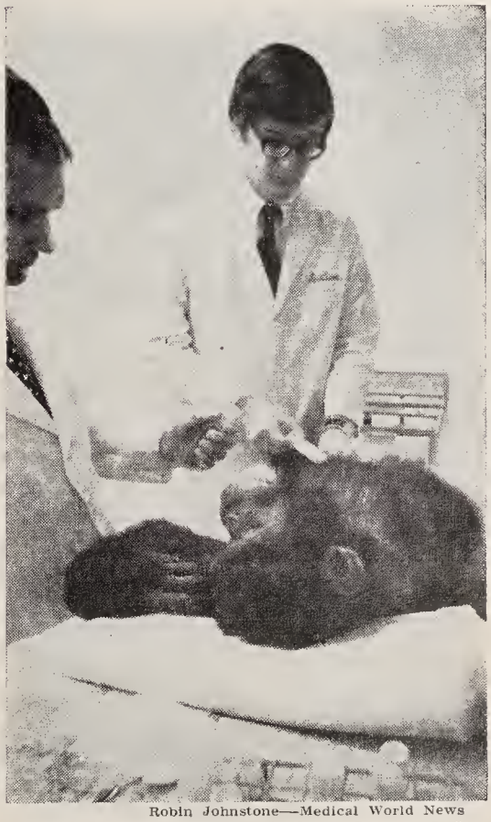
Conservatism: Unlike the AMA's last three annual meetings, this one failed to produce a single demonstration by activist young doctors or spokesmen for minority groups protesting the AMA's traditional conservatism. Yet the association was presented with a different kind of indication that the AMA may be growing increasingly irrelevant to the medical profession and society at large: for the first time in 50 years, less than half of the nation's 334,000 physicians are dues-paying AMA members.

At least three state medical societies have recently dropped bylaws that made membership in the AMA compulsory; as a result, some 12,000 physicians have left the association this year. Many of the dropouts were reacting to an increase in annual dues from $70 to $110 that went into effect this year, but leading AMA spokesmen are frank to admit that many younger doctors have grown disenchanted with the AMA's image. "We're moving this matter to the front burner," promised Dr. Gerald Dorman of New York, a former AMA president.

As evidence of its inclination toward reform, the AMA hierarchy implicitly acknowledged one of the dissidents' specific charges—namely, that the AMA is run almost entirely by old men (the average age in the House of Delegates is nearly 60 and only one delegate is under 40). In his inaugural address as the AMA's incoming president, Dr. Wesley Hall of Reno, Nev., called for drastic measures to close the medical generation gap. The 65-year-old surgeon suggested that residents in training be granted a voting delegate in the House. More radical yet, he recommended a constitutional convention—the second in the association's history—to rescind outmoded policy positions that have been on the AMA record for generations, streamline policymaking procedures and limit the number of terms a delegate can serve. A new constitution, said Hall, "would establish the fact that we are prepared to meet today's challenges and that we are planning for the future."

Clues About Carriers

Despite the fact that it is readily curable with penicillin injections, gonorrhea has become a raging epidemic in the U.S. Last year alone nearly 600,000 cases were reported to public-health authorities, and researchers believe that at least 2 million more cases never came to the attention of a physician. And the situation is steadily getting worse; this year, the Public Health Service estimates the number of gonorrhea cases is likely to increase by another 16 per cent. At last week's AMA convention, however, government scientists reported two advances in understanding gonorrhea which may, in time, help to reverse this disturbing trend.



Robin Johnstone—Medical World News

Brown and Lucas: A female model

A major difficulty in controlling gonorrhea is the fact that some 80 per cent of women who have it show no outward symptoms. Accordingly, these women continue to act as carriers, passing the disease on to men. And since, in the absence of symptoms, such "silent carriers" do not seek medical advice, controlled study of the course of the disease in females has been well-nigh impossible. But at the AMA meeting, Drs. Charles T. Lucas, Grant Kuhn and W. Jerry Brown of the Public Health Service's Center for Disease Control in Atlanta reported that experiments with chimpanzees have produced the first laboratory model of how gonorrhea is transmitted between males and females.

Symptoms: The team infected two male chimpanzees with organisms, known as gonococci, that had been taken from human males with gonorrhea. Once the infection was established in the male chimps, they were paired with two healthy females. Just as with most human females, the female chimps never developed obvious symptoms of gonorrhea. But in time, gonococci appeared in their cervices, establishing that they had gotten the disease. "Now," said Dr. Leslie C. Norins, who heads the CDC VD unit, "we can study how the disease develops in females and how the chimpanzees build up immunity." In addition, Norins reported, the availability of the infected female chimps will facilitate efforts to develop blood tests to detect silent human carriers of gonorrhea.

Another report by CDC researchers last week concerned the reason why, in fact, most women do not develop external symptoms of gonorrhea. Dr. Richard O'Reilly reported the first evidence that women with gonorrhea produce antibodies against gonococci in their genital tracts. These antibodies are similar to antibodies produced in other parts of the body—notably the lining of the nose and the bronchial canals—in response to viral infections. The researchers suspect that the gonococci antibodies may represent the female body's first line of defense against gonorrhea and explain why women generally hold their gonorrhea in check and remain carriers rather than developing visible infections. "In the long range," says CDC's Norins, "this work provides additional theoretical support for the possibility that a gonococcal vaccine can be developed. It shows that there is a local immune response which, under strong stimulation by an effective vaccine, might prevent gonococci from getting a foothold in the genital tract."

The Subaru is not another Toyota or a different Datsun or a Japanese Beetle or anything like Detroit.

The Subaru is $1900* and front-wheel drive.

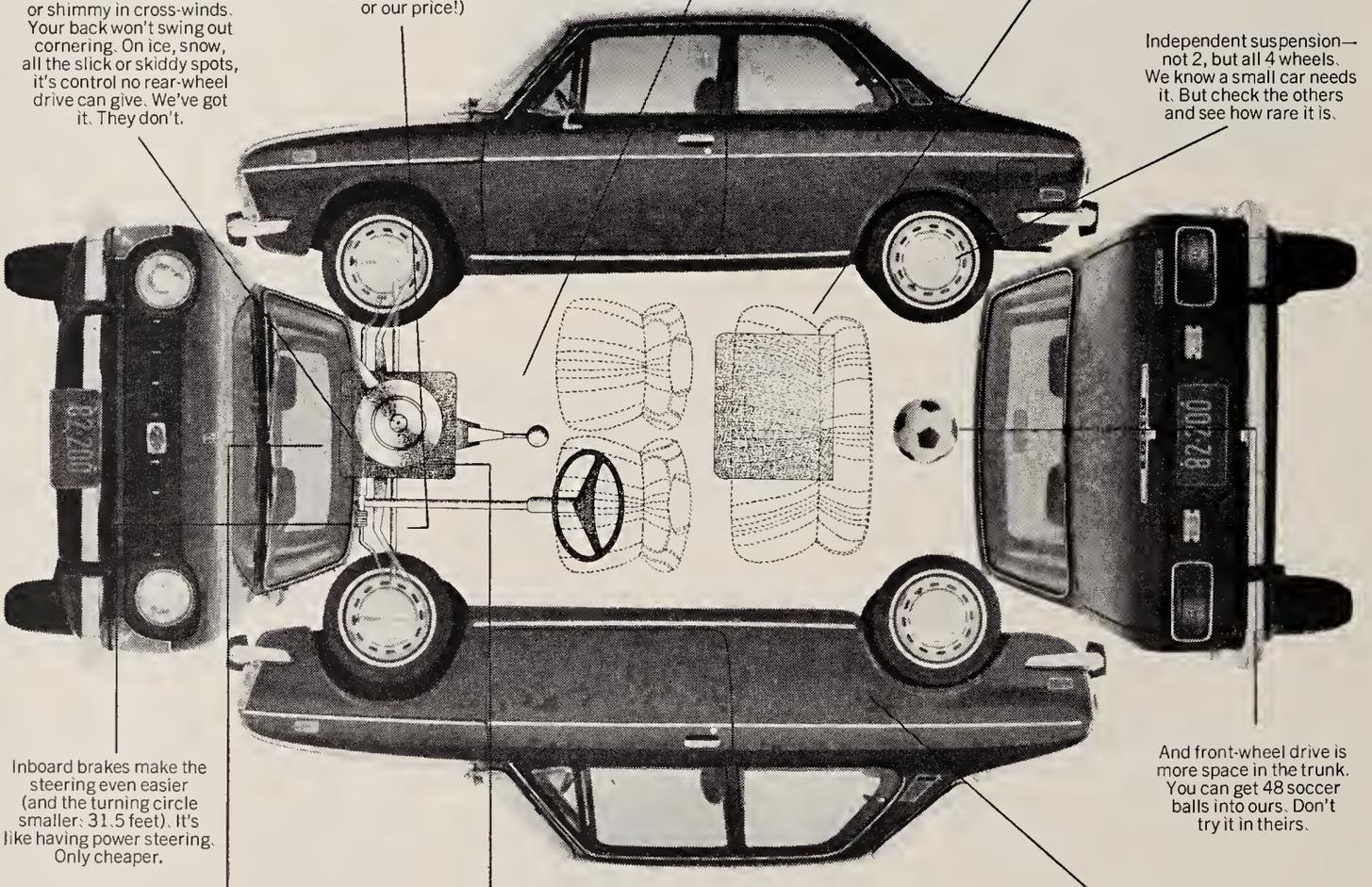
Front-wheel drive is better. It's up-front steering, up-front power, up-front weight. You don't brake on curves or shimmy in cross-winds. Your back won't swing out cornering. On ice, snow, all the slick or skiddy spots, it's control no rear-wheel drive can give. We've got it. They don't.

Rack-and-pinion steering, like racing cars. (One small Detroit car has it—but not with our front-wheel drive, fanless engine, radiators, suspension, body, inboard brakes, reclining seats, trunk space, or our price!)

Front-wheel drive is no hump in the floor. 6-footer leg-room up front. No one riding side-saddle in back. (In 1 month alone, 47 Subarus were sold in Austin, Texas. Ever see a tiny Texan?)

Ahah! The gas tank. Moved to a safe midship position in case some dummy klops you from behind. Where's theirs? Regular gas, of course. 25 to 30 mpg, at least.

Independent suspension—not 2, but all 4 wheels. We know a small car needs it. But check the others and see how rare it is.



Inboard brakes make the steering even easier (and the turning circle smaller: 31.5 feet). It's like having power steering. Only cheaper.

Fanless engine! The only car off the track that has one. No fan, no fan belt, no fan noise. It takes a lot of horses to drive a fan. We use ours to drive the car. As Motor Trend said, it's "a poor man's BMW 2800 six."

Road Test says the cooling system's almost as unique as the engine. Two radiators, not one. A thermostatic device takes over when the going gets hot. (Even at 120 F., a desert-driving Californian says it's never once over-heated.)

*Who else gives you that for this? 2 doors $1898.40! 4 doors $1998.40! A 4-door wagon with a hatch and tailgate $2098.40! Loaded with everything from carpeting to push-button radio. Add local taxes, dealer prep & freight, and you've got what Motor Trend calls the car that "qualifies in the group of all-time golden bargains along with the Zippo lighter and the 10-cent Newport ferry ride before the bridge went in."

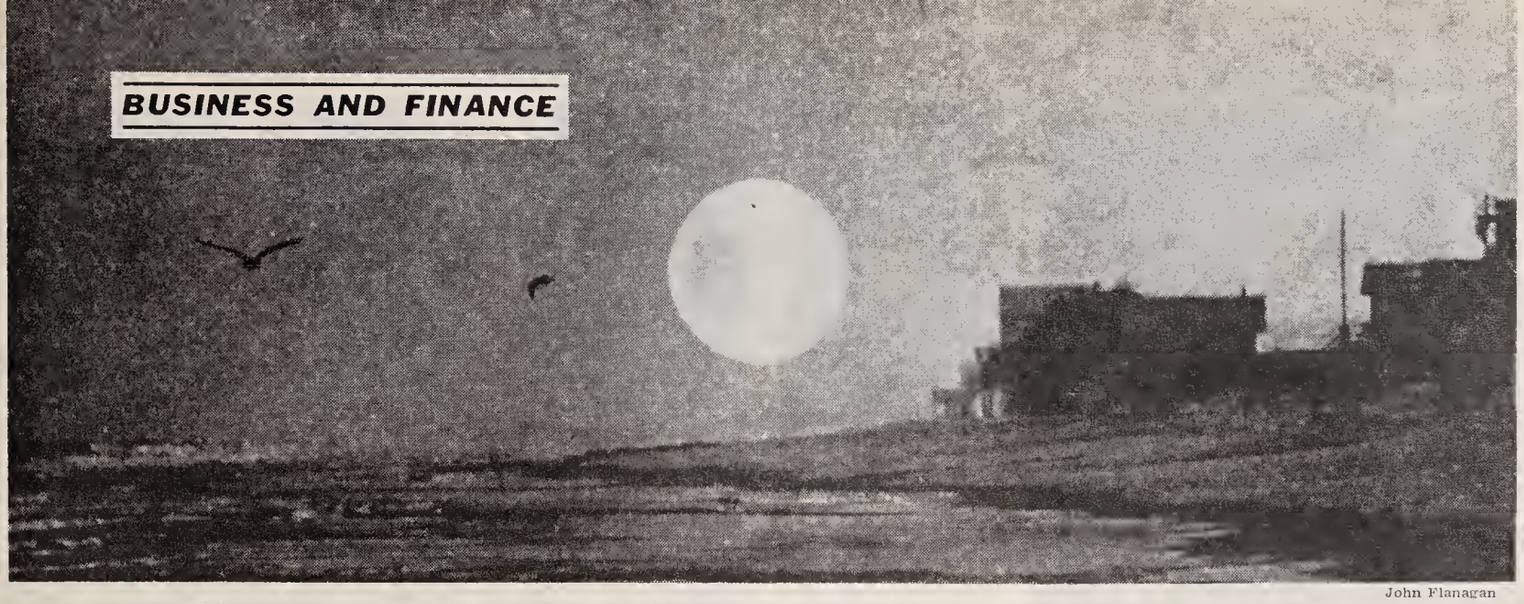
And who else has a monocoque body—the strength-without-weight welded shell with no bolts, nothing to rattle? The Rolls Royce Silver Shadow. (But why should the rich get all the riches?)

And front-wheel drive is more space in the trunk. You can get 48 soccer balls into ours. Don't try it in theirs.

At 70 mph it doesn't even breathe hard. The What? The Subaru.

For the Subaru dealer nearest you, call toll-free: 800-631-4299. In New Jersey, 800-962-2803. Subaru of America, Pennsauken, New Jersey 08109

Subaru. A product of Fuji Heavy Industries Ltd. Japan.



John Flanagan

Moonrise over the Delaware coast: More industry or 'the right kind of quality of living'?

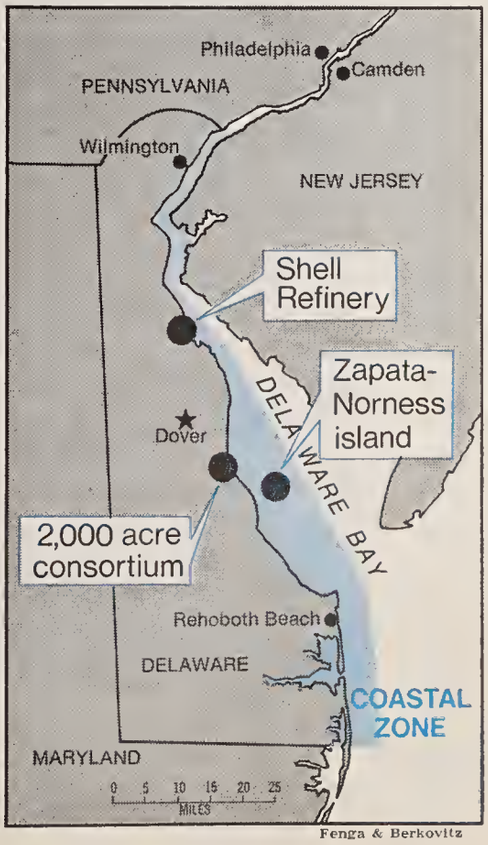
Delaware: Nature Over Industry

In Statehouses across the country, the reaction for years has been almost Pavlovian: governors and legislators alike salivated at the very thought of a huge industrial complex locating on their state's turf. New plants meant fat payrolls, increased employment, more tax dollars and certainly more votes; and so the states vied with each other in offering subsidies and tax breaks to whet American industry's appetite for expansion. Often enough, states even gave quiet assurances that their pollution laws, however skimpy, need not be taken seriously.

The banquet is far from over, but a surprising number of states—pushed and pummeled by angry alliances of environmental and consumer groups—are beginning to trim the menu. The latest renegade from the cause of industrial expansion is Delaware's Gov. Russell Peterson, himself a former Du Pont executive, who has vowed to sign a law this week that will be unprecedented in business-state relations. Against fierce opposition from a dozen major corporations —not to mention the U.S. Treasury and Commerce departments—the state will ban new heavy industry along the entire 100-mile Delaware Bay coastline, thus blocking several thousand new jobs and at least $750 million in developments that had already been announced. "We have too long gone hell-bent for election toward major industrial goals without adequate concern for the penalties we have been paying," Peterson told NEWSWEEK's James Bishop Jr. "Sure, we need industrialization, but we also need the right kind of quality of living."

Keep Out: Under Peterson's bill, the entire coastline of the state—already industrialized along 30 per cent of its length—would be closed to heavy industry and available to light industry only under restrictive permits. Offshore facilities for transferring bulk cargoes would also be banned. And he insists that the measure was far from a hasty act. "We have given thought to the economic arguments against our bill," he said, "and we are moving from strong conviction."

It is precisely the strength of such convictions that baffles and alarms some economists and government officials. "What mystifies me," remarks one Commerce Department official, "is that all this quality-of-life business is occurring at a time of high unemployment and a soft economy." A steel-industry economist warned that Delaware's citizens may well come out on the short end of the deal. Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans summoned Peterson to his office to lobby against the bill; as Maritime Administrator Andrew Gibson recalls it, "We told him it was a pretty frantic decision. But we were never able to get him off the kick, 'We don't want it, period, whether it pollutes or not.' That's a hell of a precedent. Suppose every state did this. What does this do to the nation?"



Fenga & Berkovitz

No one expects any universal revulsion against industry, but the opposition has been mounting; several states are downgrading development programs and slapping "no trespassing" signs on choice industrial sites. New copper mines are no longer welcome in Montana. In Hilton Head, S.C., a citizen coalition drove out BASF, the German chemicals company. In California, groups have hamstrung Southern California Edison's effort to build a new power plant 90 miles northeast of Los Angeles. And in Oregon, whose economy could use a healthy dose of new business, Gov. Tom McCall tells company after company: "We don't care about industry for industry's sake or payroll for payroll's sake." All told, frets a high Commerce Department official, "no one realizes what is happening. This country hasn't built a new oil refinery in two years. Opposition to power plants, airports, new mines, resort developments is vicious. It may lead to a no-growth economy."

Scrap Paper: But no state has blackballed industry—or is likely to do so soon—the way Delaware will this week. When Peterson signs his bill, Zapata Norness Inc. will have to scrap plans for a $165 million oil and steel facility on an offshore island the company would have built and linked to the mainland with a causeway. A thirteen-company oil consortium, which owns 2,000 choice acres north of Zapata's proposed island, will have to look elsewhere, too. And Shell Oil, which purchased 5,300 acres of Delaware coastline in 1962, must find another location for a proposed $200 million refinery.

Shell lobbied hard against the bill, and company officials were obviously stunned by the setback. Delaware is one of only two Atlantic-coast states with the deepwater port potential to service huge refineries; the other, Maine, greets



AP

Vealey: Putting the finger . . .









. . . on Mrs. Gilly, Martin, Huddleston and Gilly: Contract killers?

oil company overtures with icy stares. Shell estimates that the Eastern Seaboard by 1985 will require at least double the 5.7 million barrels of oil a day the area now consumes. "Everyone wants energy, but no one seems to want it produced in their state," grieves J. Carter Perkins, a Shell vice president based in Washington.

Delaware, of course, can afford to set precedents. Hundreds of large companies are normally headquartered in the state to take advantage of its liberal incorporation laws, and with the industrial facilities of Du Pont, Getty Oil, Hercules, Atlas Chemical Industries and others, the state has a rich tax base to pay its bills. For Peterson, however, the issue was simply environment versus economics. "There are many things we might forgo that call for more energy and more industrialization," he says, "and I think most people now are willing to make such a choice."

LABOR:

A Man Named Tony

In the morning after that cold December night in 1969, there seemed little doubt that the murders of Joseph A. (Jock) Yablonski and his wife and daughter were a tragic result of Yablonski's unsuccessful bid for the presidency of the United Mine Workers union. The three were gunned down in their Clarksville, Pa., home just weeks after Yablonski lost by a 2-1 margin to incumbent W.A. (Tony) Boyle in a bitterly contested election—and the union was still torn by the resulting tensions.

Last week there was a surprise confession in the Yablonski killings—but the sordid tale of fumbling, amateurish butchery merely underlined the ultimate question: who ordered the Yablonskis murdered, and why? A 27-year-old small-time burglar named Claude Vealey, who had been arrested in Cleveland three weeks after the murders, confessed that he and two other men, Paul Gilly, 37, a house painter, and Aubran W. (Buddy) Martin, 22, a laborer, gunned down the Yablonskis. Their payoff: $5,200 from a man whom Vealey referred to only as "Tony."

As Vealey told it, in a confession read in a hushed courtroom in Washington, Pa., the murder contract was actually placed in the summer of 1969, well before the fall UMW election. However, the execution was delayed; at one point, one man dropped out of the conspiracy and another time, Vealey said, he and Gilly "chickened out" after actually confronting Yablonski at his rural home.

Night Visitors: On the night of the murder, Vealey said, the trio parked near the Yablonski home and drank for three hours while they worked up their nerve and discussed how to carry out the killings. Finally, about 1 a.m., armed with a carbine and a .38-caliber revolver, they forced the back door, took off their shoes and tiptoed up the circular staircase to the second floor.

Vealey said Martin fired two shots at Yablonski's daughter, Charlotte, and then "I aimed the carbine at the Yablonskis . . . Mrs. Yablonski laid in bed and was screaming and Mr. Yablonski was getting up. I tried to fire the carbine and it did not work. I thought the safety was on and pushed a button, but this was the magazine release and it fell to the floor. Paul Gilly took the weapon from me, picked up the clip from the floor, put it back in the weapon, fired one time at the Yablonskis and tried to fire again but the gun jammed. Buddy Martin came over, stepped just inside the door, and fired four times, emptying his gun at the Yablonskis. After Buddy fired, the woman made no further sounds, but I could hear Yablonski gurgling." The next day, Vealey said, he was paid $1,000 by Martin and promptly spent $500 of it on a 1963 car.

Who was "Tony," the bagman for the Yablonski murders? Vealey's statement offered only the name, but no further identification. Special prosecutor Richard Sprague, who is pressing the case against Gilly, Martin and two other defendants—Gilly's wife, Annette, and her father, Silous Huddleston, a minor UMW official in La Follette, Tenn.—would give no more details or evidence. In Washington, officials of the UMW promptly denied that the mysterious Tony had anything to do with president Boyle. Said UMW general counsel Edward L. Carey: "Tony Boyle had nothing to do whatsoever with the killing of the Yablonskis. I state that categorically, emphatically and positively."

Thus it appeared that Tony's identity would remain a mystery at least until the murder trials begin, possibly next month. Vealey, whose confession may have saved him from the electric chair, will be the principal witness.

AIRLINES:

Fare War in Texas

Almost unnoticed in the uproar of the transatlantic air-fares battle, a savage little intrastate fare war had broken out in Texas last week. In a bid for the rich commuter traffic between Dallas and Houston, the nation's newest carrier, tiny Southwest Airlines, was taking on two entrenched rivals, Braniff International and Texas International—both of which had tried for almost four years to keep Southwest from getting its permit to fly the most lucrative routes in Texas.

Southwest, which is frankly patterned after California's hugely successful Pacific Southwest Airlines, has no Federal charter—and needs none, since it flies within a single state. And it was Southwest that fired the opening gun in the fare war with the announcement that its coach fares between Dallas and Houston would be $20, tax included—some 25 per cent less than its competitors had been charging. Within a matter of hours, Braniff and TI not only came down to $20 but countered with a variety of extra services—TI promised free beer, among other attractions, and Braniff offered hot and cold towels. Southwest's reply was a full-page ad proclaiming: "The other airlines may have met our price, but you can't buy love." Which apparently meant stewardesses in hotpants on each flight.

Even these charms came far from filling Southwest's daily dozen flights each way between Dallas and Houston, plus

After hours, Tom Connolly goes to the rescue



A heart attack . . . a mangling collision on the New Jersey Turnpike . . . a child choking to death . . . an elderly woman lying in agony with a broken hip. Emergencies like these call out for help.

Who answers? Tom Connolly, for example. He is a project engineer in Bethlehem's New York steel construction department. Tom and his fellow volunteers in an emergency ambulance squad serve around the clock in the Sewaren and Woodbridge, New Jersey area.

When Tom goes on duty he remains in the ambulance garage until 11 p.m., and then goes home to lie down beside an emergency telephone. When the phone rings, he's off to a scene that is often bloody, sometimes frustrating, and always demanding.

Tom has served for seven years, as medical corpsman, driver, instructor, squad captain, and director. When asked why he chose such a rigorous avocation, he replied: "Because it needs to be done."

Bethlehem Steel can't take credit for Tom Connolly's dedicated work on behalf of his fellow man. But we do take pride in the knowledge that Tom and thousands of men and women in our corporation have social consciences which lead them to volunteer for a variety of community services.

BETHLEHEM STEEL

Multifilter:

A low-tar cigarette with a tobaccoman's kind of flavor.



Consider it.

Regular: 15 mg."tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine—Menthol: 12 mg."tar," .9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov.'70

another six each way between Dallas and San Antonio, in the first full week of the carrier's operation. Each of its three Boeing 737s—the cost of which Southwest president M. Lamar Muse persuaded Boeing itself to finance—has seats for 112, but the largest number of paying customers on any flight last week was 48, and on one flight there were only three—one for each stewardess. But Muse, a veteran airlines executive who once worked for TI's predecessor, Trans-Texas, insists that the numbers are not discouraging and that, in fact, he had expected they might be worse. The break-even point, he adds, is 38 passengers. Muse himself is reluctant to discuss money because of Securities and Exchange Commission restrictions—the company went public early in June, offering 650,000 shares at $11 each—but one of his associates predicts: "We'll be making money by our second year. And from there on the sky's the limit."

Braniff, which has long had some 75 per cent of the business in the Dallas-Houston corridor and which offers flights almost every hour on the hour, was considered far less likely to feel Southwest's competitive tactics than TI, which has been having financial troubles for several years. "They won't make a dent in our market," declared a Braniff spokesman. "There's no doubt that we were forced to meet the fare, but we can still make a profit at the $20 level. Now we'll earn less. But we can do it and we will." As for Southwest's "love" theme, a TI spokesman added: "Passengers are more concerned about getting there on time than about hotpants. We've been loving our passengers since 1947, and we will continue to do so."

SECURITIES:

Going Public

Ever since the debacle of 1970 toppled more than 100 brokerage houses like precariously balanced dominoes and threatened a major panic, it has been clear to most Wall Street seers that the financial underpinnings of the investment business were no longer up to their task. A massive new infusion of money was needed to bolster brokerage firms with permanent equity capital that couldn't take flight in a storm, and this could happen only if they literally sold themselves by going public. Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette was the first to take the plunge, defying a New York Stock Exchange ban on public ownership to sell 800,000 shares, but the offering was greeted without enthusiasm, and there has been no rush to follow. Thus it was a major breakthrough when the world's largest brokerage and investment banking house, Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, announced in April that it would be next in line.

When the Securities and Exchange Commission finally released Merrill Lynch from registration last week, the "Thundering Herd" zipped from the corral in thoroughbred style. Issued at $28 a share, the 4 million-share offering almost instantly jumped to $41; by the weekend, the stock was holding at $37. In the process, insiders who had put up half the offering enriched themselves by $56 million, while Merrill Lynch itself raised a like amount. The sale increased the firm's capital position to $340 million, more than three times that of its closest competitor, Bache & Co.

Unique? But it was far from clear that others could follow this triumphant act. Despite Merrill Lynch chairman Donald T. Regan's claim to "an historic moment in the history of Wall Street," the unequivocal success of the offering clearly reflected the company's own success far more than it did widespread enthusiasm for shares in the brokerage business. "Sure, this marks a definite trend toward public ownership," insisted the president of another big firm, "but in many ways, Merrill Lynch is a special situation without comparison." And indeed it is—if only because its profits in the first four months this year reached $33.7 million, triple the comparable period a year ago and nearly equal to 1970's total earnings of $40.7 million. As champion of small investors, the company's dominance of the retail brokerage business is so pervasive that it has accounted for as much as 25 per cent of NYSE volume in odd-lot transactions.

These days, of course, nobody is getting rich handling small deals. In fact, most of the firms that felt the sting of last year's bear market were big wire houses with thousands of small clients. Even the $15 surcharge on stock transactions, first levied in April 1970 as a "temporary" palliative for Wall Street's wounds, has done little more than keep Wall Street solvent. In a study of 70 of its members, the exchange recently concluded that if it hadn't been for the surcharge, they would have racked up losses of $26 million in the first five months of this year.

Moving the Herd: Again, Merrill Lynch is the exception; the surcharge accounted for 38 per cent of its profits through April, and Regan has diplomatically suggested that it should be abolished. But in any case, expansion and diversification have comfortably cushioned Merrill Lynch's total profitability against the vagaries of volume and stock prices. Two years ago, for instance, ex-marine Regan helped steer the Herd into big-time money management with the acquisition of Lionel D. Edie & Co. About the same time, Merrill Lynch's institutional trading department began to "position" large blocks of stock as a service to big customers. And largely because of its unmatched retail distribution capability through 247 branches, it now ranks second only to First Boston Corp. in the investment banking field.



Tony Rollo—Newsweek

Merrill Lynch's Regan: A moment of history on Wall Street

Few brokers interested in public ownership can offer investors any such prospects. And as an added attraction, Merrill Lynch came to market in tremendous financial condition, free of the short-term debt that many brokerage houses used to finance expansion during the 1960s. As one leading expert on investment banking warns: "Before they even think about going public, many firms—especially the wire houses who desperately need the money—may have to reorganize or reduce their debt to make them attractive investments."

Nonetheless, several NYSE members undoubtedly will test the public market before the year ends. Piper, Jaffray & Hopwood, a large regional house based in Minneapolis, already has filed with the SEC. Other firms, such as Bache and Walston & Co., have announced their interest in diving in. Says Martin LeBou-



WALL STREET

IS THE FEELING MUTUAL?

BY CLEM MORGELLO

THE WEEK'S ACTION—JUNE 21-25

	Close	Point Change
Dow Jones Industrials	876.68	—12.48
NYSE Composite	54.10	—.53
Amex	25.18	—.20

Volume

NYSE 66,278,040 Amex 15,987,520

Over the years and through all kinds of markets, the mutual-fund industry has always managed to sell more of its shares to the public than it has had to redeem. But recently that favorable sales margin has grown threateningly thin. Finally in May, and for the first time in its recorded history, the mutual-fund industry redeemed more stock than it sold —$428 million to $306 million (chart).

The news caused one of the sharpest price slides since the current bull market began. And it has investors asking some worried questions. Why did it happen? Is it a bad omen for the fund industry? For the market as a whole?

The trend in sales and redemptions is in keeping with the pattern that usually develops after bear markets, and hence is no surprise. Mutual-fund shareowners are reluctant to cash in during a bear market because prices keep falling lower and lower. But as the market recovers and fund owners get even, or closer to even, they rush to bail out. On the other hand, sales grow more slowly because the small investor—backbone of the industry—is slow to recover his confidence. He simply ignores the improving performance of the fund industry. So far this year, for example, the average mutual fund has gained 12.9 per cent in price vs. only 4.6 per cent for the Dow Jones industrial average.

DISILLUSIONED?

Despite this, fund sales have always stayed ahead of redemptions in the past. Why the reversal this time? It's largely because the last bear market was so much more severe than previous postwar drops, and thus the hangover more painful, explains Martin Sass of Neuwirth Management & Research—and he wouldn't be surprised to see continued heavy redemptions for the next couple of months. John Bogle of Wellington Management Co. sees another important reason for the current trend: "Too many people put too much money into speculative funds" during the wild go-go years and have thus become disillusioned with funds in general.

Another contributor to the trend: a decline in sales forces of the fund industry and of the broker-dealer firms that are so important in selling fund shares. The abolition of the give-up—under which funds could channel some of their commission dollars to brokers that do a good fund-selling job—has also lessened the incentive for brokers to push funds. Finally, especially with the older funds, "many investors have achieved their objectives and are withdrawing money to pay college expenses or for retirement," says Investors Diversified Services. The biggest fund group in the country, IDS itself has about 54,000 of these withdrawal plans on its books requiring it to pay out some $70 million a year.

None of these reasons is cause for panic. Assuming that the bull market continues—and most brokers do assume it—the industry's fortunes should improve with the passage of time. "Mutual-fund buyers always come back in," comments money manager Fred Alger (Security Equity Fund, among others). "They think like odd-lotters. They generally sell during the first half of a bull market and reinvest during the last half. It's a question of mood. When the Dow goes over 1,000, funds will be hot again." To Wellington's Bogle, renewed emphasis on the long-term nature of fund investing vs. the short-term performance orientation of recent years will help a lot. "Then you'll have investors putting money in regularly and you won't have to worry about new sales," he says. Neuwirth's Sass would like to see his industry develop more new products—such as the increasingly popular tax-sheltered and real-estate vehicles —to whet investor appetites.

In the meantime, however, "mutual funds will not be a prop for the market as a whole," comments Harry Freeman Jr., of Van Strum & Towne (the Channing group of funds). Not only are redemptions running ahead of sales, but the industry's cash position is down to a rock bottom 4.9 per cent of assets vs. a high of 11.8 per cent last July. But although mutual funds may not be able to push stock prices up, neither are they driving them down by being forced to liquidate part of their portfolios in order to meet redemptions; there may be some isolated cases, but nothing big. Fears of such dumping contributed to the recent sharp break in stock prices.

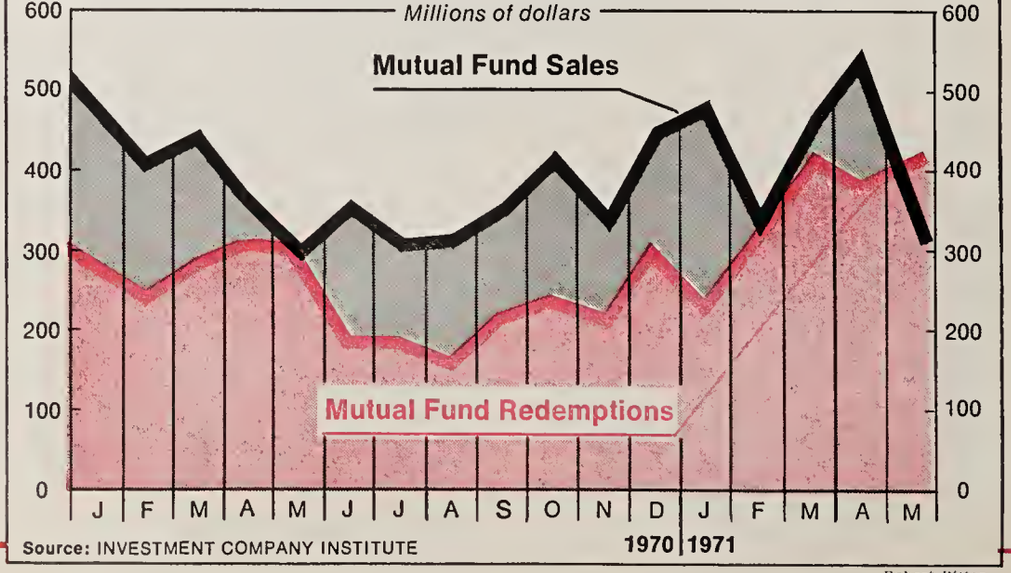
LITTLE BIG MAN

So if the bull market is to resume its climb soon, investment funds are going to have to come from other sources. Pension funds, for example, are much bigger than the fund industry—with a total of more than $205 billion in assets vs. $53.6 billion for mutual funds. But while pension funds have been holding up their end of the stock market, the available evidence indicates that they aren't increasing their activity.

Individuals are also well heeled. They put a huge $23.5 billion into savings deposits in banks and savings and loan associations during the first four months of this year vs. a minuscule $200 million during the like period last year. But as the odd-lot and margin figures clearly show, they are resisting any temptation to switch some of their savings into the stock market, despite the fact that the bull market is now more than a year old. It could well be that the next move in the stock market—as in the entire economy—may depend heavily on the decisions of the so-far reluctant consumer.

Redemptions > Sales = Worry

For the first time on record, mutual funds during May redeemed more of their own shares than they sold. They thus have less money to buy stocks and bolster the market. On the bright side, the funds were able to meet redemptions without dumping stocks to raise cash.



Source: INVESTMENT COMPANY INSTITUTE

Robert Ritter

tillier, executive vice president of Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis: "The adequacy and permanency of capital in securities firms is an imperative, and obviously the success of Merrill Lynch has to be an encouraging factor."

UNIONS:

Pornographers, Unite!

Like many another shady trade, pornographic publishing has long enjoyed a distinct advantage: its creative workers, operating on the fringes of respectable society, are paid as little as $250 per book. But in the age of group sex, gay liberation and the friendly neighborhood porno shop, such exploitation couldn't last—and sure enough, sixteen pornographers gathered in New York last week to form the nation's newest labor union, the Dirty Writers of America.

The immediate target of the writers' wrath was Olympia Press, publisher of both sexploitation books and the works of such acclaimed writers as Henry Miller and William Burroughs. But the writers were demanding not only more money, but artistic freedom as well; they complain that publishers "don't want humor in the middle of a sex scene." Countered Maurice Girodias, head of Olympia Press: "What kind of world is this? Even a dirty-book publisher has a right to live in peace."

DAY CARE:

What's a Mother to Do?

Nobody knows just how it got started, but old-timers in Mayfield, Ky., like to say it began when all the men in town marched off to fight for one side or the other in the Civil War. That left only their wives and daughters to turn out woolens for their uniforms in the town's textile mill, and that meant there was nobody to look after the children; and so the textile mill set up what is almost surely the oldest established corporate day-care center in the United States.

The Mayfield center, inherited in 1929 by what is now the Curlee Clothing Co., is still going strong. But despite the rising demand for day care from the forces of women's liberation and a few labor unions, very few companies have followed suit. In fact, the Labor Department not long ago found only eleven firms in the entire country with established day-care programs. And although there are 4.6 million working mothers in the labor force with children under 6 years old, there are only 640,000 licensed day-care spaces of any kind available. During World War II, when women were needed in defense plants, the Lanham Act subsidized government-funded day care. After the war, however, the program was discontinued and most centers were closed.

With women returning to the labor market in large numbers, corporate day care has once again become an issue. But few companies across the country have gone beyond making elaborate studies, and several firms that have set up centers have met a discouraging employee response. For example, of the 35 youngsters at Avco Corp.'s highly publicized center in Boston's Roxbury ghetto, just two are the children of company employees. Moreover, while 80 children are eligible for Vanderbilt Shirt Co.'s center in Asheville, N.C., less than half have enrolled. "I'm disappointed that people wouldn't jump at the chance," says Vanderbilt president Herbert Wadopin, "but there are economic considerations in sending a child to the center if they can get grandma for free."

The Vanderbilt center—which, like most other centers, tries to educate as well as baby-sit—charges $13 a week for the first child, $9 for any others. That's on the low side; in Boston, for instance, the Green Shoe Manufacturing Co. center at the edge of the Roxbury ghetto charges $10 to $25 per child, but actual costs come to $46.20 and Green Shoe puts up a sizable subsidy. Curlee Clothing's costs are lower, since it attempts little more than custodial care. "They might walk around the block," says Thomas Young, Curlee vice president. But the service is free to employees, and there is a waiting list.

Many interested companies say they have been scared out of day care by red tape and high costs. "The whole thing about establishing a day-care center here is wild," says Jan Tyroler of New York's Agency for Child Development. "You finally get to Step 5 and they say, 'Go back to Step 2½'."

One large New York bank ran into enormous setbacks during two years of concentrated study of day care. Skyrocketing real-estate costs and the logistics of bringing tots to Wall Street were obvious and expected problems. But above all, "We were hindered by elaborate fire, health and city building regulations," says the vice president who tried to put the program together. In day-care centers for infants, for instance, a New York corporation must meet 25 separate regulations which govern, among other things, group size and composition, staff, complicated medical-care procedures, outside consultant services in no less than seven fields and even the dimensions of diaper-changing tables. All told, executives estimated that the cost could come to an annual $3,500 per child. By contrast, the Labor Department study of eleven existing programs found that costs ranged from $1,000 to $2,800 per child.

While bureaucracy and cost may be discouraging some corporations, others haven't even broached the subject. "It's a buyer's labor market," says an official of the California Department of Social Welfare, which licenses day-care centers, "so companies don't feel pressured to put out for their employees." Companies that do start day-care programs are often motivated by a shrinking labor market and the desire to cut turnover and absenteeism. If these benefits materialize, however, they can justify a sizable subsidy for the center.



Dan Bernstein

Field trip: Children from Avco's day-care center view Boston aquarium

End Run: Some companies put off by the obstacles have found other routes to day care. New York banks, such as Chase Manhattan and Chemical, make low-interest loans to community centers. Illinois Bell helps its employees find neighborhood day-care help, and arranges training sessions in child care for the foster mothers in the program. And several large companies in the Boston area have approached Living and Learning Centers, an independent chain of high-quality day-care centers, about taking a number of slots for employees' chil-

MILTON FRIEDMAN

ON

WHICH CRYSTAL BALL?



Another test is developing between two competing economic theories—the Keynesian theory that stresses the effect of taxes and government spending on the course of the economy, and the modern quantity theory that stresses the effect of changes in the quantity of money.

Keynesian economists, most notably the New Economists of the Kennedy-Johnson Administration, are forecasting that the current recovery will remain weak unless taxes are reduced promptly and government spending increased sharply. Further, they forecast that such a stimulus would affect mainly output rather than prices.

The monetarists—a smaller though growing group—are forecasting a vigorous expansion with or without further fiscal measures. We believe that the real danger is an expansion so rapid that it will reignite inflation.

THE RECENT RECORD

The Federal budget is now running a deficit of more than $20 billion a year. However, this deficit reflects mainly the recession. The so-called full-employment budget—what expenditures and receipts would be if the economy were operating at full capacity—is in rough balance. The New Economists believe that a large full-employment deficit, which means an even larger actual deficit, is needed for a vigorous expansion.

The quantity of money grew from February 1970 to January 1971 at the annual rate of 5.5 per cent for M_1 (currency plus demand deposits), 10.1 per cent for M_2 (currency plus all commercial bank deposits other than large CD's). Since January, there has been a veritable monetary explosion—to 13.6 per cent for M_1, 18.3 per cent for M_2. Monetary acceleration in February 1970 was followed by an end to the recession nine months later—about the usual delay. The recent monetary explosion will start showing up later this year. That is why monetarists forecast a vigorous recovery.

This is the fourth such test in the past five years.

- In 1966, the Fed sharply slowed monetary growth, while fiscal policy was expansive. The New Economists forecast continued expansion in 1967; the monetarists, a slowdown or recession. A "mini-recession" did occur in the first half of 1967.
- In mid-1968, a temporary 10 per cent surtax was enacted to stem inflation. The Fed, fearful of overkill, proceeded to expand money rapidly. The New Economists forecast a slowdown in the first half of 1969 and a recovery in the second half. The monetarists correctly forecast continued boom into 1969. Then, when monetary expansion finally slowed in early 1969, they forecast the end of the boom by late 1969. Inflation reached its peak at the end of 1969 or early 1970.
- In late 1969, the New Economists forecast continued expansion. Ebullient Pierre Rinfret—a New Economist in approach though a sometime Nixon adviser—proclaimed confidently, "There ain't gonna be no recession." The monetarists, impressed by mild retardation in monetary growth in the first half of 1969 and severe retardation in the second half of 1969, correctly forecast a recession in 1970.

Score so far: New Economists, 0; monetarists, 3.* The next six to nine months will provide another tally.

I hasten to add that this evidence alone justifies little confidence in the monetarist views. Three swallows do not make a spring. Moreover, proponents of neither view claim anything like infallible ability to predict. All recognize that forces other than fiscal and monetary policy have an important influence on the course of events.

SCIENCE AND THE FED

However, this is far from all the evidence. Scholarly work on the relation between changes in the quantity of money and in economic activity covers more than a century of U.S. experience, as well as experience in many other countries. My own confidence in the importance of the quantity of money rests primarily on this evidence, not on the recent episodes. However, these episodes are newsworthy and dramatic. As a result, they have probably done more to promote acceptance of the monetarist view by the public at large than more basic scholarly work.

The fiscal and monetary authorities have made an important scientific contribution by their erratic policies. They have provided four successive experiments for our edification. But scientific knowledge has been bought at heavy cost—a mini-recession, an inflationary spiral, a real recession and now, the danger of renewed inflation. As a scientific observer, I am grateful. As a citizen, I am indignant. Why must the Federal Reserve swing so erratically from side to side? We urgently need a steady course.

*For my own forecasts, see my NEWSWEEK columns, "Inflationary Recession," Oct. 17 1966; "Taxes: The Hard Sell," May 13, 1968; "The Inflationary Fed," Jan. 20, 1969; "Economic Perspective," Dec. 22, 1969.

dren. Day-care centers have even become features of industrial parks.

Whatever the type of support that corporations give day care, it seems clear that business's involvement in the centers is sure to grow. "A lot of companies were making feasibility studies," says Susan Davis, a vice president of Chicago's Urban Research Corp., "but they let them go when the economy went bad. Now the thing shows signs of starting up again."

BRAZIL:

The New Yanquis

The first wave of immigrants, 63 years ago, was a hapless gang of impoverished farmers, all but exiled from their homeland as cheap labor for the coffee plantations. Since then, however, the Japanese community in Brazil has grown to a prosperous 700,000, and has become a key factor in the country's economic growth. Today's Japanese immigrants—the latest group of 49 disembarked from the Brazil Maru in São Paulo last month—are likely to be young college graduates bedecked with cameras and portable TV sets, who will help conduct the growing economic dialogue between Brazil and Japan.

The two countries are natural trading partners. Japan has great technical skills and a hoard of foreign-currency reserves of about $7 billion, but a minimum of natural resources. Brazil's vast resources—an estimated 30 per cent of the world's iron-ore reserves, for starters—are matched with precious little capital and know-how. And Brazil's Japanese colony helps to cement this natural partnership. The descendants of those first lowly laborers have bootstrapped their way to a leading role in Brazil's agriculture: Japanese farmers now produce 88 per cent of Brazil's tomatoes, 43 per cent of its eggs, 41 per cent of its potatoes and more than half the food consumed in São Paulo. Now they are moving aggressively into the business community.

Waving the Flag: Brazil, for its part, has welcomed Japanese enterprise. Recalling that 45 years ago, Japanese farmers first planted the black pepper and jute that became the mainstay of the Amazon economy, the government has now asked them to revitalize farming in the drought- and flood-racked northeast along the new Transamazon highway. The Japanese are happy to exploit any opportunity, and they regard their hosts with a curious mixture of scorn and diplomacy. As one American in São Paulo observes, "If the Japanese wave any flag, you can be sure it will be the Brazilian one." But a Japanese businessman adds, "Latins are very emotional and yet lazy. You have to understand the problems of sentiments of inferiority and aspiration."

President Emílio Garrastazú Médici's government, which took control in 1969,

has tried to accelerate Japanese investment—and whatever its record in civil rights, it has found admirers in the business community. "Foreign companies can rely on this government to maintain a stable political climate, a reasonable inflation rate, high growth effort and beneficial incentives," says one Japanese businessman. Japanese investment in Brazil jumped to $361 million last year from $230 million the year before. This is still relatively small change compared with U.S. Brazilian investments of $1.6 billion, but the Japanese curve is headed straight up, with new major investments planned in steel production, iron mining, chemicals and polyester fiber. Ishikawajima, a joint Japanese-Brazilian company, hopes to help make Brazil a major shipbuilding nation, producing twenty heavy-tonnage ships a year. It has already turned out

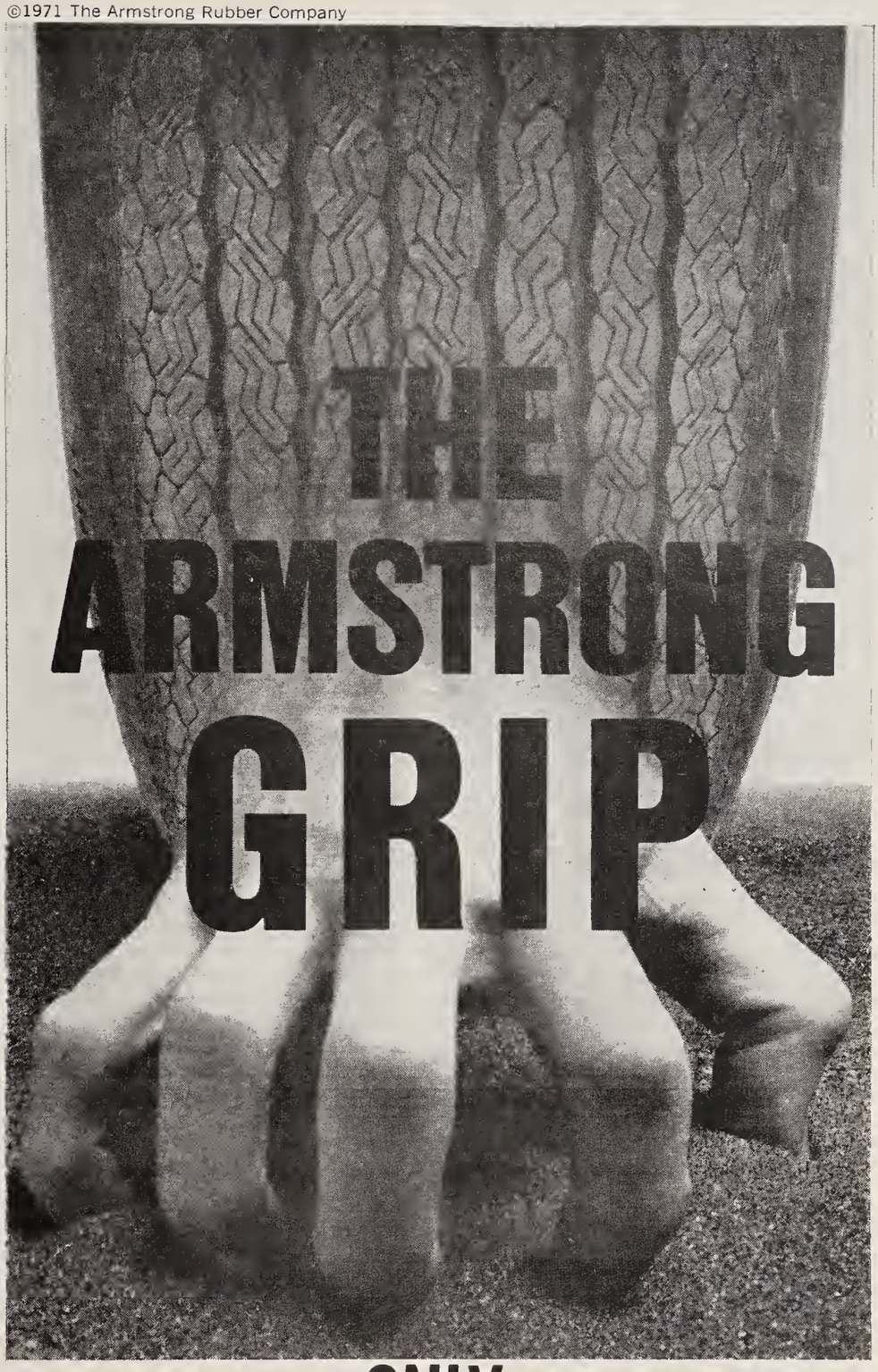


Launching: Banzai and viva!

such freighters as the 24,600-ton Ominium Pride, delivered earlier this year to a North American buyer.

In many countries, Japan's economic tactics would stir resentment; the big Japanese companies simply divided up the Brazilian markets among themselves, then went after the home-country competition with sharp price cutting. And, says Richard Lankenau of the American Chamber of Commerce, "anything they get into they virtually take over." But the newcomers have been as unobtrusive as possible, moving slowly and disclaiming grandiose ambitions. This policy, says Ikuzo Hirokawa, president of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce in Brazil, is designed to "avoid the cold shock of capitalism." And it works; most Brazilian industrialists so far are anything but furious at the Japanese incursions. Says one: "We just want to imitate them. One thing you can be sure of, wherever the Japanese enter, they go far."

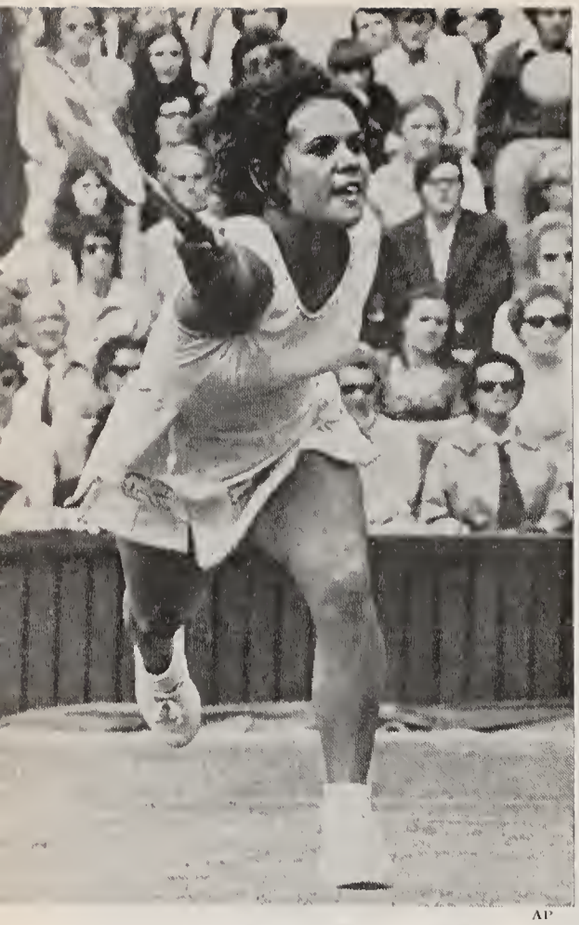
©1971 The Armstrong Rubber Company



ONLY
ARMSTRONG TIRES
HAVE IT.

The grip that's grooved to hold the road in any weather or road condition, grab strong, grip strong. The grip you get with our great line of Armstrong Tires. We pioneered grip even before we introduced fiber glass tires. And we never stop trying to improve it. The Armstrong Grip. This year it's stronger than ever.

ARMSTRONG TIRES
FIRST IN FIBER GLASS



AP

Goolagong: Instant star

Out of the Outback

Her curly brown hair frames a winsome face, and when she showed up at Wimbledon last week in an upbeat "kool pants" outfit the outcome was inevitable: newspapers all around the globe suddenly blossomed out with pictures of 19-year-old Evonne Goolagong. But among the sedate London tennis buffs who gather to eat strawberries and cream on Wimbledon's lush lawns, there was little talk of Miss Goolagong's mod fashions. Instead, the cognoscenti were absorbed in discussing the intricate nuances of her game—and her coach's flat prediction that she would take Wimbledon by 1974.

Judging by her early-round play last week, the scrappy, compact Australian doesn't care to wait another three years. Seeded third, Evonne took less than 50 minutes to dispose of each of her first two opponents and, in the third round, she defeated the highly regarded American Julie Heldman, with neat, crisp ground strokes from the baseline. The third match, to be sure, pointed up Evonne's uncertain play at the net. For the moment, however, she effectively overcomes this disadvantage with tremendous lateral speed, a slashing backhand and a cool temperament.

Evonne's success is all the more remarkable because she is an aborigine—and the first of her race to play competitive tennis. One of eight children of a sheepshearer, Evonne was raised in Barellan, a dusty, Outback village some 400 miles south of Sydney. Her parents remember her swatting a tennis ball with an old broomstick handle even before they could afford to buy her a second-hand racket. At the advanced age of 6, Evonne began haunting the solitary court that served as the Barellan tennis club. Three years later, having won a number of tournaments, the youngster caught the eye of Vic Edwards, one of Australia's leading tennis coaches. "I decided to leave her alone for a year," recalls Edwards, "to see if she would stick at it. Then I went back to Barellan and found that she had. I was terribly excited."

Influence: Realizing her potential, the townspeople of Barellan scraped up enough money for plane fare and clothes to send Evonne to Sydney for summer training sessions with Edwards. By the time Evonne was 14, Edwards persuaded her parents to let her move in with him and he has guided her career ever since. After honing her game on the Australian tour, Evonne turned professional this year, and Edwards decided to accompany her on the tour. Under the steadying influence of her coach, she pulled off one of the year's biggest upsets last February by beating Mrs. Margaret Court, the world's finest women's player, in straight sudden-death sets to take the Victorian championships. Shortly thereafter, she won the New Zealand championship, and last month she added the French Open to her list.

"The next couple of years are going to be tough on her," observes Mrs. Billy Jean King, a Wimbledon finalist at 19. "Evonne's lucky she's got Vic to help her, to keep the pressure off. But more important, she's a nice kid. Evonne always has a transistor radio with her, bebopping around, just like a teen-ager."

Notably reserved off the court, Evonne is acutely sensitive to questions about her race. Her decision to accept an invitation to play in the recent South African championships made headlines throughout the world, and she came under considerable pressure to boycott the event in protest over South Africa's apartheid policies. When asked about the trip, Evonne cautiously replies: "I had a wonderful time and I hope to go back next year. But right now I'm more concerned about Wimbledon."

Win or lose at Wimbledon this week, Evonne seems destined to shake up the world of women's tennis. "There's no other junior around to compare with her," says sister Australian Margaret Court, who plans to retire at the end of the season. "I'd like to help Evonne as much as I can in the next few months." Then, with unabashed chauvinism, Mrs. Court adds, "I'm very happy I've found another Australian to take my place."

The Triumph of Supermex

All the mighty golfers of this century have faithfully taken pilgrimages to Philadelphia's Main Line in hopes of taming sly old Merion with its blind holes, treacherous greens and curving fairways. It was on Merion's compact, gently rolling course that Bobby Jones completed his fabled Grand Slam in 1930 and Ben Hogan limped back from a near-fatal car accident to win the 1950 United States Open Championship in a three-way playoff. Thus even before the first golfer stepped up to the first tee, this year's U.S. Open seemed destined to be blessed by Merion's special charm and mystique. Yet well before Lee Trevino's stirring playoff victory over Jack Nicklaus last week, many of the pros were privately vowing never to court fair Merion again.

The most pervasive gripe centered around the course's length (only 6,550 yards). Unlike Pebble Beach or the Augusta National, courses that reward awesome power off the tee and sheer excellence with irons, Merion resembles a well-kept link for weekend duffers. "They told us that this was a course where every club in the bag would have to be brought into play," cracked one disgusted pro, "but they must've forgotten we had drivers."

Luck: According to the experts, Merion has always played tricks on a player's timing and thinking, but few expected the United States Golf Association to accentuate those characteristics by growing the rough as high as 6 inches, narrowing the weaving fairways, mowing the greens until they were slick as grease and positioning the cups on outrageously irregular topography. Even the normally reserved Nicklaus criticized the USGA's zeal in trying to preserve the famous old course's dignity. "The pin positions were probably the most difficult I've ever seen in any round I've ever played," grumbled Big Jack. "We had to create some luck in order to putt close to the hole. The guy who wins the Open is supposed to be the guy who plays the best golf, who hits the best shots, not the guy who has the most luck."

The only man playing in the Open who seemed immune to all this was the jocular Lee Trevino. After three rounds of the tournament, 21-year-old Jim Simons, a cherub-faced amateur from Wake Forest, stunned the gallery by taking a two-stroke lead. But on the final round Simons shot a crippling 76, candidly allowing that the pressure had "built up so much it tired me out." That left several professionals with a clear shot at the title, but when everyone had completed the regulation four rounds, the tournament was tied between Nicklaus and Trevino, both of whom entered the clubhouse with scores of 280.

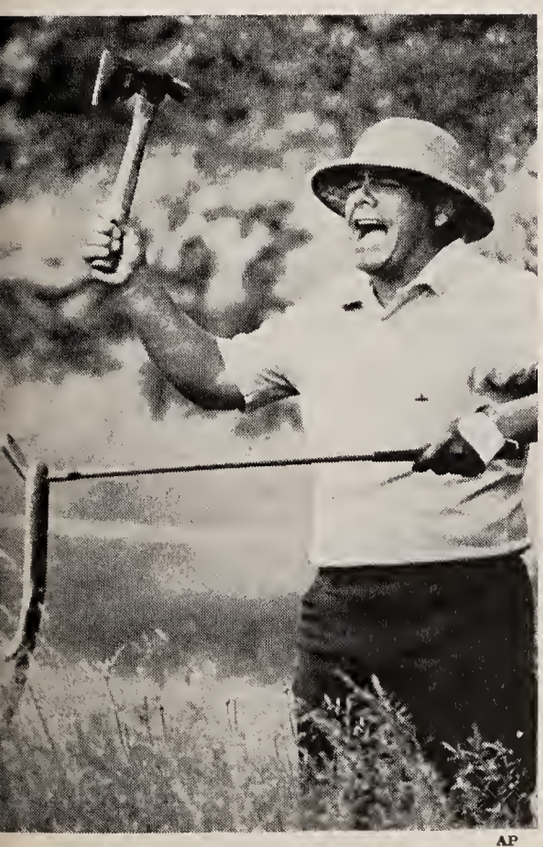
Thus the stage was set for a classic playoff match, a confrontation that pitted a quiet, blond, blue-eyed college graduate who perfected his game in Ohio's prestigious Scioto Country Club against a garrulous, Mexican immigrant's son who learned the game hustling matches on Texas public courses. When asked if he felt any undue pressure, Trevino

snapped: "You don't know what pressure is until you play for five bucks with only two in your pocket."

Indeed, Trevino wasn't about to let stuffy tradition or stifling pressure unsettle his game. Moments before the dramatic playoff match was to begin, Nicklaus sat quietly under a tree near the first tee as he and a huge throng nervously waited for Trevino. When he finally arrived, "Supermex," as Trevino likes to call himself, strutted out to the tee, and waved to the crowd, then suddenly reached into his golf bag and plucked out a plastic toy snake. After jiggling it ostentatiously at the end of his driver, he flipped the snake at a scrambling Nicklaus. The crowd roared with laughter—and the tension temporarily evaporated.

At once Trevino ran into trouble by bogeying the first hole. But the affable chicano kept himself loose with another old trick. "Lee talks a lot after a bad shot to relieve his tension," noted Nicklaus. "After the first hole it was jabber, jabber, jabber. Maybe *I* should have done the talking." Maybe so. For Trevino scurried to a quick two-stroke lead when Nicklaus bogeyed and double-bogeyed the second and third holes. The blond Ohioan soon straightened out his game, but Trevino played almost faultless, two-under-par golf to bag his second Open in four years by three strokes.

"Every dog has his day," Trevino exulted after the match. "Now my goal is to win a million bucks in prize money. I want to play every week. Hell, I'll even play in the Screen Door Open. It doesn't matter to me. I want to buy a hunk of life for me and my kids."



AP

Trevino at Merion: Clown prince

TRANSITION

Died: Lord Boyd Orr, 90, Scottish nutritionist, winner of the 1949 Nobel Peace Prize; in Edzell, Scotland, June 25. He won the award for his worldwide contributions in the battle against famine, especially as the first director of the U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization from 1945 to 1948. As Boyd Orr saw it, nourishment could build a path to peace. "What is called Communism in backward countries," he said, "is hunger becoming articulate."

■ Libby Holman, 65, torch singer of the 1920s and '30s; in Stamford, Conn., June 18. She sang and lived the blues. Her first husband, a Reynolds tobacco heir, was murdered in 1932 in an unsolved shooting, with Libby accused of it before being cleared for lack of evidence; their son was killed at 17 in a mountain-climbing accident; husband No. 2 died of an overdose of sleeping pills. Libby's death was kept quiet until a reporter was tipped two days later; clad in a bikini, she had been found by her third husband, artist Louis Schanker, in their Rolls-Royce in the garage. The state medical examiner is conducting laboratory tests to establish the cause of death.

■ Carl Rose, 68, New Yorker magazine cartoonist; of cancer, in Rowayton, Conn., June 20. His style blended genial satire with exquisitely detailed draftsmanship. A 1928 Rose drawing—with caption by E.B. White—became a New Yorker classic, showing a mother and her balky little girl at the dining table. Mother: "It's broccoli, dear." Daughter: "I say it's spinach, and I say the hell with it."

■ Kenny Washington, 52, former football star; of heart, lung and arterial ailments, in Los Angeles, June 24. As a halfback for the Los Angeles Rams from 1946 to 1948, he opened a door for blacks in pro football—just as his college teammate, Jackie Robinson, had done in baseball. Robinson and Washington starred as running backs for UCLA in 1939.

■ James Ramsey Ullman, 63, author and mountain climber; of cancer, in Boston, June 20. "Americans on Everest," his 1964 best seller, chronicled the first U.S. conquest of the world's highest peak. Ullman was a member of that expedition, though not one of the six climbers who went up to the top.

■ Gar Wood, 90, retired industrialist and all-time king of speedboat racers; of pneumonia, in Miami, June 19. He invented the hydraulic lift for trucks in 1911 and helped develop World War II's PT boats. But Michigan's "Gray Fox" was best-known for his Gold Cup and Harmsworth Trophy triumphs in the 1920s and '30s, highlighted by the roaring duels between Wood's Miss America and Kaye Don's Miss England.

HIGHEST EARNINGS IN THE NATION
ON INSURED SAVINGS

6% 2 YEAR TERM ACCOUNTS $5,000 MINIMUM

1 YEAR TERM ACCOUNT WITH MINIMUM BALANCE OF $1,000 5¾%

3 MONTH CERTIFICATES WITH MINIMUM BALANCE OF $1,000 5¼%

El Dorado Savings pays the top interest rates in the nation on your savings dollars. On Passbook Accounts you earn the 5% current annual interest rate (well above bank rates).

FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN INSURANCE CORPORATION — SAFETY OF YOUR SAVINGS — INSURED UP TO $20,000

EL DORADO SAVINGS
AND LOAN ASSOCIATION
George L. Cook, President
HEAD OFFICE: HWY. 50 & CENTER ST.
PLACERVILLE, CALIFORNIA 95667

Who pays for a college education?

Most people would say students and their families—through tuition fees.

But tuition pays only about ⅓ of what it costs a college to educate a student.

The other ⅔? The colleges must get that from other sources.

From you, for example. Give to the college of your choice.

ADVERTISING COUNCIL — advertising contributed for the public good

MULTI MILLIONAIRE



providing exceptional business opportunities of incalculable proportions for those with business aptitudes. vital booklet, NEW ROADS TO OPPORTUNITY AND WEALTH mailed FREE on request.
John R. Sauer, President
Success Associates International, Dept. NEWQ
P.O. Box 22458, Denver, Colorado 80222.

Mortarboard in Hand

After trying to help struggling seniors find postgraduation jobs this spring, Stanford placement officer John Kerns formulated what came to be known in Palo Alto as "Kerns's Law": a college graduate's chances of obtaining a job stand in inverse proportion to the length of his hair. In keeping with Kerns's Law, many Stanford men, who normally prefer not to trim their hair, have rushed to barbershops in recent weeks. And even more extreme measures have been adopted by seniors at other colleges around the country. At Michigan State not long ago, seniors went so far as to camp overnight in the corridors outside their placement office just to be certain to get their names listed on interview schedules.

The students' desperation results from employment prospects that campus placement officials describe as the worst since the end of World War II —or even since the Depression of the 1930s. "We have had little dips before, but never anything like this," says Pauline V. Chapman of the University of Illinois who has spent 26 years in placement work. At Illinois, one-third of the companies scheduled to interview business-school graduates this spring simply canceled their appointments. Similarly, at Stanford the number of corporate recruiters visiting the campus fell from 450 in 1969 to 150 this year. Over-all, national surveys indicate that industry and government will hire at least 25 per cent fewer graduates this year than last.



Conrad © 1971, Los Angeles Times

Class of 1971: Diplomas and unemployment

Horde: The reason for the plight of the class of 1971 is obvious enough: the economic recession that has kept national unemployment figures around 6 per cent and has forced companies to trim costs and cut back on hiring. What makes this all the harder for the new alumni to accept is the memory of the recent past when college seniors could pick and choose among lucrative job offers from a horde of eager recruiters. Now, by contrast, many graduates have begun to doubt the value of the college degrees that they had expected to cherish. "As far as I can tell, I'll be a secretary or waitress next year," complains one coed who graduated last month with the first class of women ever to earn a degree from Yale College. "My liberal education hasn't given me too many skills to sell, so I hope you will pardon my bitterness."

For new graduates planning to enter the business world the pressure is greatest on engineers, who are victims of the drastic recession in the aerospace industry. "Even companies in other fields are reluctant to hire the engineers," says Illinois's Mrs. Chapman. "They figure that when aerospace opens up again these people will leave." But possibly the gloomiest prospects of all face the recipients of bachelor's degrees who want to teach in the public schools and the Ph.D.'s who hope to enter college teaching. Educational institutions at all levels began sharp budget trimming last year, and the market has grown worse this spring. The Newton, Mass., school system, for example, expects nearly 4,000 applications for 140 vacancies. And the Cooperative College Registry, a nonprofit placement center for college teachers and administrators, reports that more than one-third of the Ph.D.'s who listed themselves last October for assignments in higher education were still without jobs on June 1.

Stripped of their accustomed sources of employment, and increasingly venturesome as well in their vocational interests, many of the recent graduates are now turning to new and sometimes surprising careers. Some members of the class of 1971 are working as draft and drug counselors, advising on planned parenthood and ecology projects and even taking up craft occupations such as candlemaking and leatherworking. "Students will work for peanuts," says San Francisco State placement officer Maria Charnow, "if they can do something they relate to." But how long that mood will last is arguable. "A lot of people my age think it's cool to sweep floors," says 1970 Berkeley graduate Lewis Leader, who now works as a clerk in a health-food shop. "But I wonder how content they will be when they turn 30."

In all likelihood, it won't be necessary to wait that long to see the effects of the depressed job market. Indeed, some academics credit the quiet mood on campus this year at least in part to the increased anxiety among students about finding work. Quick to notice this trend were corporate recruiters, who had become resigned to the haughty demeanor of confident students in years past. Says one recruiter for a major company that has been a frequent target for campus protesters: "I would be lying if I did not admit enjoying the students' new mortarboard-in-hand attitude."

Such glee may be only temporary; some placement officials hope for substantial improvement in the job market in the near future. "It is likely that things have bottomed out," says Robert F. Herrick, executive director of the nonprofit College Placement Council. "We expect slow, steady improvement." But most campus and business executives believe the gilt is off the cap and gown for a long time to come. "Students have been living in an unreal world," says an official of the Dow Chemical Co. "They better get used to the idea that jobs are difficult to find."

Electronic Reading

Two years ago, "Sesame Street" took on the task of introducing pre-school children to the learning process by means of television and in short order scored what was widely hailed as an educational triumph. Encouraged by this achievement, the Children's Television Workshop, which produces "Sesame Street," last week unveiled plans for yet another pioneering effort—a program called "The Electric Company" that is designed to teach basic reading skills to children between the ages of 7 and 10.

CTW's "Electric Company," scheduled to debut Oct. 25, will be a half hour long and will be broadcast twice daily five days a week on a network of some 200 educational stations (plus a handful of commercial ones). Its seven-member cast, headed by four-time Emmy winner Bill Cosby and Oscar-winning actress Rita Moreno, will portray such characters as hipster "Easy Reader" and a detective called "Fargo North, Decoder." But the performers are certain to be upstaged by a kaleidoscopic mélange of aural and visual delights. In partial response to the criticism from some educators that "Sesame Street" did not take full advantage of its medium, "The Electric Company" (which has so far cost $7 million to produce) will rely heavily on the most sophisticated video techniques. The program is stuffed full of quick cuts, attention-grabbing musical effects and punny sketches—all the product of eighteen months of painstaking research on the kinds of television material 7- to 10-year-old children prefer to watch.

The ultimate success of "The Electric Company," however, will be determined not by its effectiveness as television but by its effectiveness in teaching kids to



'Electric' scene: Decoding language

read. There are scores of reading programs already inundating U.S. schools, most of which do not seem to work. "The Electric Company's" approach, however, will emphasize that reading is actually no more than "decoding" print to ascertain the meaning of words. "We want to show," says producer Samuel Gibbon, "that there is a correlation between spoken language and reading—that reading is simply a decoding process." And although the show is not aimed primarily at black ghetto children or rural whites, it does hope to teach them that the colloquial spoken language they have already mastered is a quite acceptable means of communication—an idea, says Gibbon, "that the child is rarely allowed to believe in a classroom."

Target: The primary audience for "The Electric Company" will be children attending school regularly, but CTW producers see their program as supplementing rather than conflicting with formal instruction. The school-age target group was selected, explains CTW president Joan Ganz Cooney, because children in second, third and fourth grades who are already faltering in reading can still benefit from a fresh "mid-course correction."

Some educators are already wondering, however, if "The Electric Company" might not also lead to a breakthrough in reading instruction for adult Americans—some 10 per cent of whom, by U.S. Government estimates, are functionally illiterate. "It is a shock to many of us," says Mrs. Cooney, "that millions of Americans cannot read well enough to get a driver's license, understand a newspaper or advance in a job." If "The Electric Company" can establish that the cool charm of television is able to teach reading to an audience of all ages, it could perform a national service of extraordinary educational significance.

Italy's Model City

Ask an old-line Italian capitalist what he thinks of Bologna—Italy's seventh-largest city—and his response is likely to be an almost equal mixture of admiration and abhorrence. On the one hand, Bologna is generally regarded as one of the best-run cities in Europe—and is gradually becoming a model for urban planners of every nationality. On the other hand, there is the awkward fact that for 26 years now, the voters of Bologna have entrusted the government of their city to Communists.

To the casual visitor, the only obvious sign that Bologna is a Communist-run city lies in the street names in the newer neighborhoods; a Via Giovanni XXIII (Pope John XXIII) may run next to a Via Lenin or a Via Stalingrad. And, in fact, Bologna's livability is less a product of Marxism than of old-fashioned humanism. While other Italian cities have been overwhelmed by unrestricted growth in the last decade, Bologna has abjured further expansion and is stabilizing its population at around 600,000 by directing would-be immigrants to seventeen satellite communities circling the city. Each such community will be permitted to expand to 50,000 inhabitants, thus allowing Bologna and its satellites eventually to reach a population of about 1.5 million without undue congestion.

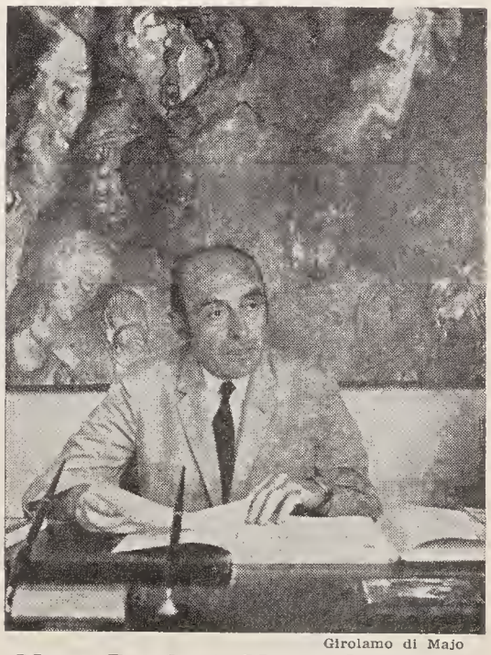
With similar prescience, Bologna was the first city in Italy to bar cars from its ancient piazzas. Then, going a vital step further, it barred building on the 1,000 hillside acres that overlook the heart of old Bologna—thereby insuring green vistas for all future generations. It has also established a municipal kindergarten system that is attended by no fewer than 75 per cent of the city's young children—an accomplishment unrivaled anywhere else in Italy.

Future: Surprisingly, Bologna's success is not a result of executive fiat. Rather, the city is governed by eighteen *quartieri*, or locally elected ward councils, which provide a measure of grass-roots representation unknown in most Western metropolises. Besides acting on citizens' complaints, the councils effectively shape the future of their local areas by requiring builders to supply new housing developments with a park, pool or school. "It is slow work because I can't sign anything until everyone approves," says Mayor Renato Zangheri, a former economics professor who decorates his office in the renovated sixteenth-century civic palazzo with Jackson Pollocks and Graham Sutherlands. "But once a plan is decided on, there is greater conviction for what we are trying to do."

If administrative decisions tend to come slowly in Bologna, their subsequent execution is amazingly efficient. In 1968, the city tied all its districts into a mammoth IBM 360 computer system that can do everything from tracing missing persons to providing new arrivals to the city with employment information in a matter of seconds. And currently, Mayor Zangheri is testing some other urban experiments that could well inspire imitation elsewhere. Instead of penning all orphans up in orphanages, Bologna now houses some in family-style groups of seven, together with three social workers as surrogate "parents." Similarly, instead of shipping all of its elderly off to depressing nursing homes, the city now provides some with free, at-home nursing care.

Pride: Predictably enough, its political opponents argue that Bologna's Communist administration takes the bows for a life-style that is second nature to the Bolognese anyway. Bologna has long been noted for an honest and self-disciplined citizenry that takes pride in exhibiting civic courtesy. "The Communists are clever," says one Christian Democratic politician. "They take credit for everything, even for the fact there is no crime. But everyone knows that the Bolognese are inherently law-abiding."

There is some truth to this charge. But that, after all, is politics—at which Bologna's Communists are skilled. During the current renovation of Bologna, for instance, the government is being careful to see that workers—who tend to vote Communist—get some of the prized central-city apartments so they will not be obliged to move out to the suburbs. Yet at the same time the Communists have bent over backward to let their opponents hold rallies and use public buildings, and by most accounts they continue to enjoy an unusually high measure of public support. "They aren't Communists—they are men who use their heads," says one local cabdriver. "If they should stop being reasonable men, we would simply vote them out of office."



Girolamo di Majo

Mayor Zangheri: Marxist humanist



Wally McNamee—Newsweek

Superpup recruits: Treated like dogs

Best of Breed

Every breed of dog has its special strength. The standard poodle, for example, is generally conceded to be the smartest of dogs, while the Labrador retriever is prized for its even disposition and the Doberman pinscher excels in ferocity. But when it comes to the optimum combination of intelligence, good temper and aggressiveness, the German shepherd wins, paws down. And it is for that reason that the U.S. Army has chosen the German shepherd for a scientifically regulated, ten-year breeding program that, the Army hopes, will eventually produce an animal so exceptional as to be worthy of the title "Superdog."

The German shepherd, of course, has long been a favorite of the military. In Vietnam, the animal is used to detect the odor of North Vietnamese or Viet Cong sneaking up on a base; the dog's keen nose can single out the pungent aroma of the *nuoc mam* fish sauce relished by Vietnamese. The dogs also do a superior job sniffing out booby traps and tracking down enemy troops.

Despite such accomplishments, however, the Army has gradually reached the conclusion that only a far more genetically refined German shepherd can measure up to missions of the future. "We need a dog that can be trained faster, hold its training longer and be more adaptable to stress than any of the animals now available," explains Col. M.W. Castleberry, who commands the Superdog program at the Army's Edgewood Arsenal near Baltimore.

Boot Camp: Working with some 300 German shepherds—50 adults and 250 puppies—Castleberry hopes to cut the time required to train a dog from sixteen weeks to as few as eight.

To the surprise of no one who has ever served a military hitch, the Army treats its Superdog recruits like—well, dogs. Physical conditioning begins the fourth day after whelping when the pups are placed in a chilly 30-degree Fahrenheit room for one minute and given a topsy-turvy ride on a wobbly turntable for three minutes. This supposedly accustoms the dogs to stress.

At eight weeks, the pups begin basic training. They are taught, among other things, to fetch and to run through a complicated maze. "If a dog learns its tasks quickly," Colonel Castleberry says, "we assume it has the necessary intelligence. There really is no other way to measure this trait."

At various stages in their growth, the young dogs are X-rayed for signs of dysplasia—a congenital malformation of the hip sockets that renders shepherds chronically lame. Only those animals that prove skeletally sound and that pass the intensive testing remain in the program to breed. "Let me have seven or ten generations," promises Castleberry, "and we'll have that Superdog." Then all that will remain to be seen is whether the enemy can develop the obvious counterweapon—a scientifically trained, selectively bred strain of "Superflea."

The Cadmium Crisis

Soon after World War II, some 200 Japanese living in Fuchu-machi, a township 150 miles west of Tokyo, fell victim to a debilitating disease which induced muscular pains so severe that it was dubbed *itai, itai byo,* or ouch, ouch disease. The symptoms of itai, itai included lumbago pains, decalcification of bones, and kidney damage; and strangely it was most common in post-menstrual women who had borne many children. Now, more than twenty years later, the cause of itai, itai has been identified; it is poisoning by large amounts of cadmium, a metal similar to zinc which is used extensively in the plating industry. The cadmium had been released in metal wastes from a mine into a river close to Fuchu-machi, whence it had found its way into the rice fields, and eventually into its victims.

Today, with greater control over the release of cadmium and other trace metals into the environment, such a serious outbreak is unlikely to be repeated. But scientists now realize that relatively small amounts of cadmium can cause more limited forms of disease in the kidneys and lungs, particularly when a person is exposed to the metal over long periods of time. And cases of exposure to cadmium are becoming increasingly common. Last month the Food and Drug Administration warned that fifteen children had fallen ill after eating a novelty product known as candy love beads, which contained more than 1,000 parts per million of cadmium. Then a recent study by the Environmental Protection Agency revealed unusually high concentrations of cadmium, as well as arsenic and lead, in the hair of children in Helena, Mont., a center of copper processing. A University of Cincinnati group reports the metal is present in tobacco smoke, and the FDA is checking cadmium levels in canned and frozen spinach.

Hazards: Last month, at the University of Rochester, three scientists from Sweden's Karolinska Institute presented a report on the hazards of the metal which concluded that "cadmium can undoubtedly constitute a serious health problem." "There is much evidence," the report stated, "that exposure to this metal in both the industrial and the general environment has given rise to serious intoxication in human beings."

The three scientists, headed by Dr. Lars Friberg, pointed out that cadmium has long been recognized as an occupational health hazard. Only recently, however, have cadmium and other trace metals been identified as dangerous to people not exposed to them in their daily work. The major reason for this is that analytical methods in the past have been too crude to detect the small amounts of these metals in the air, water and foods.

These small amounts can be hazardous because, like mercury, cadmium tends to accumulate in the body. Indeed, in terms of longevity, cadmium is far worse than mercury, for while the body excretes half of the amount of mercury it absorbs within about 70 days, it takes anything from two to 30 years to lose the same proportion of cadmium.

Fortunately, only a small proportion of the cadmium taken up by the body is actually absorbed. Once it is absorbed, the metal generally makes its way to the kidneys. There it begins to build up, and once it reaches a proportion of some 200 parts per million the symptoms of kidney damage become evident. "It's a typically chronic disease," explained Friberg last week. "It takes a long time before you reach the critical level."

Signs: Just how much exposure is necessary to reach this level of cadmium in the kidneys, however, is open to question. Scientists in Sweden have shown that industrial workers exposed to the metal for seven years or more develop no symptoms of disease, while Japanese investigators have discovered that people in their 20s exposed to much the same amounts of the metal show signs of kidney disease within three years of their first exposure. One possible reason for this variation is that the effect of cadmium on the body can be enhanced if the victim's diet is deficient in essential ingredients such as proteins and calcium. But whatever the exact effect of cadmium on the body, the Swedish researchers were firm in their conclusion that exposure to it should be avoided. "My feeling," declared Friberg, "is that both cadmium and mercury belong to the group of substances for which every possible effort should be made to reduce exposure."

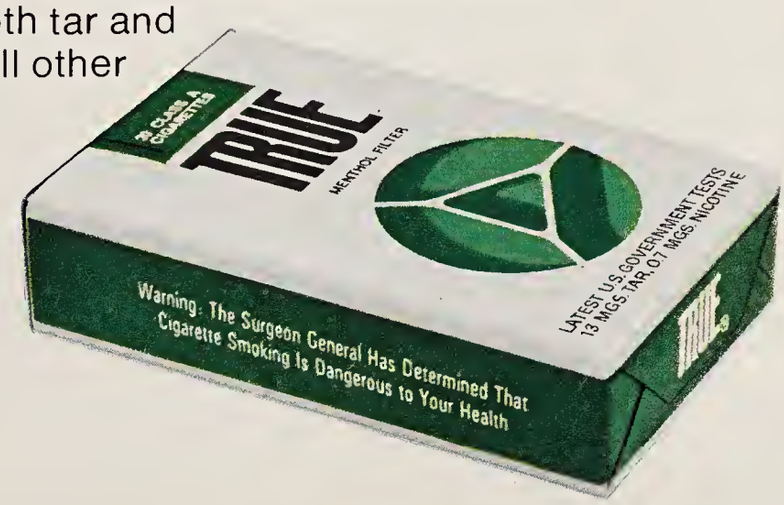
How do your cigarette's tar and nicotine numbers compare with True?



Place your pack here.

Compare your cigarette's tar and nicotine numbers with True.

No numbers on the front of your pack? True puts its numbers right out front. Because True, regular and menthol, is lower in both tar and nicotine than 99% of all other cigarettes sold.
Think about it.



Regular or menthol. Doesn't it all add up to True?

Regular 12 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, Menthol 13 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Nov.'70.

© Lorillard 1971

Is North Slope oil

Three years ago, oil was found on the North Slope of Alaska. Humble Oil (a Jersey affiliate) and our Arctic exploration partner, Atlantic Richfield, made the first commercial strike. Up to then, things hadn't looked so good.

Humble had been drilling in Alaska for fourteen years. Our last hole had cost four-and-a-half million dollars. And it was dry.

We hope this will give you an idea of what a gamble it is to look for oil these days. In America, most of the oil near the surface has been found long ago. Now we have to drill deeper, sometimes as deep as three miles or more. We have to drill far offshore. And we have to go to places as remote as the North Slope of Alaska.

And the farther we have to go and the deeper we have to drill, the greater the financial risk.

It takes thirty days to erect a rig on the North Slope, compared with three days in Texas. And, it costs six times as much to drill.

Roads scarcely exist. And, in winter, when sea lanes are choked with ice, all equipment must be flown in, twenty tons at a time. The freight bill *alone* for our first North Slope well was nearly a million dollars.



really worth the risk?

Temperatures plunge to seventy below. This slows a man down below his normal efficiency. And you have to pay plenty to get him to work in such conditions. Our derrick men get $20,000 a year and earn every penny of it.

Following the discovery of oil on the Slope, we faced the problem of how to get the oil out of Alaska with a minimum disturbance of the Arctic environment. The solution is the most carefully engineered and constructed crude oil pipeline in the world. Until it is built, profits will wait. And so far, not a penny has been earned from the millions of dollars invested on the North Slope.

Are the rewards worth the conditions, the frustrations and the risk? We think so. For you. And for us.

If America's energy supply is to be assured in this unpredictable world, the search for domestic oil must go on. The Alaskan oil strikes are big. But so is America's need for energy. At the rate this country is now using oil, the oil discovered to date in Alaska represents just three years' supply.

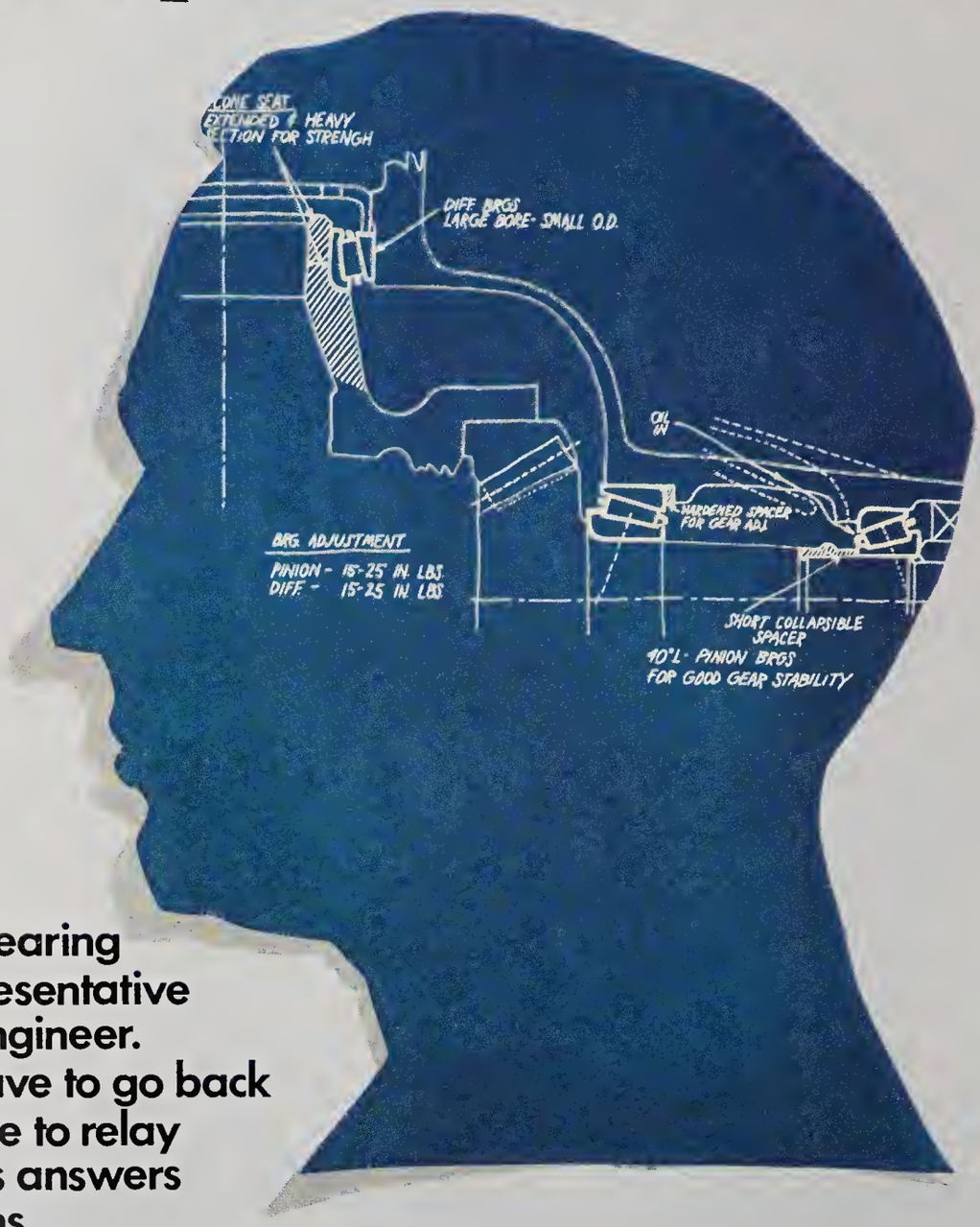
A chilly thought.

Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)

Esso



Our salesmen are cut out to be more than just salesmen.



Every Timken® bearing OEM sales representative is a graduate engineer. So he doesn't have to go back to his head office to relay somebody else's answers to your questions.

When you're in the market for original equipment bearings, you need a bearing sales engineer who can solve your bearing problems on the spot, not a salesman who continually consults somebody at the home office.

That's why we at The Timken Company use only graduate engineers as OEM sales representatives. We spend 18 whole months teaching them how Timken tapered roller bearings are made, and how to fit them to your design applications.

Nobody else goes to that kind of trouble to train bearing salesmen. Nobody thinks it's worth it.

But we know it's worth more to you in the long run.

The Timken Company, Canton, Ohio 44706.

Worth more in the long run.

TIMKEN®

REGISTERED TRADEMARK



Ann-Margret, Nicholson: Other people's dream

Love in a Blind Alley

Behind the opening credits, the two college roommates dream in the dark, talking about women, about sex, about love. Jonathan would rather be loved than love. Sandy would rather love than be loved. Jonathan discusses women in shapes and sizes. Sandy speaks of spiritual unions. Both are virgins, but already Sandy sings songs of innocence and Jonathan songs of experience. Enjoying the fiction of the young, they believe themselves heir to infinite possibility. But screenwriter Jules Feiffer and director Mike Nichols know better. Their **CARNAL KNOWLEDGE** is the story of two young men who grow older without growing up, who travel through time without changing, who live out destinies that are already drawn by the lines of their limited selves.

At first, they are not out of joint with their time. Exuberant and earnest, they perform the sad-funny mating dance of the 1940s like all their classmates, struggling in the strait jacket of a morality that divides women into madonnas and whores and men into make-out artists and losers. Jonathan, as played by Jack Nicholson, is a more sophisticated version of Feiffer's Harry the Rat with Women, using his considerable charm and a kind of specious honesty—the unhappy childhood routine, the mouthing of noble sentiments about saving the world—to seduce Candice Bergen, who embodies the fantasies of both roommates, being part body, part spirit, and entirely unsure of which takes priority.

Energy: Quite logically, she falls in love with Nicholson, while Arthur Garfunkel as Sandy falls in love with her—so both men get what they want, with the woman as the victim. And so it remains a decade later. Garfunkel, the successful doctor, has married Bergen, but their ideal union lacks energy, despite the couple's campaign to make love in all seven rooms of their apartment.

Nicholson has found his ideal figure in an Olympian model, quite finely embodied by Ann-Margret. Hers is perhaps the saddest character in this very sad movie—for she is everyone's adolescent dream but her own. Lonely, trained to seek marriage, she sits caged in a body that has always betrayed her into the hands of the wrong kind of men, popping pills and swilling Scotch and waiting to be taken care of. Nichols deserves great credit for casting her, and Ann-Margret responds with a quiet, soft, moving performance that catches the pathos of so many women who never develop their inner resources because men seem so satisfied with their exteriors.

Blasted: Garfunkel's idealist is suitably fuzzy and foggy-eyed, drifting from one perfect match to the next. But he is nearly blasted off the screen by Nicholson's power. It is Nicholson, more than Feiffer, who makes Jonathan more than a hapless heel with his charm and his rages that batter Ann-Margret for her helplessness like torpedoes sinking a battleship.

The picture wisely avoids Freudian inquiry into the origins of its heroes' hangups, knowing that the answers are almost always anchored in a childhood that may have fathered the man but cannot explain him. Nichols has broken thoroughly now with his stage beginnings, integrating camera and action easily, using space and silence with the fluency of a man at home behind a lens. Feiffer too has grown away from his roots as a cartoonist to write characters instead of caricatures. The comedic impulse in both these men tempers the film's pessimism with humor and saves it from its own solemnity.

But the considerable talent at work here only obscures rather than solves the central problem posed by the film's premise. The protagonists are chronic repeaters who never learn, locked in an adolescence that eternally prevents them from perceiving women as people. Any attempt to dramatize such destinies risks repetitiveness. Nichols banks on the passage of decades to imbue his figures with a sense of movement, but it is the illusory movement of a stationary train that seems to be going because another train is rolling the other way. Once it is clear that the characters and director are stuck in the same blind alley, the film starts losing its energy and invention, and what might have been a great film survives simply as a very good one.

—PAUL D. ZIMMERMAN

Virgin Wood

In his inventive direction of "Brewster McCloud" and "M*A*S*H," Robert Altman established himself as a major figure in American films. His sledgehammer satires, rich in incident and imagery and full of wild swings at the idiocies of American society, were clearly the work of a man with his own special sardonic vision and the technical know-how and imagination to carry it out. His latest effort, **MCCABE & MRS. MILLER,** is a fitfully fascinating failure, flickering with fine moments, good secondary characters and stretches of great power. Adapted from Edmund Naughton's novel by Altman and Brian McKay, it casts Warren Beatty as a tippling card shark who builds a saloon and whorehouse in a Northwest frontier town, only to be erased by hired guns when he refuses to sell his spread to a large corporation.

The town itself is an incarnation of frontier innocence, its virgin-wood buildings glistening like temples through the sunlight of Vilmos Zsigmond's sepia cinematography. Altman has filled the muddy streets with marvelous characters: a wide-eyed, sex-crazy hillbilly who works his starved body through a banquet of tarts; a punk gun slinger with the meanest eyes since Jack Palance; a giggling gaggle of young fillies, and a frontier executive who negotiates for Beatty's holdings in a business lingo backed by the threat of violence.

Swaggers: The message of corporate menace, so clearly outlined elsewhere by Ralph Nader, here grows legitimately from the narrative and gathers dramatic power in a harrowing ending that sets a trio of gunmen out to track Beatty through the snow. But, at the film's center, nothing happens. Beatty is neither an interesting enough actor nor charming enough in his role to engage our concern. Dressed in a bowler, beard and raccoon coat, like some rejuvenated old alumnus at a Yale-Harvard game, he swaggers and stutters and finally sweats as death grows near, but he never shines—as his role of flashy, five-card impresario dictates. Julie Christie, the mining-town



Steve Shapiro

Christie: Taking charge

Moll Flanders who sets up house and manages it for Beatty, cuts a repellent figure, both in her harsh moments as the take-charge madam and her softer bedroom scenes with Beatty where she stretches out zonked by opium.

Altman's scenario sings a requiem for the American spirit of individuality, with its eccentricities and invention, which is giving way to a standardized society as piquant as cream cheese. Individuality can use a champion but Altman chooses the wrong individuals.

—P. D. Z.

No Exit

On the face of it, **FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES** is another protest against prison conditions in America. A nice kid named Smitty, played by cookie-faced Wendell Burton (the innocent boy friend in "The Sterile Cuckoo"), is sentenced to six months for smoking pot. In jail, he is faced with two equally degrading options: he can either become the sexual slave and servant of a stronger inmate or, if he refuses, can live as public property, gang-raped at the convenience of the cons.

He indentures himself to Rocky, a hardened male hustler who forces him to roll cigarettes, make his bed and share the shower where the guards can't hear the sounds of sexual transgression. In a sentimental ending that spells out everything that the story itself has already made clear, Smitty winds up as thick-skinned and selfishly survivalist as the men who victimized him.

But for all its failings—including an incredible switch in which featherweight Smitty beats up bad bully Rocky—"Fortune and Men's Eyes" remains a powerful and often shocking film. Director Harvey Hart makes us feel that confinement itself is the most horrible of prison conditions. His inmates cling to their bars and prowl their cells like monkeys, occasionally clubbed into submission by their keepers and always looking to subjugate a weaker neighbor to affirm what is left of their power.

Moans: With discretion, Hart depicts a gang rape amid the diversionary frolic of a prison water fight, the hapless moans of the victim and the brutal urgency of his attackers evoking all that is sick and terrible about penning up healthy men. But the attack touches a deeper psychic note, as an enactment of our own primal fears of powerlessness and ultimate violation. Like Sartre in "No Exit," Hart and John Herbert, who wrote the script from his own off-Broadway drama, have created their own special hell.

It is a world in which power rules untempered by justice or mercy. Michael Greer as the prison queen who asserts what is left of his individuality in an explosive bump-and-grind strip at the Christmas show, Larry Perkins as the prison whipping boy, and Zooey Hall as the essentially weak Rocky who must play at being strong join Burton in the sad struggle of men trying to stay human when survival is all.

—P. D. Z.

Three for the Road

Even before its current release, **TWO-LANE BLACKTOP** had been the object of extraordinary pressures. Esquire magazine boomed it as the film of the year and printed its screenplay in toto. For months, movie people in and out of Universal studios have been heralding this latest road film as the ultimate new movie and Monte Hellman as the great underground director only now getting the chance he should have merited on the basis of two Western quickies he made in 1965 which were seen in the U.S. only on television.

The movie itself, however, is a modest effort—with much to be modest about. It is the ultimate *now* picture, a celluloid summary of every trend in current cinema—the well-traveled metaphor of the car race as a search for the self; the wandering hero cut loose from mainstream society; the concentration on the super-cool codes of the youth culture; the rock hero as movie star—in this case soft rocker James Taylor and Dennis Wilson of the Beach Boys; and the all too common critique of dominant American values like winning and striving.

Pulse: Director Hellman plays against his material, which saves his film from crushing its audience with all its contemporary paraphernalia. At no point does the movie insist on its messages or indulge its interests. Instead, Hellman turns the voltage so low that one is tempted to take the film's pulse to see whether the projector is still rolling.

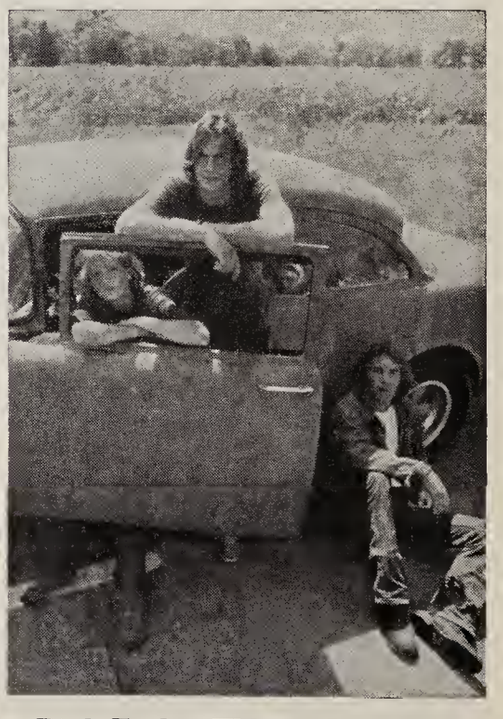
Taylor, looking like Prince Valiant with a woman's eyes, and Wilson, as his mechanic and buddy, cruise the country seeking out drag races at which their souped-up Chevy can bring home enough bacon to fuel them for a few more miles. On the way they pick up a young button-nosed drifter, Laurie Bird. They are a strange race, these three in the car, the cool new breed of young people who signal instead of talking—a back rub means a night in bed, a simple shake of the head cancels a life together, a shrug and a few steps lead to a change of partners.

Sass: Hellman does not ask much from any of his amateurs. He is showing young people whose silence sequesters their feelings from the possibilities of pain, so Taylor, Wilson and Bird don't have to act, only emote a sense of stifled self. Warren Oates, as the half-mad loner who seeks a sense of purpose by challenging Taylor to a race from the Southwest to Washington, D.C., thrives in this amateur company. He steals what there is of the picture almost by default—croaking and chattering amiably to the music of his car stereo, spouting fresh fantasies for each new hitchhiker, grinning popeyed at his own sass.

Out of Hellman's vision of life as a rite of passage measured in motels and hamburgers, symbols tentatively take shape. The cross-country competition turns into a cooperative effort at survival. Laurie Bird becomes increasingly the winner's prize—and, when she takes flight with a stranger, the sense of the competition collapses. Winning is nothing without caring, the story implies ever so gently.

But neither are stories worth much without caring—and this is where "Two-Lane" finally fails. Hellman's heroes remain insulated from us by their own failures to feel. We are part of the world they pass through invisibly—and so they remain as foreign and opaque as ever.

—P. D. Z.



Bird, Taylor, Wilson: Super-cool



You'll Find a New Kind of Bank in New York State

On July 1 a well-known and respected name in banking takes on a new look throughout New York State. Bankers Trust.

First Trust Company of Albany will be Bankers Trust Company of Albany, N.A. The Industrial Bank of Binghamton will be Bankers Trust of Binghamton. The State of New York National Bank will be Bankers Trust Hudson Valley, N.A. Bank of Jamestown will be Bankers Trust of Jamestown. The First State Bank of Rockland County will be Bankers Trust of Rockland County. The Peoples National Bank of Long Island will be Bankers Trust of Suffolk, N.A.

They join Bankers Trust Company of New York, formed in 1903, and Bankers Trust Company of Rochester to offer their customers and their communities a new kind of bank. Previously members of the Bankers Trust New York Corporation family, they join us now in name as well as in spirit.

But what does all this mean to you?

Each member of the Bankers Trust family is backed by strength, services, and specialists that make it unique in its community.

In strength, each is backed by more than ten billion dollars in assets of the Corporation.

In services, each has the benefit of the fullest range of banking facilities, locally, nationally, and even internationally. In specialists, each can call on people whose reputations are universally respected. Specialists in loans, in trusts and investments, in real estate, in small-business problems, in corporate matters, in municipal financing, in international banking.

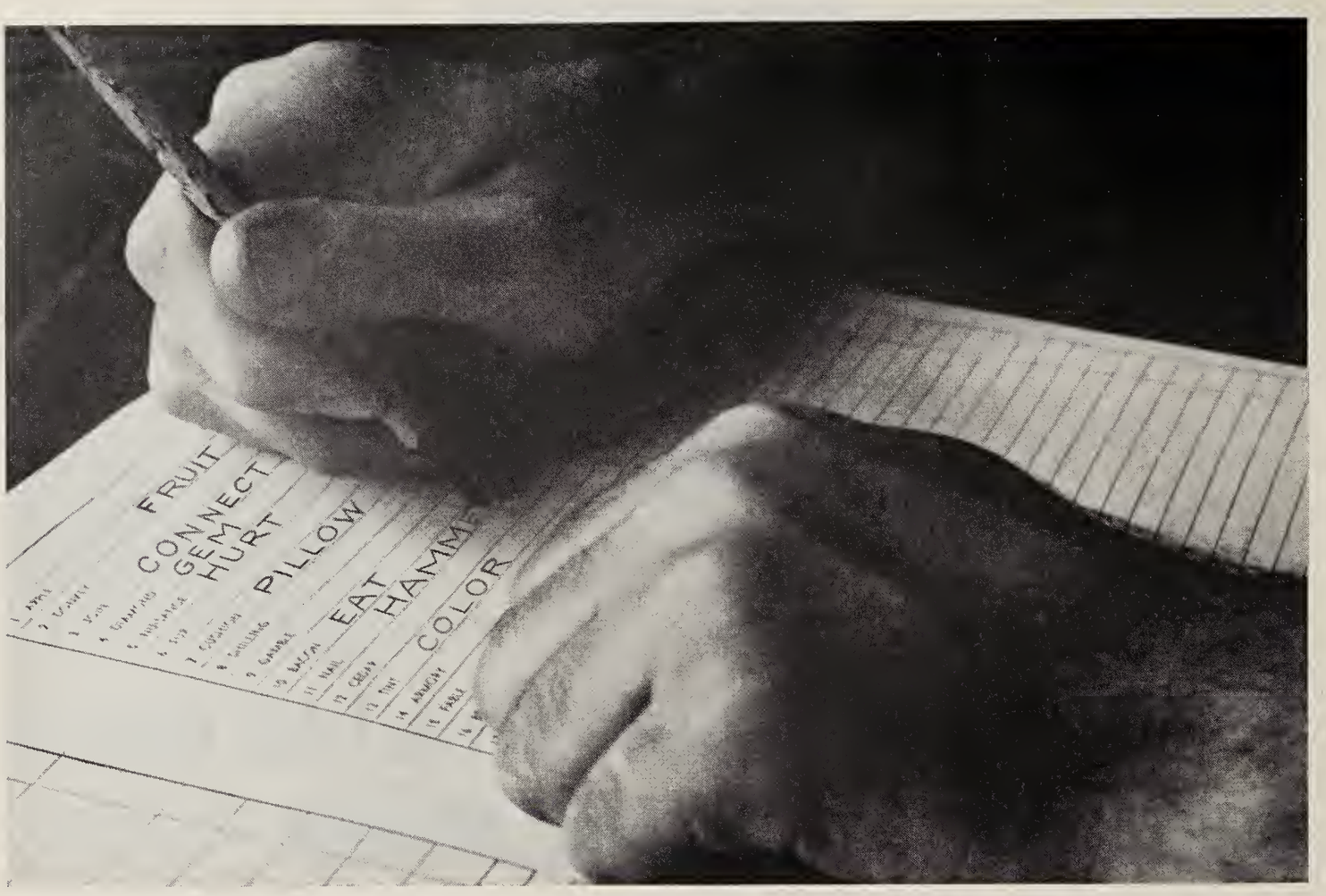
As affiliates of Bankers Trust New York Corporation, each can offer you incomparable capabilities and experience. For your personal banking needs—from a checking account to a personal loan. For your business banking needs—from payroll servicing to astute financing. For your estate needs—from executorships to investment management. For your community needs—from preparation and issuance of local bonds to long-range financial planning.

We invite you to make Bankers Trust, a new kind of bank in your community, your bank.

BANKERS TRUST NEW YORK CORPORATION

Bankers Trust Company, Bankers Trust Company of Albany, N.A., Bankers Trust of Binghamton, Bankers Trust Hudson Valley, N.A., Bankers Trust of Jamestown, Bankers Trust Company of Rochester, Bankers Trust of Rockland County, Bankers Trust of Suffolk, N.A.

Members FDIC



This man's IQ is only 100. So shouldn't he be put away somewhere?

An utterly ridiculous thought! Because an IQ of 100 is "normal".

But just suppose some super-intelligent group decided that all of us who aren't up to their mental level should be put away somewhere. Or treated as second-class citizens.

What a howl you'd hear!

Yet, thousands of our citizens—mentally retarded children and adults—*are* put in institutions and neglected. Why? Because more intelligent people mistakenly believe the retarded can't learn enough to become wholly or partly self-supporting.

The fact is, when given the opportunities of other citizens—schooling, vocational training, job opportunities—85 percent of the retarded can become useful members of society, rather than drains on it.

What's your community doing for the retarded? If you discover neglect and indifference, get things started. There's a free booklet to help you. Address The President's Committee on Mental Retardation, Washington, D.C. 20201.

advertising contributed for the public good
ADVERTISING COUNCIL

Bitter Goddess

THE GIFT HORSE. *By Hildegard Knef. Translated from the German by David Cameron Palastanga. 384 pages. McGraw-Hill. $7.95.*

Could Germany's first postwar film goddess find fame and happiness in Hollywood? Not very easily. Hildegard Knef discovered that the barrier of being German was more than one of language. David Selznick, who brought Miss Knef to the U.S. in 1947, suggested she change her name to Gilda Christian and her ancestry to Austrian. That drew an icy *nein* —as did his efforts to exercise his *droit du* producer. Two unemployed years later, Miss Knef was signed by Twentieth Century-Fox to star opposite Montgomery Clift in a film about the Berlin airlift. She was fired before shooting began.

The wonder is that Hildegard Knef ever had a film career at all. She grew up amid the falling bombs and rubble of wartime Berlin, was cast in a Nazi propaganda film called "Journey to Happiness," fell in love with one of Goebbels's top assistants and, when he was ordered to the front lines to fight against the invading Russians, she disguised herself as a man and went with him. They were captured; she managed to escape, and never again saw her Nazi lover.

But the affair continued to haunt her. It was why she lost the part opposite Montgomery Clift, why the suddenly pious German press turned hostile toward her. Never mind. She played the title role—and a nude scene—in the German film "The Sinner," for which she won an enthusiastic following of panties fetishists and raincoated exhibitionists and the enduring enmity of the German clergy.

Witches: She also was offered a return trip to Hollywood to star with Tyrone Power in "Diplomatic Courier." Hollywood in those days was a very ungemütlich place—the messianic mix of morality and McCarthyism drove Ingrid Bergman to Italy and John Garfield to his destruction. But despite brickbats from "the witches" Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper and others who believed a Nazi lurked behind every umlaut, the cool, blond Miss Knef (Neff on marquees) won acclaim as "the thinking man's Marlene Dietrich," and could finally cast her angst along with her footprints outside Grauman's Chinese Theatre.

Not for a moment, though, is this a fond recollection of things past. Author Knef squares accounts with movie producers—"those rocking-chair heroes." Of Jack Warner: "His personality doesn't quite mateh the size of his office." Of Darryl Zanuck: "beaver's teeth pronged into the cigar . . . tinny voice, lid scraping across a saucepan—Wanna see my soundproof bedroom?"

Other vignettes are more sympathetie. The "child with short legs and a fat bottom" who wanted to know all about Rilke and Thomas Mann turns out to be Marilyn Monroe, of whom the author writes: "The camera loved her. The camera registered the honesty, candor and naïveté which disarmed her audiences and made her a star after a few appearances in mostly bad films."

Measles: Nearly a fifth of the book is devoted to Miss Knef's experiences in the Broadway musical comedy "Silk Stockings," the Cole Porter-George Kaufman adaptation of Garbo's film "Ninotchka." Miss Knef got measles in Philadelphia and rave notices in New York. If German newspapers had gloated over her earlier failures, they were driven to new lows by her success—which they headlined as "Hildegard Knef's lamentable flop."



Pictorial Parade

Knef: Hollywood was ungemütlich

This is a bitterly honest book and a very good one. The author's spare, stripped-down sentences seem to match perfectly the turbid inner conflicts she portrays. It is a life which was more like a war, and today, with her English husband, who translated the book, and her infant daughter, there is at last a truce.

—ARTHUR COOPER

In the Name of God

THE HEIRS OF THE KINGDOM. *By Zoé Oldenbourg. Translated from the French by Anne Carter. 563 pages. Pantheon. $8.95.*

"This is not a historical novel," reads the author's forenote caveat. "Neither is it history dressed up as fiction . . . It is not a work of scholarship, nor has it involved the author in extensive academie research." And that seems precisely to be the trouble with Mme. Oldenbourg's rambling, blathery book about the First Crusade to Jerusalem in the Middle Ages. Such a panoply of bloody travail and murderous faction is unfurled in its gore-splotched pages, I knew from the beginning that this was going to be one of those moralistic parables of the gross sins committed and condoned in the name of God or country.

Among the starving, now sweltering, now freezing hordes that slouch across Europe toward Byzantium, the author zeroes in on about 200 pilgrims from a poor weaver's faubourg in Paris, with a fine-tuning focus on two young marrieds, Marie ("as slim and lithe as a young filly") and Jacques; a reformed prostitute (who graciously unreforms to service wifeless pilgrims two days a week); various prelates calculated to give the church a bad name; a homicidal maniac who loves slitting throats; a God-bewitched madman who thinks he is Saint John, and a string of other characters who sound as if they just plodded out of a bad Bosch canvas. When Peter the Hermit isn't haranguing the creeping, bloodthirsty band to kill in the name of a wrathful God who wants his infidel-defiled throne back, Marie is getting off such zingers as "Jacques, Jacques! I am with child! You cannot see him yet but he will grow. He will even move!" And Jacques, "thunderstruck," exclaims: "Oh God . . . This will be the first time!"

Clodpole: Except for some good, gory battle scenes (in which the Turks and the pilgrims fire severed heads back and forth as missiles) the plot moves at about the same pace as the crusaders. A kind of hunger-crazed delirium infects so much of the dialogue, which is replete with oaths, visions, superstitions, that it sounds like the English dub on those terrible Italian-made movies featuring muscle-bound warriors: "All at once, the moving lines of Turks seemed to be melting away before their eyes . . . 'But we had orders not to budge!' 'Then you'll stay here till Judgment Day! Clodpole, that order's out of date! My lord Bishop says, *Praise Jesus Christ!* And forward, to the kill!' " Or this exchange, between youngsters bathing! "Hey, Bertin, that's a pretty pair of tits you've got!" Reply: "You rude boys! You shouldn't look. I don't look at your dangling things."

A lot of things are left dangling in the book, as the crusaders loot and ravage Antioch and Jerusalem after such a roster of horrible ordeals I almost think Mme. Oldenbourg gets some kind of kick out of depicting so endlessly the brutality of the Middle Ages. After the smoke has cleared, about 25 of the 200 pilgrims have made it to Jerusalem, Marie gets stolen and sold into slavery by a bunch of Bedouins and Jacques ends up trying to put the make on the unreformed-reformed whore. In aid of all this are lines

Welcome to your house.

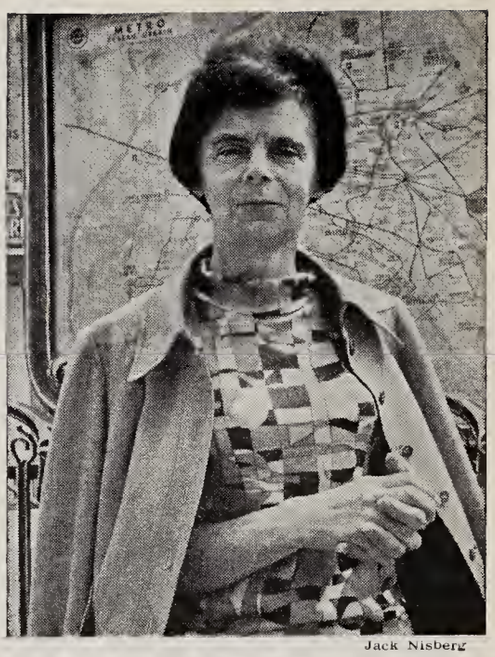


That's right, yours. You may not pay the electric bills or the mortgage on the White House but it still belongs to you. It belongs to all of us. Perhaps more than any other country around, America, with its many natural and manmade wonders, belongs to its people ...all its people.

They're ours free, just for being Americans. This year why not plan to Discover America. After all, it's yours. (Including your home away from home.)

This year, discover America for yourself.

DISCOVER AMERICA



Jack Nisberg

Oldenbourg: Bloody panoply

such as "Poverty improves no one" or "Cold is no more merciful than great heat." But the best is "... the bowmen stood their ground, but they needed time to reload: they did not have ten arms." Yeah, we suspected as much.

—S. K. OBERBECK

From Baku With Love

ALI & NINO. *By Kurban Said. 237 pages. Random House. $5.95.*

A tender love story written in pre-Portnoy language and set in the exotically remote area of Transcaucasia, the boundary between Europe and Asia? Yes, and a poignant and beautiful little novel it is. Ali is Ali Khan Shirvanshir, a young Moslem nobleman with "the soul of a desert man"; Nino is Nino Kipiani, a comely Georgian princess, a Christian who prefers telephones and motor cars to her lover's Meccanized society.

"What comes from the desert?" Ali is asked by the fat Armenian Nachararyan. "Lions and warriors," replies Ali. He proves it when Nachararyan kidnaps Nino and spirits her away in his "lacquered box" of a European automobile. Riding an almost mythical golden stallion, Ali overtakes them, fiercely claws and bites Nachararyan before killing him with his dagger. Nino still has doubts. "Oh Ali Khan," she cries, "we should belong to the world of the West."

Ironic: Love and compromise triumph. Ali and Nino marry and live happily—at least for a while. World War I is raging and the Russians are advancing on their village of Baku. They flee to a Persian harem, where Nino determinedly repels attempts by eunuchs to inspect her mouth and shave her body hair. Nino is miserable. She despises the male chauvinism of Ali's Persian relatives, and she suffers profound culture shock when she spies Ali flagellating himself during a Moslem rite. She tells him that she is

"ashamed to death to be the wife of a fanatical barbarian." Eventually, they return to Baku, now capital of the new republic of Azerbaidzhan. Because his wife and home are Western, Ali is appointed to the diplomatic corps and required to wine and dine English officers, who quickly incur his contempt by openly praising Nino's beauty. Said's point of view is Eastern and its impact is devastatingly ironic.

History's inexorability again threatens their happiness, however. Now the newly powerful Bolsheviks, coveting the oil-rich region, lay siege to Baku. "Asia is dead," Ali mourns. No, his father tells him, "its borders only have changed." Nino escapes to Tiflis with her infant daughter. Ali, behind a machine gun, grimly awaits the bloody confrontation between East and West. "Most of our ancestors have fallen on the battlefield," his father once told him. "It is the natural death of our family." The prophecy is fulfilled.

The history of this novel is as exotic as the story it tells. Kurban Said is the pseudonym of a Tatar who was driven out of Transcaucasia by the Bolsheviks. He fled to Vienna where he wrote the novel, in German, and where it was published in 1937. Soon after, the Nazis drove Said to Italy, where he died mysteriously. Artist Jenia Graman read the novel and was so impressed that she translated it into English. Who was Kurban Said? No one really knows. But his beautifully wrought novel is alive with a vividly unique vision of colliding cultures and enduring love.

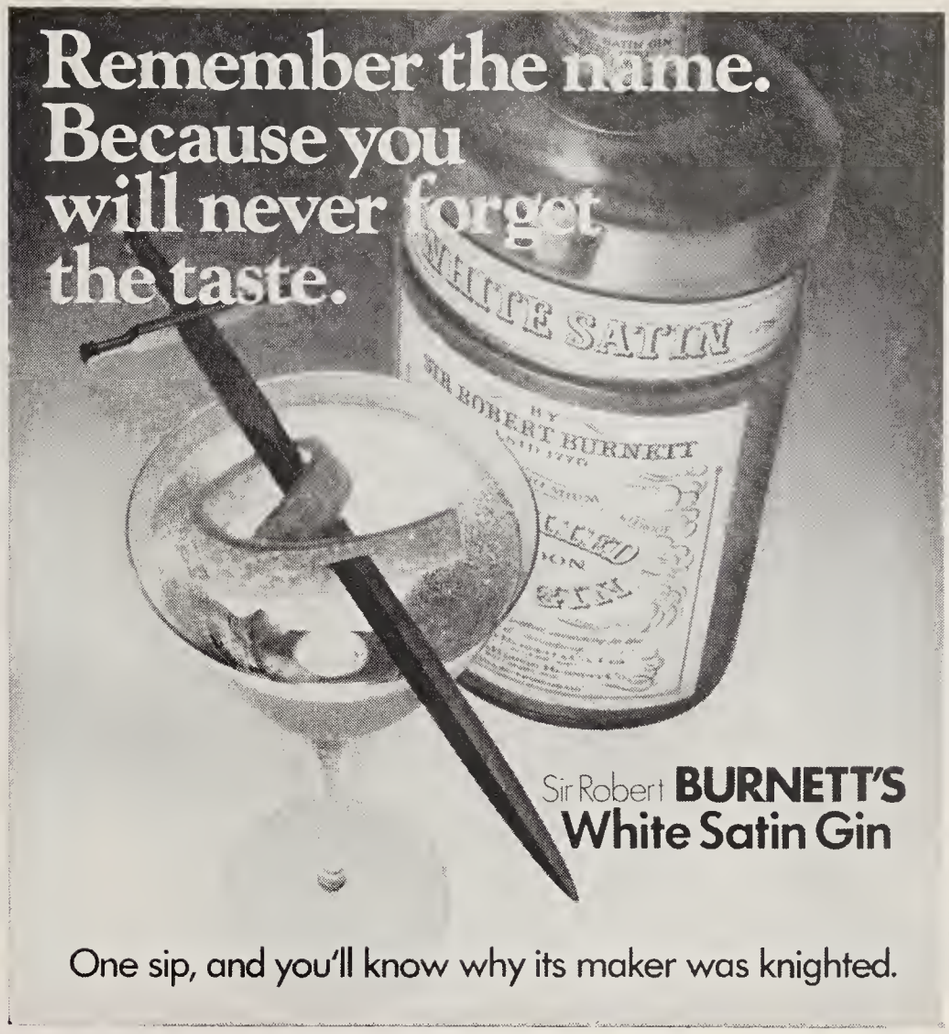
—A. C.

Our Man in Santa Clara

ON INSTRUCTIONS OF MY GOVERNMENT. *By Pierre Salinger. 408 pages. Doubleday. $6.95.*

A low-flying SR-71 gathers conclusive proof of missile-site construction. A naval task force is ordered to effect a blockade and search all suspicious Communist ships. Sleek U.S. Minutemen rise menacingly from yawning underground silos. A tense nation hears its President grimly report we are at the brink. Sound familiar? Nine years ago it was the Cuban missile crisis, and in this pulse-quickening suspense novel, Pierre Salinger, who was then President Kennedy's press secretary, dramatizes Santayana's dictum that those who fail to learn from history are doomed to repeat it.

The antagonist in Salinger's futuristic tingler is China, which is intent on siting its newly developed ICBM's in the copper-rich but impoverished Latin American republic of Santa Clara—just a neat parabola from the East Coast of the U.S. It is a Presidential election year in the U.S. and the incumbent President has been forced to cut off all aid to Santa Clara's President Luchengo, who is loathed here both by leftists, who regard him as a demonic dictator (he came to power through a bloody coup), and



ARTnews *For seventy years, America's most respected art magazine*

...makes this Special Introductory Offer:

the next **7** *issues for only* **$5.77**

($3.33 less than the regular subscription rate of $9.10)

At special savings, your guide to all that's timely, and timeless, in today's changing world of art



Yes, now you can begin to enjoy today's most absorbing, most authoritative art magazine at special savings. You'll read about significant new ventures in art...fresh views on old masters and traditional art... previews and reviews of exhibitions in museums, galleries and traveling art shows.

Each informative and handsome issue features nine or more full-color plates plus scores of others in black and white.

So isn't this a good time for you to begin subscribing to ARTnews, while this special introductory rate is in effect? Try it and see for yourself why it's America's first and foremost art magazine.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Please enter my subscription to ARTnews at the Special Introductory Rate of 7 Issues for just $5.77

name

address

city state zip code

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Please bill me E-5

ARTnews
444 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022



Take a look at foreign aid.

You're looking at a schoolgirl in Latin America.

Americans started her happiness. Through CARE, they helped build her school and a community dining hall. Now they send the meals—the U.S. Government gives farm commodities, their dollars deliver these and other foods. She holds her ticket for the nourishing CARE lunch served every day to all the children, from toddlers to primary pupils.

Her family and neighbors, and her government, added the pride of self-help. They shared the construction work and costs. They staff the school and feeding center, cover operating expenses. Her daily life and future prospects are far better than those of her parents, who never had this chance at health and education.

Do you have the heart to reach even beyond our borders, to help millions like her who are waiting for their chance in emerging nations from Latin America to Africa and Asia? Do you have the vision to see the kind of world we can build, if we do what we know is right? All it takes is a check, for your personal foreign aid program. Give as much as you can.

CARE

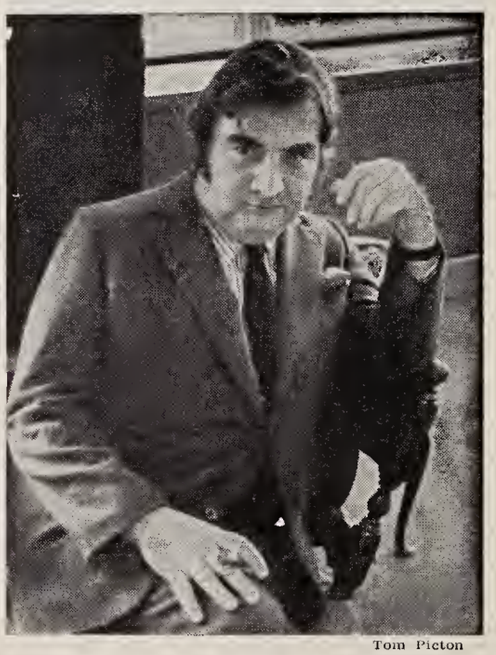
660 First Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016
or local offices



Make checks out to CARE (tax-deductible)

rightists who consider him a Commie dupe because he trades with China. Without U.S. money Luchengo can't feed the miners, forcing them to defect to the Communist guerrillas. Without U.S. weapons or troops he is no match for the ever-increasing force of Chinese-armed guerrillas. The plot thickens and quickens when the missile site and the Wernher Von Braun of Chinese missilery are spotted in a rebel-controlled area of Santa Clara.

Power: This is a political novel in the fullest sense—in fact one could say that it reeks with politics. Salinger's President, running hard and scared for reelection, carefully measures every option for its possible impact on party pols and opinion polls while completely ignoring the morality of his actions. To him, national interest and self-interest are one and the same. Power is the name



Tom Picton

Salinger: Reeking of politics

of the game and deceptions and half-truths are its rhetoric.

Most of the President's equerries, for reasons that are indeed persuasive, support his tactics. The U.S. ambassador to Santa Clara, however, demurs. A one-time New Frontier idealist, he believes in Luchengo and urges immediate U.S. support. The President's refusal plunges the ambassador into existential anguish of whether to support policies that are politically expedient but morally bankrupt or to resign and thus precipitate still another crisis for the Chief Executive he is sworn to serve.

Salinger's view of some politicians may be dim but it is never Manichean—"On Instructions of My Government" is no political morality play. The author has created a world of mirror-image verisimilitude that owes as much to his sharply drawn characters and skillful plotting as it does to his insider's knowledge of how government operates. The image is quite disturbing.

—A. C.

You may give this order to your newsdealer or mail to Newsweek.

1-20-1

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City, State, Zip Code _____

If college student, please indicate:

COLLEGE OR UNIVERSITY _____ YEAR STUDIES END _____

☐ Payment Enclosed ☐ Bill Me Later *Initial here*.....

NEWSWEEK *Special Offer*

27 WEEKS ONLY **$3.99** LESS THAN 15¢ A COPY

☐ ALTERNATE RATE
45 WEEKS $6.65
Good in all 50 States and Canada

1-20-1

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City, State, Zip Code _____

If college student, please indicate:

COLLEGE OR UNIVERSITY _____ YEAR STUDIES END _____

☐ Payment Enclosed ☐ Bill Me Later *Initial here*.....

NEWSWEEK *Special Offer*

27 WEEKS ONLY $3.99 LESS THAN 15¢ A COPY

☐ ALTERNATE RATE
45 WEEKS $6.65
Good in all 50 States and Canada

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 250
LIVINGSTON, N.J.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

Newsweek
The Newsweek Building
Livingston, N. J. 07039

52

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 250
LIVINGSTON, N.J.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

Newsweek
The Newsweek Building
Livingston, N. J. 07039

52

Blowup

The Marxist critic Walter Benjamin predicted 35 years ago that technology would steadily "de-sanctify" art by making it accessible to everyone, not just the few able to own a unique object or visit a remote shrine. The easel painting was a rudimentary step in that direction, Benjamin said; unlike the shrine, or fresco, it can be moved from place to place without losing its "aura," even when publicly exhibited. With the printing press—and the woodcut—art took to the road in high gear, producing copies of itself for many owners. Lithography, photography and film have disseminated the fine arts still more widely.

And now, at the New York Cultural Center, the fresco itself, the most "fixed" of the genres of painting, has left its perch. There, on display far from its home ground, the walls of the Hotel del Prado in Mexico City, is Diego Rivera's 60-foot mural, "The Dream of a Sunday Afternoon in the Grove," finished in 1948, depicting the history of Mexico. It is scaled down to 30 feet here through the medium of photographic reproduction, implemented by color dye transfer and a rich matte finish.

This kind of physical-metaphysical leap is getting to be the Cultural Center's specialty. Last autumn, the center "transported" the entire ceiling of the Sistine Chapel to New York, through lavish and meticulous photography. Donald Karshan, the director of the center, promises more feats like this and the Rivera, perhaps even a series of blowups from Leonardo's "Last Supper." "Our aim," he says, "is to make the inaccessible accessible, the immovable movable."

Sensory: In the process, needless to say, certain subtleties tend to get lost. This is especially true of the Rivera mural, which—to judge from firsthand comments—is an overpowering sensory experience. It is one thing to behold a 60-foot wall, soaked with paint, quickly and unerringly applied, in the manner demanded by the fresco genre (paint and plaster dry together, in effect, making correction nearly impossible). It is another to confront a panel half that size, "hung" upon a wall. Rivera meant to foment revolution by the savagery of his brush. His "Grove" parades a long line of villains and heroes from Mexican history across the picture plane, clearly ridiculing this capitalist, ennobling that rebel. When first unveiled in Mexico, the "Grove" produced angry riots for and against it in the streets below. That immediacy—a product of proximity and scale—defuses in photography.

What gets preserved is equally important: the "information" inherent in the act of Rivera's painting itself. By calling attention to the "Grove," the Cultural Center has transported the concept of the painting—if not its physical splendors



Bernard Gotfryd—Newsweek

Karshan and Rivera reproduction: Making the inaccessible accessible

—intact. The center's installation is oriented as heavily toward text as visual reproduction. There are blowup descriptions of the fresco in its original state, a capsule summary of Rivera's life and significant passages from critical writings about the artist.

The installation is in fact a capsule version of the center's program. With Karshan's arrival in 1970 as director, the neo-rococo museum on Columbus Circle changed tone abruptly. Opened in 1964 by millionaire Huntington Hartford as the Gallery of Modern Art—largely devoted to the display of his arch-orthodox collection—the building changed hands and name in 1969, under New Jersey's Fairleigh Dickinson University. The center quickly became a museum outpost of conceptual art, hosting an active, informative series of exhibitions rather than a permanent collection.

"This policy keeps us non-specialized," says Karshan. "We can deal in shows that are strictly informational—Hitler's drawings, the Hiroshima photographs, the motorcycle as symbol. And we can use all the available media to increase access to arts like the fresco."

In so doing—pressed as much by necessity as by philosophy—Karshan may be creating a prototype program for new museums similarly pressed, financially. The cost of acquisition is staggering. The cost of photographing and informing (about $8,000 in the case of the Rivera mural) is minimal. That this controversial merger of media and museum functions should begin on Columbus Circle, once the preserve of anti-modernism, is a choice irony.

—DOUGLAS DAVIS

Car Art

The theme of "Art Around the Automobile," an ingenious exhibition running at Hofstra University's gallery in Long Island, is stated right off, before the gallery itself is entered. The foyer just outside is decked with drawings by schoolchildren, all centered upon the automobile. Even among these kids there seems to be a significant ambivalence about the subject. Here and there a child glorifies the car in bold lines and colors; far more often, the tendency is to see it as a kind of joke (one slapstick drawing is called "The Chauffeur-Powered Flower-Power Car") or as a garish instrument of destruction; one sixth-grader has drawn a distorted surrealistic object with its front hood soaked in a Stars and Stripes flag pattern.

Wonder: What the kids now are feeling and seeing is remarkably like the work of today's grown-up artists—as the exhibition inside demonstrates. It combines about 75 auto-inspired drawings, prints, photographs, paintings and objects of sculpture. Circa 1900, the car was looked upon by the artist and photographer alike as an instrument of wonder, not at all inimical to man even in his most pastoral moments. Marie Laurencin's lithograph "The First Renault Car," dating from 1898, depicts the astonishment and curiosity of gentlefolk, grouped around the new invention. The Italian futurists—and others—glorified the speed and verve of the automobiles in the decades following. Photographers depict it at one with nature, out in the country, amid flowers and trees. In 1935, the great Italian designer Etoré Bugatti created a radiator shield on display here, that is sleek, proud and bold in outline.

With the advent of the second world war and thereafter, the automobile becomes something quite different, in all genres. It becomes not only ugly, not only a source of death and befoulment, in Jean Dubuffet's grisly water colors and drawings, in photographs of billowing exhaust clouds. The car becomes an object like any other in the landscape, to be used as pure form and color by "straight" pop artists like Tom Wesselmann and others, as comic icons by Claes

Oldenburg and Red Grooms, as fetish trinkets by Salvatore Scarpitta, who makes complete racers as sculpture. The automobile has lost its glory, for child, artist, and perhaps society.

—D. D.

Crock Art

True potheads will be delighted by the show at New York's Museum of Contemporary Crafts, where twenty young ceramists take a decidedly nonutilitarian approach to the ancient art of pottery. These potters are technically adept and infected with a seriocomic spirit that borders upon Dada.

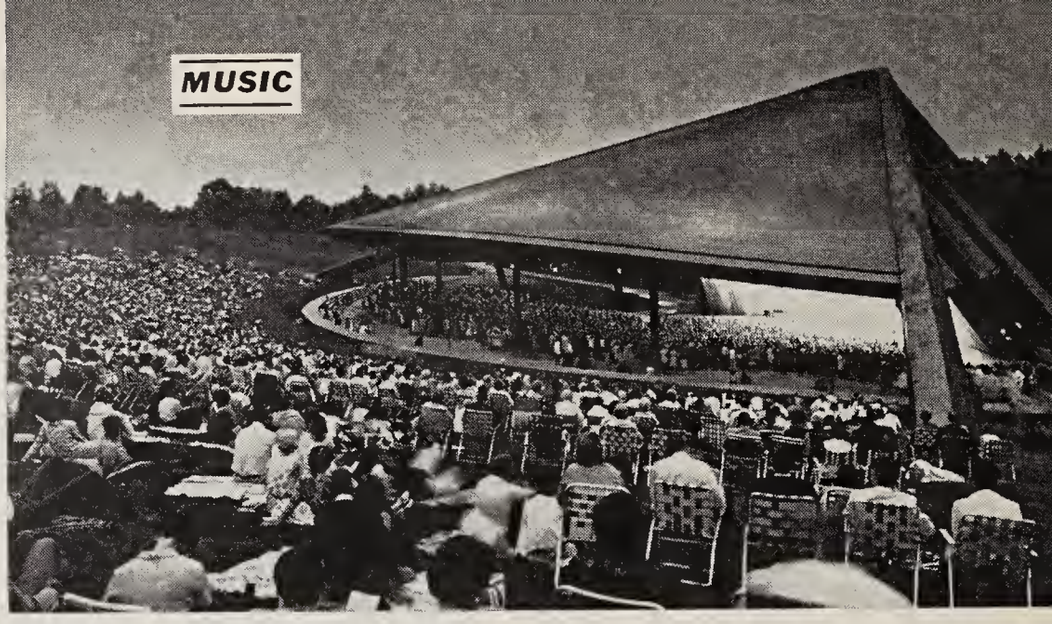
Two perfect examples are David Gilhooly and Clayton Bailey. Gilhooly creates casseroles and cookie jars unlike anything ever seen in the antique and curio shops. One is shaped into a flat, low-lying warthog. Inside another there are legendary scenes of amatory exploit, in tiny scale. Bailey uses glazed pinkware to construct neo-Frankenstein animals that lie patiently in pots filled with water. Every now and again they rear their heads up and croak aloud, filling the pots with frothy, bubbling life.

Gilhooly and Bailey are typical of the surprise spread throughout the exhibition: jars are festooned with disembodied human hands; a cup turns out to have a pair of lips inside it. But the central image of the show—by the central figure in it, Robert Arneson—is decidedly more complex. Arneson has been subverting pottery for more than a decade. This time he has constructed a huge tableau, depicting himself as chef at the head of a table loaded with dishes of exotic food. The material is earthenware, glazed to give the look of cool, dainty porcelain. Here the cool is gone, thawed by a hand that converts teatime crockery into a work at once engagingly funky and exquisite in craftsmanship.

—D. D.



Bailey's animal: Neo-Frankenstein



Blossom, summer home of the Cleveland: Spectacular and quiet

The World as Summer Festival

In summer one musician is a soloist. Two is a festival. Now that music has gotten the 200th birthday of Beethoven off its back, summer festivals can get back to Bach, which is what's happening at the opening of **Tanglewood** (July 2-Aug. 22), home of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Berkshires of western Massachusetts. More intimate music is played almost every hour every day, and the strolling visitor can't miss the red Hawthorne house in which Phyllis Curtin gives unforgettable master classes in voice and human kindness.

In contrast to spectacular centers where the big orchestras hang out, such as **Blossom** (the Cleveland, June 22-Sept. 6) and **Ravinia** (the Chicago, June 24-Aug. 15), are such quiet festivals as **Newport** (July 29-Aug. 7) in Rhode Island. The settings for these chamber concerts are the incredibly gilded houses built by the very rich and untaxed when Newport was society's summer capital. The interesting opener is a musical biography of the great nineteenth-century singer Pauline Viardot, with excerpts from her own opera, "Le Dernier Sorcier," which has a libretto by Ivan Turgenev, her "very good friend." Newport is much louder during the weekends of July 2-5 and July 16-18, when the famous jazz and folk festivals are heard and heard and heard.

Musically, Vermont's **Marlboro** (July 10-Aug. 15) is unbeatable. Its large contingent of young elite musicians is marbleized by the presence of such elder statesmen as Mieczyslaw Horszowski and Herman Busch, all under the leadership of Rudolf Serkin and with the blessing of 94-year-old Pablo Casals, youngest of them all. If you're wondering what they'll play, don't. They decide on the spur of the moment. If you want to wonder, wonder how to get reservations.

In July at **Saratoga** (June 13-Sept. 19), the only fillies are in the New York City Ballet. The company is presenting 33 ballets including five premières. All kinds of dance are visible on weekends at **Jacob's Pillow** (June 4-Aug. 28) in Lee, Mass., near Tanglewood. And Ann Halprin brings her San Francisco company—they did that nude ballet—to the last weekend of the **Connecticut College American Dance Festival** (July 9-Aug. 8), which presents lecture-demonstrations before performances. Across the border, just 40 miles north of New York City at Katonah, is **Caramoor** (June 19-July 18), in a lovely setting where Julius Rudel relaxes from his executive labors at the New York City Opera, the Kennedy Center and Cincinnati's May Festival by conducting jewels from the pre-romantic repertory.

The big news for tourists and capitalists in Washington, D.C., is the $3 million **Wolf Trap Park Farm** (July 1-Sept. 11) in Vienna, Va., just outside the city. At the inaugural gala concert in the brand-new 3,500-seat Filene Center amphitheater, Julius Rudel will conduct, Van Cliburn will play and Norman Treigle will sing. The fireworks will go on all summer, with visits from such orchestras as the Cleveland, as well as the Stuttgart Ballet and Ann-Margret.

North Carolina is a hotbed of summer music. The **Eastern Music Festival** (June 17-July 29) in Greensboro celebrates its tenth year with such artists as Veronica Tyler, singing Strauss's Four Last Songs, and Jaime Laredo, playing Beethoven's Violin Concerto. At **Brevard** (July 2-Aug. 15), near Hendersonville, Marilyn Horne will sing and James Oliver Buswell and Gina Buchauer will play.

Summer opera in **Cincinnati** (June 30-July 25) is performed in the zoo, where music has charms to soothe the savage beast. **Santa Fe** (July 9-Aug. 28) is presenting six operas, four of them new productions including the world première on Aug. 12 and 18 of Heitor Villa-Lobos's "Yerma" with text by Federico García Lorca, sets and costumes by Giorgio de Chirico and choreography by José Limón.

Fish Creek, Wis., on a secluded wood-

ed bluff overlooking Green Bay, has a population of 500 in winter and in summer becomes the **Peninsula Music Festival** (Aug. 7-21), founded nineteen years ago and still directed by Thor Johnson, conductor of the Nashville Symphony. It attracts first-rate soloists and adventurous musicians. Among the premières in this Scandinavian neck of the woods is Gosta Mystroem's Theater Suite #4. On the other, Dutch, side of Lake Michigan is the **Nieuw Zeeland Festival** (July 14-Aug. 23), commemorating Dutch forebears with folk dancing in peasant costume and wooden shoes. Music extends from the Flemish Renaissance to the world première of "Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates" by Hans van Meegeren.

When it comes to settings it's hard to beat the **Grand Teton** (July 27-Aug. 28) at Jackson Hole, Wyo. A breathtaking 2½-mile aerial tram goes up to Rendezvous Peak for a panoramic view of valley and hill and the Snake River. The musical fare is nicely balanced between traditional and modern. After the chamber-music concerts you get free watermelon. After the tram ride you get free oxygen. **Aspen** (June 28-Aug. 29), in the Rockies of Colorado, is not only scenic but musical enough in numbers and quality to be the Tanglewood of the West.

If you're in England this summer, and if you're in Chichester July 22-25, you can hear great devotional music at the **Southern Cathedrals Festival**. After Evensong comes tea. If you're in **Harrogate** (Aug. 1-14) in Yorkshire, you can hear the London Symphony Orchestra or the Netherlands Wind Ensemble or any number of super musicians. Tea is optional. Busiest of all is **Nottingham** (July 10-25), a merry round robin of music from renaissance to jazz and of dance, theater, film and sport. Robin's home still stands—Sherwood Forest—and drive carefully because the Sheriff of Nottingham lives.

Fastidious opera is the hallmark of **Glyndebourne** (May 23-Aug. 3), 54 miles south of London in downy Sussex. Don't go by car, it takes two hours. Go like everyone else by train from Victoria Station; it takes a little over an hour. "Evening dress, formal or informal, is recommended," says the festival. Since the performances start late in the afternoon, you feel pretty foolish standing at the station in a dinner jacket or long dress carrying a picnic basket. You can tell who is English by the dyspeptic expressions. They've missed their tea.



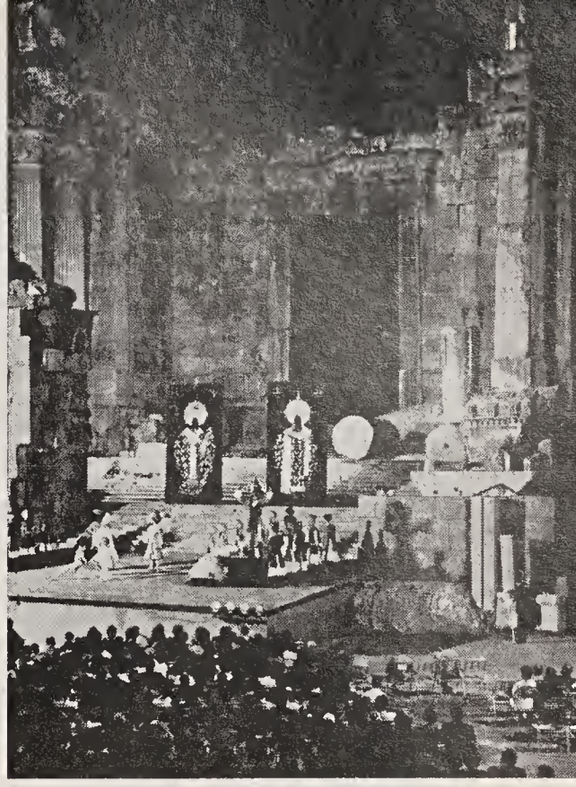
Renaissance cruise: Music ashore

This is the 25th **Edinburgh Festival** (Aug. 22-Sept. 11). There's no sense giving details. The profusion of great international orchestras, imaginative music of every kind, and individual conductors and performers reads like a who's who of Tanglewood and Aspen combined. The **Flanders Festival** (July 31-Sept. 28) is another behemoth which gives all kinds of music from the grandest to the most intimate in 50 medieval halls in Brussels, Louvain, Ghent and beautiful medieval Bruges which time forgot.

Even a selective roundup would be remiss if it failed to point out that Europe is speckled with music festivals, especially in Holland and in Finland. Opera lovers can find eighteenth-century opera in Stockholm's Drottningholm Court Theatre, Wagner in Bayreuth, and lots of Richard Strauss in Munich. Opera is also the heart of the **Salzburg Festival** (July 25-Aug. 30), notably "Otello," conducted by Herbert von Karajan, directed by Herbert von Karajan and written by Giuseppe Verdi. France is not big on music festivals although **Aix-en-Provence** (July 10-31) is giving Charpentier's "Beatris" among its operas and attracting first-rate musicians for orchestra and church works. In **Prades** (July 25-Aug. 8) Robert Casadesus and Zino Francescatti, playing Beethoven violin sonatas, lead an impeccable group of musicians who have not forgotten that this little smoky town in the French Pyrenees was sanctuary to Pablo Casals at the beginning of his unending fight against Fascism.

Which brings up opera in Italy, where "Boris Godunov," directed by Gian Carlo Menotti, will open the **Festival of Two Worlds** (June 24-July 11). In **Verona** (July 15-Aug. 15) all the operas are by Verdi, and no one in Rome should miss the **Baths of Caracalla** (July 4-Aug. 14), especially "Aida," whose triumphal march is an orgy of live animals—camels, elephants, horses—and recalls a happier time in Egyptian military history.

It seems the farther east one travels the more spectacular the setting for festivals. Across the Adriatic, in **Dubrovnik** (July 10-Aug. 25), 26 outdoor stages receive the intricate footwork of Yugoslavian folk dancers, among other entertainments. In **Athens** (July 15-Sept. 26) the festival featuring the Stuttgart Opera and the Antwerp Philharmonic is centered in the Theater of Herod Atticus, which is incomparable in atmosphere and the presence of the past—and in discomfort because of the narrow, steep stone



Baalbek: Roman ruins, Arab hopes

benches. On moonlit nights, when the Acropolis is open, it becomes the ancient theater's illustrious balcony.

Across the Mediterranean, the **Carthage Festival** (July 10-Aug. 3) takes place amid the ancient ruins, sand-colored by time, looking out to the sea. The U.S.'s Alwin Nikolais Dance Theater is performing. Was it from here that Dido watched Aeneas sail and flung herself upon her pyre? Well, it certainly wasn't from **Baalbek** (July 8-Aug. 29), 55 miles east of Beirut. There the star attraction is perennially Oum Koulsoum, the queen of Arab soul, sobbing her Arabic imprecations, by no means above throwing herself on a pyre if it would help the Arab cause. This year she is matched with Ella Fitzgerald.

Considering Israel's size and population it probably packs more music per square mile and per capita into the **Israel Festival** (July 17-Aug. 24) than any summer series. Concerts take place all over, simultaneously, especially in Jerusalem and at the romantic Roman ruins of Caesarea on the Mediterranean. Zubin Mehta conducts the Israel Philharmonic, Daniel Barenboim conducts the English Chamber Orchestra. In Tel Aviv on Aug. 23, Mehta, playing the double bass, joins Barenboim at the piano, his wife, cellist Jacqueline Du Pré, and violinists Itzhak Perlman and Pinchas Zukerman in Schubert's Trout Quintet—perhaps the performance of the year.

For luxury and even natural splendor nothing beats the **Renaissance Music Cruise** (Sept. 1-15), which sets sail in Le Havre, ends with a ball in Venice and, along the way, at such places as Málaga, Delphi and Malta, hears recitals by such seaworthy musicians as the whole Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, Yehudi Menuhin and the elusive Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, a great pianist and great canceler of performances, who's trapped on ship this time.



BY STEWART ALSOP

WAS LYNDON JOHNSON A LIAR?

WASHINGTON—The milk of human kindness, along with a lot of other virtuous juices, seems to have been sucked out of this country by the Vietnam war. For example, the secret Pentagon papers have been used to portray former President Lyndon Johnson as a lying hypocrite, wearing sheep's clothing during the election campaign to fool the people, and even thereafter cynically concealing his warlike intentions.

In fact, what really emerges from the Pentagon papers is a picture of a desperately troubled man resisting the awful pressures to plunge deeper into the Vietnam quagmire—resisting them as instinctively as an old horse resists being led to the knackers. The President bucks, whinnies and shies away, but always in the end the reins tighten —the pressures are too much for him.

To be sure, there is in the Pentagon papers a good deal of seeming substantiation for the Johnson-the-hypocrite theory. You have to understand something about the situation as it then was, and you have to understand also something about the kind of man Lyndon Johnson is, to feel the milk of human kindness stirring for the poor, beleaguered President.

AIR ATTACKS

Consider the two chief examples of the President's supposed hypocrisy. Example one: On Sept. 7, 1964, a White House strategy meeting had reached what The New York Times calls a "general consensus" that air attacks on North Vietnam "would probably have to be launched." Less than three weeks later, shortly before the election, President Johnson said: "There are those that say, you ought to go north and drop bombs, to try to wipe out the supply lines . . . We don't want our American boys to do the fighting for Asian boys . . . and get tied down in a land war in Asia." Conclusion: Hypocrisy.

Example two: On April 1, 1965, some weeks after the air attacks on North Vietnam had begun, a crucial meeting was held at the White House. At this meeting, the President authorized the sending of another 18,000 to 20,000 men to Vietnam, and he also decided to give the two Marine battalions already there an offensive mission. It was at this meeting that he crossed his Rubicon, and became inextricably committed to that "land war in Asia."

On that same day, at a press conference, Johnson pooh-poohed the suggestion that there had been "anything very dramatic" about his recent decisions. "I know of no far-reaching strategy that is being suggested or promulgated," he said. Conclusion: Hypocrisy.

At first blush, the conclusion in each case seems fully justified. Yet the reality is that President Johnson was trying to fool not the people but himself—and temporarily succeeding.

To see why this is so, you start with a simple premise—Lyndon Johnson is not an idiot. On the contrary, he was and is a very intelligent as well as an immensely ambitious man. He was certainly intelligent enough to know that a "land war in Asia" could bring all his towering ambitions for the Johnson Presidency crashing to earth. Only an idiot could believe otherwise. Hence his constant, instinctive resistance to the pressure from his advisers for a deeper and deeper commitment in Vietnam.

'CONSENSUS'

Take example one. The Pentagon papers do not really support the conclusion that a firm "general consensus" to bomb North Vietnam had developed among the President's advisers. But it was no secret at all at the time that (to quote from one contemporary report) "a passionate debate is going on . . . about whether or not to adopt a 'go north policy.' To 'go north' means, in the current Washington shorthand, to use American air and sea power" against North Vietnam. Such a policy could lead to "a lot of American soldiers fighting a very nasty war on the ground."

There was no solid consensus, but as the "passionate debate" continued the President's advisers increasingly inclined to the "go north policy." Partly because he was shrewd enough to sense that it could lead to "a very nasty war on the ground," the President instinctively shied away from the policy, in private as well as in public, both before and after the election.

Five times in a row, after the election, he was asked to authorize "retaliatory strikes" against the north, and each time he refused. Finally, in February 1965, after the Communist attack on Pleiku, all his advisers, except George Ball, joined McGeorge Bundy, then in Saigon, in urging the "go north policy," and the President, with agonized reluctance, succumbed.

A precisely similar sequence of events—mounting pressure from his advisers, instinctive resistance by the President, final agonized agreement—preceded the President's decision to commit additional troops and to give the Marines an offensive role. When he made these decisions, the President did not realize—because he did not want to realize—that he had crossed his Rubicon. He still hoped and prayed that a bit more air power, a few more troops on the ground, would bring the Communists to the conference table in a mood to "reason together." Hence there really had been, in his own mind, nothing "very dramatic" about his decisions, no "far-reaching strategy."

PATRIOTISM

To feel the first stirrings of the milk of human kindness, it is necessary to understand two further facts. Lyndon Johnson was and is a very proud man, with a kind of Texas-version Fourth of July patriotism. All—or almost all—his advisers were telling him that unless he took their advice, he would preside over the first major defeat in American history.

And who were these advisers? Almost without exception, they were the very same people who had advised President Kennedy—and with signal success —at the time of the great Berlin crisis and the Cuban missile crisis. The slain President whom they had advised had made it clear again and again that he regarded a non-Communist South Vietnam as essential in the U.S. national interest. For example, Kennedy had said that "the United States is determined that the Republic of Vietnam shall not be lost to the Communists for lack of any support which the United States Government can render."

Throughout his Presidency, Lyndon Johnson was haunted by John Kennedy. Was he, as President Kennedy's successor, to lose Vietnam to the Communists, "for lack of any support the United States Government" could render? And so, bucking, whinnying and shying away, the poor President was led to make those decisions which would forever darken the shining place in history for which Lyndon Johnson had hankered ever since he was a big, gangling boy. Surely anyone with a few drops left of the milk of human kindness must feel a certain sympathy for this strange, proud, stubborn, cunning and courageous man.

86 PROOF · EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY CO., LOUISVILLE, KY. ©ETDC 1971

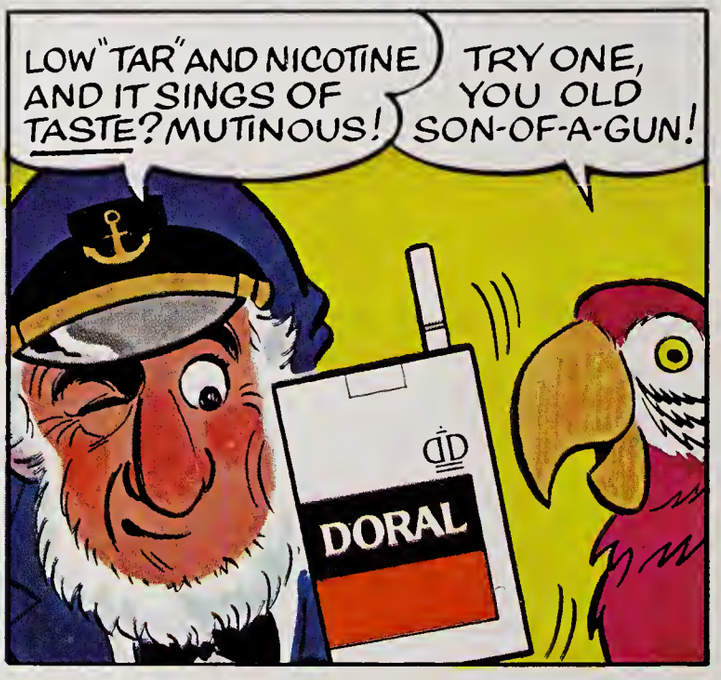


© 1971 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

DORAL MAKES WAVES!









The filter system you'd need a scientist to explain... but Doral says it in two words, "Taste me"





FILTER: 14 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report NOV. '70.